

THE
LITERARY MAGNET

OF THE

Belles Lettres, Science, and the Fine Arts :

CONSISTING OF

- I. ORIGINAL SATIRICAL ESSAYS OF PERMANENT INTEREST;
II. SKETCHES OF SOCIETY, HUMOUROUS AND SENTIMENTAL;
III. ORIGINAL POETRY ;—IV. MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS :

FORMING A BODY OF

ORIGINAL AND ELEGANT LITERATURE.

—◆—
What though no marble breathes,—no canvas glows,—
From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be our's to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will:
And cheaply circulates through distant climes
The fairest relic of the purest times.

ROGERS,

WITH

NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, COPPER, AND WOOD.

EDITED BY TOBIAS MERTON, GENT.

Assisted by various Wits of the Day.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

WILLIAM CHARLTON WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW ;
EWBANK, BRUSSELS ;

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND POSTMASTERS.

—
1824.

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PREFACE.

THE feelings that the Editor is prompted by, at the close of the First Volume of **THE MAGNET**, are similar to those of the commander of a vessel, on its arrival at the first port after a dangerous voyage. The supporters of his work he cannot but regard as his steady comrades, who forsook him not when his fragile bark was tossed to and fro on the ocean of contemporary rivalry, and who rejoiced with him when the approving gale of public opinion wafted him to the harbour of success.

To descend from metaphor, to plain matter of fact. The success **THE LITERARY MAGNET** has experienced from a generous and discerning Public, demands the grateful acknowledgments of every person concerned in the undertaking. It would be humility next to injustice, to say that nothing has been done on their part to merit that high distinction. On the contrary, neither labour or expence have been regarded in rendering the **MAGNET** worthy of patronage. With that intent, individuals of high literary talent and reputation have been engaged, and liberally remunerated, for furnishing our pages with matter that will be read with as much pleasure a century hence, as it

affords at the present day ; an instance, we believe, unprecedented in the annals of the hebdomadal press: the **MAGNET** being the only publication, amidst the astonishing number that weekly make their appearance, that is composed of **ORIGINAL ARTICLES**.

Instead of feeling vain, and growing careless, with the consciousness of superiority, the success we have heretofore experienced, so far from quenching that spirit of emulation that we have hitherto been actuated by, will serve as a stimulus for our further and more energetic exertions. We offer no pledge for our future exertions, other than what we have already performed : but, in order to prove our undertaking is intended to be carried into effect, we are willing to be judged by the first numbers of the forthcoming volume, in which every improvement that the work is susceptible of, either as regards literary matter, or graphic embellishments, will be found ; which, it is hoped, will not only sustain the proud character our work already possesses, but also render the **MAGNET** the centre of **ATTRACTION** in the hebdomadal press of the most enlightened and flourishing city of the world.

London,

Paternoster Row, June 1824.

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THE
LITERARY MAGNET.

By TOBIAS MERTON, GENT.

Quid verum atque deceñs, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.—HOR.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THANKS to the enterprising spirit of the age, the first appearance of new publications has become a matter of such daily occurrence, that an editor has no longer any occasion to introduce himself with that parade of professions and formalities, which so much embarrassed the periodical authors of the last century. Yet methinks there was something respectful in the custom of stepping forward, as it were, with a bow, to bespeak the public favour, and announce the nature of that acquaintance which the writer was ambitious of forming with his readers.

It is no trifling effort for a person of any diffidence to address, either by speech, or writing, so large and various a body as I would fain hope will honour me with their attention. Amidst the endless diversity of tastes, habits, tempers, and characters, which enter into the composition of a community like ours, to which class shall I first address myself? For the success of the present Number, I feel strongly disposed to rely upon the lovers of novelty. With a view to secure their immediate patronage, I enjoined the Printer, at his peril to omit, a conspicuous figure of 1. I need, therefore, only refer to the date, and assure them that this really is the genuine first Number of a work "just published." "So much the worse," will be the involuntary exclamation of the antiquary: but I must beg of him not to visit upon the subsequent Numbers the punishment of a fault which I faithfully promise shall never be repeated. And whether the MAGNET shall continue till the completion of a century, must partly depend upon the continuance of his subscription. He may rest satisfied that I will do my best to procure for it the merit—and I think it no small one—of an honourable old age. The cheerful shall find me ready to contribute all the entertainment I am master of, besides inviting the greatest wits of my acquaintance to contribute every possible drollery "within the limit of becoming mirth." From this class of readers, however, I shall expect a proportionate return of good-humour and indulgence. Having taken the case of the grievous into serious consideration, I am in treaty with a love-sick gentleman, who having been lately jilted, is in a most unhappy frame of mind for administering to their melancholy gratification: and should his effusions prove attractive, I may be induced to open a correspondence with some sentimental student at one of the German universities, for an occasional supply of the most sorrowful sorrows that can be reared in that nursery of dolour and sentimentality. This promise is, however, merely contingent. It may, perhaps, be expedient, for the benefit of the dull, that I now and then appear a little heavy; but my readers in general, and the learned in particular, will please to understand, that this heaviness will be perfectly

classical, and as much after the manner of Homer's as I can render it.* Thus, should the MAGNET fail to prove universally attractive, it will not be for want either of good-will, or of strenuous exertion, on my part. I have only to entreat patience, and a perseverance in buying the Work, till the appearance of that Number which shall entirely coincide with the tastes and opinions of the respective purchasers; after which, it shall be my constant anxiety to confirm their favourable prepossession. Some, indeed, there are, whose favour I neither covet, nor shall endeavour to obtain. Those who can find pleasure in the detail of private scandal, in the defamation of public men, in looseness, vulgarity, and profaneness, must seek for gratification elsewhere. Yet, in serious truth, it would afford the highest satisfaction, could I persuade but one individual to forego such unworthy pursuits, for the higher, and more real enjoyments of innocence and rationality.

I own there is something very like presumption in publishing a work which is partly to consist of Essays, whilst our literature is already enriched with so many invaluable writings of that denomination. The Essay appears to have been a species of composition peculiarly acceptable to the English, ever since they became capable of estimating the value of learning and refinement. Our rapid progress within the last two centuries, in every department of knowledge and civilization, can be attributed to nothing with so much propriety, as to the diffusion of useful and elegant instruction in the periodical labours of the British Essayists. It is they who have familiarized the principles of science to men of plain good sense, and have inspired individuals engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, with a taste for those polite and liberal arts which, exciting the best feelings of our nature, promote the comforts and elegancies of social life, while they contribute in no small degree, to the greatness and stability of empires.

Bacon may be considered the founder of English essays, as well as of that sublime philosophy which they were admirably calculated to render popular. His essays "are the institutes of a science which all wish to learn; but how few, in comparison, are interested in the 'Novum Organum.'" The first *periodical* essayist deserving of note, is Steele, the editor of the Tatler,—a work designed, as he expresses it, "to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and ostentation; and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, discourse, and behaviour." Although Steele was unquestionably a clever and successful writer, this production could never have come down to us with the great character which it possesses, had it not derived from its contributors, and especially from Addison, a lustre and importance, which will entitle it to celebrity so long as a taste for fine writing remains amongst us. The good-nature displayed by Sir Richard under these circumstances,—which might have given rise to envy in a less ingenuous bosom,—ought never to be passed over. Speaking of the assistance rendered him by Addison in this undertaking, he says, "This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid—I was undone by my auxiliary."

In the Spectator, Addison appeared to still greater advantage: here, being released from the desultory arrangement of the Tatler, which must

* Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.—HON.

have proved inconvenient to his genius, he produced a number of regular treatises in consecutive papers, and discoursed upon all kinds of subjects,—from the most sublime, to the most familiar,—in a style both of thought and diction, which, for ease, delicacy, simplicity, and aptitude, can never be excelled; and I much doubt whether any subsequent writer can justly be said to have equalled it.

The Guardian was intended by Steele, the editor, for a continuation of the Spectator; but its plan has been considered too limited to accomplish the design. Professing to convey instruction and advice from a guardian to the wards intrusted to his care, it might consistently inculcate the duties and proprieties of life; but it was little adapted to embrace the subtleties of literary speculations.

The three works already named, claim the first rank among our periodical writings, as well for their superior excellence, as for the priority of their date. They have been succeeded by many publications, popular in their day, and still worthy of a high reputation. The sonorous phraseology of Dr. Johnson's essays is the vehicle of much elegant conception, and of much sound advice; which latter might be followed with profit, by many who, in their blind censure of his language, are too apt to disregard the sentiments which it conveys. Then we also have the spirited Adventurer, the polite World, the humorous Connoisseur, and a host of others, all excellent in their way, and worthy to be honoured with the designation of British Classics. The essays of Goldsmith must not be forgotten; in which one is at a loss to know whether humour or pathos, composure or vivacity, contributes most to our delight. I shall name only one more, Vicesimus Knox, whose venerable person and amiable character are still fresh in our remembrance. His moral and literary essays will endear his memory to the virtuous and intelligent of every age.

Had I pointed to these luminaries for the purpose of provoking a comparison, from which the best of living writers might shrink with apprehension; the reader would do well to reject my lucubrations with derision and contempt. But as every body that can wield a pen is writing in one periodical or another, and as the province of the essayist is unlimited, and his materials are inexhaustible, I may be allowed to enter the lists with my contemporaries.

Those who have favoured me with a perusal thus far, must have experienced to their comfort, that the merit of this paper is not intended to consist in a small type, or closely-printed columns. I really have too much regard for them, to subject their eye-sight to so injurious a trial as the perusal of small print. Wishing to depend rather upon the quality, than the quantity of contents, it will be sought to infuse as much spirit as possible, and to exclude whatever is *without end* in either sense of the phrase. Herein consists the chief merit of our plan: having only a few moderate pages to fill weekly, there will be no necessity to fabricate tedious introductions, or to spin out our articles with a tenuous prolixity. To prove the sincerity of this last profession, I forthwith conclude my prefatory observations.

LOVE AND PLATONISM.

It does not appear likely that the Platonic system of love and friendship should ever become fashionable. The romantic and sentimental attachments of lovers, have been a fruitful theme for the novelist, and the observer of life and manners, in every age and country. But Platonic attachment is too cold, and lifeless, to interest the many. Love founded on esteem, as it is the most noble, so is it the most constant of the passions; but the *liaisons* of love, and of Platonic friendship, are altogether dissimilar. I would not infer from this, that friendship cannot exist in great purity; for history shews the contrary. But it existed only for a period of time. Its duration was fleeting. It found no "continuing city." A Pylades, a Damon, a Pliny, appeared at remote intervals. Neither is friendship at all times equal. My friend does not always "*hate the man who injures me.*" But love knows not this "*cold medium.*" It must either passionately adore, or hate. It was the enthusiastic nature of this passion, that in the Gothic ages incited so many of its admirers to perform such memorable acts of heroism and devotion. While the knights templars, marching under the banner of the cross, carried war and devastation into the east: the troubadours of Provence,—those wandering minstrels, the very essence of whose existence appeared to consist in gallantry,—travelled through different countries, chaunting forth the praises of beauty, in strains to which no lady could listen with indifference. Another, and a more extraordinary race of beings, who appeared to unite the opposite characters of the lover and the monk, flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century. They called themselves "The Fraternity of the Penitents of Love." Engaged in voluntary acts of penance for the cause of the deity whom they worshipped, they enveloped themselves in the thickest garments during the heats of summer, and in the winter, were clad in the lightest and thinnest habiliments. Thus, at one season, the warmth of their adoration was evinced by the texture of the garment in which they were enwrapped, while, at another, they wished to shew that the flame of love burnt with an ardour, which the frosts of winter could neither diminish, nor destroy. It is not known what became of these penitents, or whether some of them did not die martyrs to love and constancy: for one sufferer had a penance of two years' silence imposed on him by the object of his affections.

A Platonic affection may extend itself to various objects, since many may command our esteem who yet can never awaken our love. But love endures not division; it cherishes no secondary affections. A modern writer has beautifully observed, "If we love ardently, we can love but once; that enchanting passion, with all its train of hopes and fears, its raptures and its ecstasies, can only be felt in that age when bliss seems waiting upon fruition; every emotion which we feel in the autumn or the evening of our days, is like the last leaf which has survived its fellows on the withering tree. It has lost its verdant hue, and only preserved its form to shew that it once flourished under kindlier aspects." This warmth of feeling, which contributes so much to the intensity and purity of this passion, could not endure in its original freshness, from youth to age, on the Platonic system. The conjugal attachment of that wedded female, who declared, that during a period of fifty years, she never was separated from her husband for more than twelve hours! is

another bright instance of that continuous happiness, true and unalloyed, which is likely to accompany the love which usually takes its station at the fireside, and in the infantine circle. Calmly and serenely it glides along, and, passing by insensible gradations, from one period of life to another, it finds at last a peaceful retreat in the grave, to be, perhaps, renewed, with inconceivable purity, in a better world. We know enough also of the warring passions and misguided motives which actuate mankind not to be aware, how much this placid state contributes to the general good, and how greatly it tends to prolong the existence of man. But Platonic love—if ever such an affection there were—knows nothing of this. It commences, I suppose, in a formal manner; is continued with evident constraint, and at remote intervals of time; and terminates with indifference, if not with disgust. That Plato was a great advocate for this peculiar species of affection, cannot be doubted. But the Greek philosopher must have been aware, that the cherished favourite of his mind had no existence in nature, and that its evident tendency was (pre-mising the possibility of its power) to render the whole human race apathetic and unactuated by the motives of generosity, benevolence, or sensibility. The precepts of Zeno would here have had full effect, and a stoical indifference would have been cherished, towards the most pleasing and (under proper regulations) the most virtuous of the human passions. Indeed love, founded on esteem, has been properly termed an *affection* rather than a *passion*, because it involves a desire of the happiness of its object. It must, however, be confessed, that on a simple inspection of history it will appear that the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, knew nothing of the purity of disinterested love. Achilles, in the *Iliad*, dismisses the captive girl Briseis without any emotions of disappointed love, but rather of wounded pride—

Χερσὶ μὲν οὐτοὶ ἔγωγε μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα κόρης
Οὔτε σοὶ, οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ, κ. τ. λ.—*Iliad*, b. i. v. 298.

—No more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.—POPE.

The version of Pope is not so strong as the original, for there it is, literally, "I shall not fight with my hands on account of a girl, neither with you, nor with any one else." In the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, which is exquisitely tender, delicate, and affecting, the poet has, however, depicted conjugal love in its true and unsophisticated form. All her happiness centres in his presence, and all her affliction is awakened by his departure and anticipated death.

Ἐκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἔσσι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Ἥδ' ἐκασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.
'Αλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλέαιρε, καὶ αὐτοῦ μίμν' ἐπὶ πύργῳ,
Μὴ παῖδ' ὀρφανικὸν θείης, χήρην τε γυναῖκα.—*Iliad*, b. vi. v. 429.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.—POPE.

Plato, well acquainted with the disposition of his countrymen, and the manners of the age in which he lived, wished, in common with other philosophers, to reform the general impurity of life, and to substitute a finer and purer feeling in the place of mere sensual desire. But love, augmented by esteem, is not a pure, spiritual, incorporeal affection: it is

something far more estimable. The romantic instances of attachment so common in the northern nations, and in the dark ages, did not concern mind alone; the passion which gave to their life half its value, was not associated with an ethereal essence, or a visionary form; it was a natural and domestic affection; and from it they derived true felicity. Love in them belonged to the heart, and not to the head or to the brain, as Jacques Ferrand endeavours to prove.* The peculiar susceptibility, and warm temperament of Petrarch, indeed, caused him to cherish a glowing and unwearied though unfortunate attachment for twenty years, to one lady: but it was any thing but Platonic: the form, the aspect of Laura haunted him, rather than her mind. Her dress, her air, her words, all preyed upon his imagination, and tormented him with corroding and incessant care. But this was love, love in all the intensity of that powerful passion. And so it has always appeared to the world. At the distance of nearly five centuries, the tale, and the feelings of this interesting pair, yet command the admiration of every country. The attachment of Abelard to Eloise might here indeed be adduced as an example, in the concluding years of their lives, of Platonic love. But this will not be so evident to him who shall carefully attend to their history. In truth, the character of Abelard has been greatly overrated. He has been pitied as a virtuous and unfortunate man. Was he so? Hear his own words, "I excelled so much in form and person, that no woman could resist me."

Mr. Berrington says, "When he loved Eloise, it was neither her abilities, nor her person, nor her charms, nor her virtues, which he loved, he sought only his own gratification; whilst in its pursuit, no repulsion of innocence could thwart him; no voice of duty, of gratitude, of unguarded confidence, could impede his headlong progress. He suffered, and from that moment rather he became a man." The advocates of Platonic love could contemplate with no satisfaction the closing years of Abelard's life, marked indeed by overwhelming calamity and penitence, but also by wounded pride. Another example remains, that of Dean Swift. Here the inconsistency of his conduct, and the pride with which he treated Mrs. Johnson, are sufficiently apparent. Though affection dwelt upon his lips, there was no love in his heart: and the unfortunate object of an unrequited affection sunk into an early grave. Φ.

IMPROMPTU.

Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.—DESPREAU.

You say, whene'er abroad you roam,
You meet with none but fools and asses;
Would you avoid them, keep at home,
But hark ye—break your looking-glasses.

* His curious work was printed at Paris in 1623, entitled "De la Maladie d'Amour ou Melancholie Erotique par Jacques Ferrand," in which the title of one of his chapters is "Si en la Melancholie Erotique le cœur est la principale partie malade ou le cerveau."

PROSE BY A POET, 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 579. Longman & Co. 1824.

PROSE by a Poet—Law by a Physician—Divinity by a Lawyer, all sound pretty much alike; but we very much doubt whether such excursions out of their own, into another's province, can prove any recommendation to either. In those instances which have come under our observation we have generally found that such persons, in overstepping "the modesty of Nature," have come short of that reputation, which they might have obtained had they continued within their allotted sphere; while they have incurred that censure, which they might otherwise have escaped. In the volumes before us, the light essays have neither the interest or animation which is necessary to render productions of this nature attractive to the generality of readers. A few pieces in verse exhibit the writer to more advantage, and shew that he does not assume too much when he "writes himself poet." But in his serious effusions he rises to a degree of excellence, which induces us strongly to recommend him to cultivate this style of composition, in preference to all others. Whenever the subject permits him to touch on moral or religious topics, he evinces a simple, unostentatious piety, which cannot but secure the esteem and approbation of every well-disposed reader. In support of this opinion we need only to quote the article entitled "The Last Day," vol. ii. p. 281—290.

"To every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day,—and of all futurity this is the only portion of time that can in all cases be infallibly predicted. Let the sanguine then take warning, and the disheartened take courage; for to every joy and every sorrow, to every hope and every fear, there will come a last day; and man ought so to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever that other may be. When we set an acorn, we expect that it will produce an oak: when we plant a vine, we calculate upon gathering grapes: but when we lay a plan for years to come, we may wish, and we can do no more, except *pray*, that it may be accomplished, for we know not what even the morrow may bring forth; all that we *do* know beforehand of any thing is,—that to every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day.

"From Adam to Noah sixteen centuries elapsed, during which men multiplied on the earth, and increased in wickedness as in number, till to the forbearance of mercy itself there came a last day, and wrath in one flood of destruction swept away a whole world of transgressors.—The pollutions of Sodom and Gomorrah long insulted the Majesty of Heaven; but a last day came, and the Lord rained fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest, that overthrew them for ever, erasing the very ground on which they stood from the solid surface of the globe. The children of Israel groaned for ages under the yoke of the Egyptians; a last day came, the bands of iron were burst asunder, and the Red Sea, the eastern wall of their prison-house, opened its flood-gates, to let the redeemed of the Lord pass through, but closed them in death on their pursuers, like the temple of Dagon pulled down upon the heads of the Philistines.—For almost two thousand years, the law, and the covenant of works, delivered from Mount Sinai, were honoured and violated by the same rebellious and stiff-necked people, who deemed themselves the elect of God, to the exclusion in perpetuity of all kindreds beside; but a last day came, the sceptre departed from Judah, the Holy City was made an abomination of desolations, and the covenant of grace, universal and everlasting, was proclaimed to all mankind.

"In profane history we read similar lessons of mutability, similar evidences of the uncertainty of every day except *the last day*. The walls of Babylon were built to outstand the mountains, which they rivalled in grandeur and solidity; a last day came, and Babylon is fallen. If you ask, "Where is she?"—"Where

was she?" will be the reply; for she has so fallen, that there remains of her unexampled magnificence, no more vestige on the soil by which she can be traced, than of a foundered ship on the face of the ocean, when the storm is gone by, and the dolphins are bounding among the billows, and throwing out their colours to the sun.—Greece, among the nations like the Pleiades among the stars, a small and beautiful sisterhood of states, flourished in arts and arms without a rival in her own age, and without a parallel in succeeding times; but her last day came, and Greece is gone to decay, unutterable decay; yet she lives in her ruins, amidst the moral desolation of Turkey, and she lives in her glory on the pages of her poets, historians, and orators; yea, and she shall live again in her sons, for the last day of their enslavement is at hand.—Rome was seven hundred and fifty years growing from infancy to maturity; she stood through half that period more in splendid infamy; her last day came, and then she sunk under such a weight of years and trophies, that her relics have buried in their dust the seven hills, on which in her prosperity she had glorified herself, and lived deliciously, saying in her heart, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow." Rome was mortal; there can be no revival from *her* degradation: the last of the Romans perished a thousand years ago, among the millions of barbarians with whom the Roman people were at length indistinguishably and inseparably amalgamated. Rome and Babylon have been equally identified in perdition, as in name, by the "sure word of prophecy;" and the metropolis of modern Italy is no more the one, than Bagdad is the other: a different race possesses each, and their glory or shame in ages to come can never again affect the character of the generations gone by, whose last day stands irreversible in the calendar of time. It is not so with Greece, *her* posterity was never cut off.—Our own country has experienced as many vicissitudes of government as have here been recounted from the annals of the world; to each of these there came a last day: her own last day is not yet come; nor, while she continues pre-eminent in virtue, intelligence, and enterprise, need we fear its arrival.

"Taking the middle age of life as the standard of the present generation, those who are arrived at that period have themselves been living witnesses of more new eras and last days, in which the destiny of nations was implicated, unravelled, and re-woven more strangely and disastrously, than were wont to occur in whole centuries of ordinary time. The French Revolution brought on the last day of the antiquated despotism of the Bourbons; many last days cut off, as suddenly as by strokes of the guillotine, the ephemeral constitutions that followed; till Buonaparte, like Milton's Death, bridging his way from hell to earth, with his "mace petrific" struck, and fixed the jarring, jumbled elements of the political chaos, and seemed for a while to have established an immoveable throne on the rased foundations of every other in Europe; but a last day to his empire came, and wafted him, as passive as a cloud, over the ocean to St. Helena. A last day to his life came also, and he disappeared from the earth.—The universal war in Christendom, which raged from the fall of the Bastille to the fall of Napoleon, found its last day on the plains of Waterloo. Peace followed, but for years it has been like peace on the battle-field, when the conflict is ended: the dead alone are at rest; the living are maimed, lacerated, writhing with agony. But let them not faint; they shall yet arise, they *are* rising—and have half-risen since these speculations were first penned.—A last day to the present miseries of our country will come; the wounds of war will soon be healed entirely.

"In the life of every adult there occur many last days. Man is ushered into the world from a source so hidden, that his very parents know him not till he appears, and he knows not himself even then. He passes rapidly through the stages of childhood, youth, maturity, old age; and to each of these there comes a last day. The transitions, indeed, are so gradual as to be imperceptible; no more to be remembered than the moment at which we fell asleep last night, and as little dependent on our will as was the act of awaking this morning. Yet so distinct are these several states of progressive existence, that though all bound together by unbroken consciousness, the changes are in reality as entire as the separate links of one chain. In the issue comes a last day to the whole; and man is withdrawn into an abyss of eternity, as unsearchable by finite thought as that from which he emanated at first.

"It has been already observed, that in the life of every adult individual there

are many last days. There is a last day of the nursery, of the school, of juvenile obedience, of parental authority; there is a last day at our first home, and a last day at every other place that becomes our home in the sequel; there are last days of companionship and of rivalry, of business and of vanity; of promise and exertion, of failure and success; last days of love and of friendship, enjoyment and endearment; every day in its turn is the last to all that went before it. Every year has its last day. Amidst the festivities of Christmas arrives the close of the months; to remind us of the end of all earthly fruition. The most reprobate of men desire to die in peace; on the last night in December, therefore, we should lie down with the same dispositions as if we were making our bed in the grave; on the first morning of January we should rise up with the same hopes as if the trumpet had summoned us to the resurrection of the just: *that* moment should be to us as the end of time, and *this* as the beginning of eternity.

"To every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day: from this point our meditations began; at this point they must conclude, leaving those who may have accompanied the writer thus far, to pursue at their leisure the moral inferences associated with the whole. The facts themselves, few, simple, and common-place as they are, cannot have been made to pass, even in this imperfect exhibition, through intelligent minds, without impressing upon them feelings of awe, apprehension and humility, prompting to immediate and unsparing self-examination. From this there can be nothing to fear; from the neglect of it every thing; for however alarming the discoveries of evil unsuspected, or peril unknown may be, such discoveries had better be made now, while escape is before us, than in that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and escape will be impossible,—*that* day which of all others is most emphatically called '*The Last Day.*'"

"The Lucid Interval" will afford a fair specimen of the author's claims to poetical eminence, and, if our judgment is not much deceived, the following beautiful stanzas are very nearly related to the "World before the Flood."

"A LUCID INTERVAL.

Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale,
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind,
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns,
With rapturous pulses thro' my veins;
My heart, new-born within me, burns,
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains,
Rekindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old grey rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep;
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap;
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depth of ether sing.

O Earth! in maiden innocence,
 Too early fled thy golden time;
 O Earth! Earth! Earth! for man's offence,
 Doom'd to dishonour in thy prime;
 Of how much glory then bereft!
 Yet what a world of bliss was left!

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
 Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
 Labour, man's punishment, is nurse
 To halcyon joys at sunset hours:
 Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,
 Give birth to holiest charities.

And Death himself, with all the woes
 That hasten, yet prolong, his stroke,—
 Death brings with every pang repose,
 With every sigh he solves a yoke;
 Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife
 Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life, with all its burdens dear!
 Friendship is sweet, Love sweeter still:
 Who would forego a smile, a tear,
 One generous hope, one chastening ill?
 Home, kindred, country!—these are ties
 Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known,
 Unvex'd felicity their lot:
 Their sea of glass before the throne,
 Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not:
 Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
 Are soon appeased,—are troubled soon.

Well, I will bear what all have borne,
 Live my few years, and fill my place:
 O'er old and young affections mourn,
 Rent one by one from my embrace,
 Till suffering ends, and I have done
 With all delights beneath the sun.

Whence came I?—Memory cannot say;
 What am I?—Knowledge will not show;
 Bound whither?—Ah! away, away,
 Far as eternity can go:—
 Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
 O God! Thyself mine helper be.

There is much to admire in the matter of these volumes; and notwithstanding a little redundancy of metaphor, and a too liberal use of the *limæ labor*—which is apt to deprive prose of a certain free and natural air, which answers to the picturesque of the artists—the style is pure, easy, and perspicuous. It abounds with lively and beautiful imagery, whose only fault is that of being too good for its station. In poesy it would have delighted; in prose it is almost lost upon us.

PETER SCHLEMIHL, from the German of Lamotte Fouqué, with plates by George Cruickshank, 12mo. pp. 165. Whittakers.

This tale of the German school, is amusing and interesting, but defies all the general rules of criticism.—Peter Schlemihl is entrapped by the most subtle of all deceivers, to exchange his shadow for the purse of Fortunatus and a variety of other equally productive *et ceteras*. He is charmed at finding himself possessed of a source of unlimited wealth, and acts with consistent foolishness, under the impulse naturally felt, on obtaining an acquisition, as singular as it was unexpected. When the first scene is passed, and he begins to make use of the treasures at his command,—which he proposes to do very rationally and liberally;—he suddenly finds himself exposed to many difficulties and disasters from the circumstance of his being unattended by a shadow: he becomes a marked man; the outcast of society. To extricate himself from this wretched situation he has recourse to every plan that prudence can suggest, and in adopting these he is much assisted by the exertions of a faithful servant; and thwarted and perplexed by the baseness of a rascally one. After a long course of suffering, “the tall grey man,” who tricked him of his shadow, offers to restore it, upon the signing of a contract to deliver up his “eternal jewel” to him, when he shall depart this life. He resists this temptation with exemplary fortitude, and passes a life of great wretchedness, in consequence of his early act of indiscretion. Fastidious readers will find much to censure, but those who seek amusement, and are willing to be pleased, may be much gratified with the perusal of this little romance which is not without its moral. The second chapter has a tendency to enhance the gifts of nature and to depreciate those of fortune. Although decidedly *outré*, it is sketched with a feeling and consistency which must engage the sympathy of all kind-hearted persons.

“At last,” says poor Peter, “I came to myself, and hastened from a place, where apparently I had nothing more to do. I first filled my pockets with gold, then firmly secured the strings of the purse round my neck, taking care to conceal the purse itself in my bosom. I left the park unnoticed, reached the high road, and bent my way to the town. I was walking thoughtfully towards the gate, when I heard a voice behind me: ‘Holla! young squire! holla! don’t you hear!’ I looked round—an old woman was calling after me;—‘Take care, sir, take care—you have lost your shadow!’—‘Thanks, good woman.’—I threw her a piece of gold for her well-meant counsel, and walked away under the trees.

“At the gate I was again condemned to hear from the sentinel, ‘where has the gentleman left his shadow?’ and immediately afterwards a couple of women exclaimed, ‘good heavens! the poor fellow has no shadow!’ I began to be vexed, and carefully avoided walking in the sun. This I could not always do: for instance, in the Broad-street, where I was next compelled to cross; and as ill luck would have it, at the very moment when the boys were being released from school. A confounded hunch-backed vagabond—I see him at this moment,—had observed that I wanted a shadow. He instantly began to bawl out to the young tyros of the suburbs, who first criticised me, and then bespattered me with mud: ‘Respectable people are accustomed to carry their shadows with them when they go into the sun.’ I scattered handfuls of gold among them to divert their attention; and with the assistance of some compassionate souls, sprung into a hackney-coach.

“As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle, I began to weep bitterly. My inward emotion suggested to me, that even as in this world gold weighs down both merit and virtue, so a shadow might possibly be more valuable

than gold itself; and that, as I had sacrificed my riches to my integrity on other occasions, so now I had given up my shadow for mere wealth; and what ought, what could become of me?

"I continued still sadly discomposed, when the coach stopped before the old tavern. I was shocked at the thought of again entering that vile garret. I sent for my baggage, took up the miserable bundle with contempt, threw them some pieces of gold, and ordered to be driven to the principal hotel. The house faced the north, so I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the driver with gold, selected the best front room, and locked myself in as soon as possible.

"And how do you imagine I employed myself? Oh! my beloved Chamisso, I blush to confess it even to you. I drew forth the luckless purse from my bosom, and impelled by a sort of madness which burned and spread within me like a furious conflagration, I shook out gold, and gold, and gold, and still more gold:—strewed it over the floor, trampled on it, made it tinkle, and feasting my weak senses in the glitter and the sound, I added pile to pile, till I sunk exhausted on the golden bed. I rolled about and wallowed in delicious delirium. And so the day passed by, and so the evening. My door remained unopened, and night found me still reposing on the gold, when sleep at length overcame me.

"Then I dreamed of you. I fancied I was standing close to the glass door of your little apartment, and saw you sitting at your work-table, between a skeleton and a parcel of dried plants. Haller, Humboldt, and Linné lay open before you;—on your sofa were a volume of Goëthe, and *The Magic Ring*.^{*} I looked at you for a long time, then at every thing around you, and then at you again; but you moved not—you breathed not—you were dead.

"I awoke: it seemed to be yet early—my watch had stopped;—I felt as if I had been bastinadoed—yet both hungry and thirsty, for since the previous morning I had eaten nothing. With weariness and disgust I pushed away from me the gold, which but a little time before had satisfied my foolish heart: I now in my perplexity knew not how to dispose of it. But it could not remain there. I tried to put it again into the purse—no; none of my windows opened upon the sea. I was obliged to content myself by dragging it with immense labour and difficulty to a large cupboard, which stood in a recess, where I packed it up. I left only a few handfuls lying about. When I had finished my labour, I sat down exhausted in an arm-chair, and waited till the people of the house began to stir. I ordered breakfast, and the presence of the landlord, as soon as practicable.

"With this man I arranged the future management of my household. He recommended to me for my personal servant a certain *Bendel*, whose honest and intelligent countenance instantly interested me. It was he, who from that moment accompanied me through life with sympathizing attachment, and shared with me my gloomy destiny. I passed the whole day in my apartments with servants out of place, shoemakers, tailors, and shop-keepers; I provided myself with all necessaries, and bought large quantities of jewels and precious stones, merely to get rid of some of my piles of gold: but it seemed scarcely possible to diminish the heap.

"Meanwhile I contemplated my situation with most anxious doubts. I dared not venture one step from my door, and at evening ordered forty wax lights to be kindled in my saloon, before I left the dark chamber. I thought with horror of the dreadful scene with the school-boys, and determined, whatever it might cost, once more to sound public opinion. The moon, at this season, illumined the night. Late at evening I threw a wide cloak around me, pulled down my hat over my eyes, and glided out of the house trembling like a criminal. I walked first along the shadows of the houses to a remote open place; I then abandoned their protection, stepped out into the moonshine, resolved to learn my destiny from the lips of the passers-by.

"But spare me, my friend, the painful repetition of what I was condemned to undergo! The deepest pity seemed to inspire the fairest sex; but my soul was

^{*} Another Novel of Fouqué's.

not less wounded by this than by the contumely of the young, the proud disdain of the old, especially of those stout and well-fed men, whose dignified shadows seemed to do them honour. A lovely graceful maiden, apparently accompanying her parents, who seemed not to look beyond their own footsteps, accidentally fixed her sparkling eyes upon me. She obviously started as she remarked my shadowless figure; she hid her beautiful face beneath her veil, hung down her head, and passed silently on.

"I could bear it no longer. Salt streams burst forth from my eyes, and with a broken heart I hurried tremblingly back into darkness.

The plates by George Cruickshank are almost enough to persuade one that "Peter Schlemihl" is a true narrative. How can we doubt the possibility of selling and delivering a shadow, when we see it, as in the frontispiece, actually laid hold of, and lifted from the ground? Or how can we doubt the validity of the transfer, when we behold, in the other sketches, its former possessor in the midst of umbrageous forests, and by day-light, moon-light, and lamp-light, without even "the shadow of a shade?"

DUET BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

From Ada Reis.

"The kiss that's on thy lip impress'd
Is cold as parting kiss should be;
And he who clasps thee to his breast
Again can never feel for thee:
The chain I gave—a true love-token—
Thou see'st in every link is broken.
Then, since 'tis so, 'twere best to part;
I here renounce the oaths I swore;
Correct thy faults, amend thy heart,
And let us meet no more.

THE ANSWER.

"I go: but ere I go from thee,
Give back what thou hast ta'en from me—
A heart that knew nor care nor guile,
A parent's fond approving smile,
The hopes which dar'd aspire to heav'n—
Give these, and thou shalt be forgiv'n.
Take back the ring, take back the chain;
Thy gifts, thy oaths, I will resign:
Take back thy heart, since pledged in vain,
But, oh! restore what once was mine!

"Hope not for this, thy course is run;
All that is left thee is to die.
The dew drops with the setting sun,
And see the winds pass scornful by:
So when thou'rt left by me, thou'lt find
The world as scornful as the wind.
A stamp is set upon thy name,
A blight clouds o'er thy early fame.
There's nothing now thy fate can save:
Live scorn'd—or hide thee in the grave!!

RUBENS.

WHEN some alchymist, who pretended that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, offered to disclose his secret to Rubens; that great artist laughingly told him he needed it not, for that his pencil had long acquired the power of converting every thing it touched into gold.

LAURA.

WHEN *Petrarch* first beheld *Laura*, she was dressed in green. and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were something more than mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eye-brows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders whiter than snow: and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of *Love*. Her neck was well formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art vainly attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth you perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces; nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue: for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn.

Vie de Petrarch.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE was the daughter of the river Peneus; the gods changed her into a laurel, to shelter her from the pursuit of Apollo, who ran after her along the banks of this river. "Since you cannot be my wife," said he, "you shall be my laurel." From that time the laurel tree was consecrated to that god. And from the laurel being thus consecrated to the god of poetry, they afterward crowned the poets with it.

THE MUSES.

THESE renowned sisters are said at first to have been in number the same as the Graces, consisting of *Mnemosyne*—Memory; *Melete*—Meditation; and *Æide*—Song. Their augmentation to the number of nine has been thus accounted for—"The inhabitants of their ancient towns, being desirous of placing their statues in the temple of Apollo, ordered three of the most skilful sculptors to execute the three each, making together the number nine, from which it was proposed to select the three most perfect; but the nine were so beautiful it was agreed to take them all. They were accordingly set up in the temple, and called the nine Muses, the six other attributes of poetry being given to the additional sisters; the names of the original three were subsequently changed."

THE ROSE.

ONE day I pull'd a rose so fair,
Which Julia in her bosom plac'd.
I said, sweet rose, till planted there,
Thy beauty never was outgrac'd.
Her bosom warm'd; its heaving throes
So modestly did she conceal;
That to have been the rivall'd rose,
I would have given half my weal.

The rose's envy could not brook
 The rival beauty of the maid :
 Its wonted sprightliness forsook ;
 Its boasted beauty 'gan to fade.
 So, Julia, may thy beauty bloom ;
 For ere thy charms can rivall'd be,
 Fate will have seal'd the general doom,
 And dropt into eternity.

T.

DIRGE, SUNG BY ORPHEUS AND CHORUS OF THRACIAN VIRGINS OVER THE TOMB
 OF LINUS.

"To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
 Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings."
 Pope's Trans. of the Iliad.

WAIL, wail, ye virgin throng !
 The Sire of song*
 On earth's dark breast for ever silent lies :
 No more his cheerful pipe,
 Its numbers rich and ripe,
 Shall pour at evening to the listening skies.
 No more shall nymph or fawn
 O'er dewy lawn,
 Listening, on tip-toe through the moonlight come ;
 Nor shall the shepherd haste
 His evening short repast,
 Leaving for thy sweet strain the joys of home.
 No more shall sylvan maid
 Her ringlets braid,
 Like morning's golden clouds to meet thine eye ;
 Or with enamoured cheek
 Her growing passion speak,
 Or downcast modest look, or chastened sigh.
 Nor shall the summer eve
 Fantastic weave
 Her pall of vapour and slow-fading light,
 To tempt thy steps abroad,
 Alone, enrapt, o'erawed,
 Watching unfold the starry robe of night.
 The slow, far-dying roar
 Of Ocean hoar,
 Tumbling his billows round some distant isle,
 Is henceforth dumb to thee,
 Dear shade ! though wont to be
 Parent of sweet response, or radiant smile.
 And even the Gods will want
 Thy mystic chant,
 Wont still at morn or dusky eve to swell
 Along the answering shore,
 Or o'er the ocean floor,
 Or through the forest wild or lonely dell.
 How can the lofty soul
 The dull controul,
 The mystic leaden sleep of Pluto brook ?
 Cannot it wear away
 Its clogging chains of clay,
 And yet enjoy earth's ever cheerful look ?

* "Linus was the inventor of Poetry, and the first who introduced the Phœnician letters into Greece. Some say he was a native of Eubœa."

Alas, alas! we mourn
 That no return,
 When o'er the Stygian bank the spirit goes,
 The Gods severe allow;
 But all our bitter woe,
 Like streams in deserts lost, unheeded flows.
 Yet to this sylvan grave,
 And crystal wave,
 That murmurs music through the mournful grass,
 These laurels ever green
 Shall tempt as oft as seen,
 The feet of heedful travellers as they pass.
 And oh! if wakening fame
 A right may claim
 To cheer a shade on Pluto's gloomy shore,
 Thee, thee, the choral lay
 Of bards and virgins gay
 Shall chant, O Linus! now and evermore.
 For thou hast ope'd a spring
 Which, murmuring,
 Deepening, and widening, shall, to latest days,
 Where'er the passions be,
 Float wild, and sweet, and free,
 And, in its cadenc'd flow, re-echo with thy praise.
 Farewell, loved bard! farewell:
 I may not tell
 How thou dost govern still thy Orpheus' breast;
 But every solemn year
 The Gods permit me here,
 My songs shall soothe thee in thy golden rest.

EPIGRAM.

Poor Jacob halts and limps along
 As if his shoes were full of peas,
 Like His in Peter Pindar's song*
 Who boiled them not, to purchase ease;
 But Jacob bears no pilgrim's cares,
 Or "Pilgrim's Progress"—he would shun one,
 Although his pace, so void of grace,
 May be imputed to a *Bunion*.

* The Pilgrims and the Peas.

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UNITY AND VARIETY.

GRAVELY to admonish the youthful aspirant after happiness on his first entrance into life, or the lover who awaits with anxious and expectant thoughts the promised interview, that there is no certainty of happiness in this sublunary vale—that all is mutability, all is vanity—will neither abate his ardour nor convince his mind. In reality, “all in this world is not change,” as Crabbe justly observes in his dedication of the “*Tales of the Hall*.” There is a unity in variety. Six thousand years have nearly elapsed, and yet we have a constant recurrence of the same objects. The motions of the heavenly bodies, and the rotations and diurnal movements of this our own fair-looking sphere, have been ever the same. Nor do animals differ. The whale of the present day may, for aught we know, be the same creature as the behemoth or leviathan of scripture; or if that latter animal were the crocodile, we have crocodiles yet in existence, although they now learn to seize their prey without tears. The bones of the mammoth, which name importeth “animal of the earth,” discovered by a Siberian fisherman on the banks of some river in that frightful region, do, indeed, rise up to terrify us, as they present to our view the hideous structure of some antediluvian animal which holds no affinity with the present orders of created existence. And in our own country we have been recently horrified by the discovery of certain caves in Yorkshire, containing the bones of elephants, tigers, and hyænas. In all this there is a variety in unity. We have learned, also, to vary our opinions respecting the external aspect of the earth. Ye *Andes*, “hide your diminished heads.” Had Messrs. Humboldt and Bompland estimated the exact height of the Himalayan mountains, they might have spared themselves the toil and exertion of ascending 19,000 feet to dance on the summit of Chimborazo or of Cotopaxi. After this, what may we not hope, when we have removed the Cordilleras from their fancied eminence, and placed our ancient classical friend *Caucasus* in their room. But, in reality, nature never varies from herself; she is always another, yet the same. The “everlasting hills” have stood for ages; and the feline race have the same qualities, and inhabit the same regions, as their ancestors of the olden time possessed, although a Mexican tiger may occasionally find its way into the woods of North America, or a wolf peep in at the gates of Paris. As in the natural, so it is in the moral world. Man varies but little; whether a descendant of Shem, Ham, or Japheth; whether he has a white, a copper, or an olive complexion; or whether he is an Albino, if such a race there be, it matters little; as he bears the human form, he partakes of many of the human qualities. We speak this with due reverence to the sage observation of Shakspeare, in place of which we would the more readily adopt that of Terence, very inapplicable, albeit, to the crowds who visited the gladiatorial arena of Old Rome. Love, and fear, and jealousy, and revenge, and a host of other passions, perform their respective parts in the great drama; yet where have they ever differed from their counterparts at remoter ages of the world? Did not Berenice display the same heroic fortitude as Arria, though on a different occasion? Of Cleopatra, of Messalina, of Zoe, may not the same opinion be formed! In the view of the historian, as well as that of posterity, the Egyptian queen, the Roman empress, and the Greek princess, will bear the same estimation. In all this there is nothing

new, exclaims the impatient observer; and we join him in the exclamation; but, gentle reader, if you will condescend to examine the subject with closer eyes, you will find much that is new—much that you have overlooked. Do you live in the country, and are you daily accustomed to view the scenery of nature, to you, perhaps, too common to be interesting? Deign in your next excursion to pause a moment, and contemplate it anew. You will, perhaps, find that your daily view of the same prospect will vary more than you had anticipated. New appearances present themselves, former ones disappear. You tread not the same earth: you view not the same skies. The fleecy clouds you saw yesterday have vanished, and others of a more sombre aspect have supplied their place. The landscape of yesterday exists not to-day—the face of nature is changed. Are you in the “crowded city pent,” you must have looked with an incurious eye, on the beings with whom you associate, if you have not found that many of them are of camelion hue. Many propose to themselves objects of pursuit, which they never do pursue; and others waste a great portion of their lives in anxious endeavours to attain a something, which, when attained, they know they shall not be able to enjoy. A gentleman of the latter class, with whom I am acquainted, a Mr. Carpent, engaged during half a life in laborious commercial pursuits, has now retired from business with an ample fortune, and distrusting the funds, employs himself in building houses. He rises early in the morning, eats while he is walking about and directing his workmen, hurries from his bricklayers to his masons, and never stays above five minutes at any house at which he calls. One family are at dinner; Mr. Carpent sits down, eats a morsel, but immediately rises, recollecting that business requires him in another quarter. He runs out of the house with part of the good cheer in his hand, and hastens to the place of destination, calling on another family by the way, among whom he performs the same part. In the evening he calculates, arranges, and directs; retires to bed early, and rises at four o’clock in the winter, and two in summer, to renew with indefatigable assiduity his accustomed game of life. His friends represent to him to no purpose, that he injures his health in the decline of life by such continued agitation; that he should allow himself repose, and attend to the duties of religion, and seek to acquire a calmness of mind more befitting old age. Mr. Carpent replies, that he is not irreligious, but he has no time to devote to other pursuits. One object alone occupies his thoughts. He has no wishes to fulfil, but to see his unfinished houses completed,—nor any desire to gratify, but that of the erection of new ones.

Thus have I endeavoured to shew, that while there is a constant unity in all terrestrial things, there is also a considerable variety. The complaint that “*there is nothing new under the sun*,” is therefore true in kind, but not in degree; and man, if he knows his best interests, and attends to the solid duties of life, will be able to derive much pleasure from that variety which is continually diversifying the constant uniformity of nature and of art.

PHI.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BLUE BAG.

I LATELY went to consult with an old friend, a chamber counsel in the Temple, whose judgment being matured by much experience of the world, I find his opinion extremely valuable even in matters unconnected with his profession. As he was engaged when I arrived at his chambers, I was shewn into his anti-room, where, among other old-fashioned furniture, I noticed an arm-chair with a high cane back, surmounted with two knobs, on one of which a law-bag was suspended. I drew the seat with its appendage rather near to the fire, and resting my feet on the fender, and reclining in the chair, what with the warmth of the situation, the somnolence of my posture, and the darkness of the room, which looked into a narrow court, it is very probable that I dropt asleep; though what passed in my mind seemed to bear the impress of wakeful reality. I thought that as my ear came in contact with the string of the bag, I heard myself addressed in a small and hollow voice—"Mister—Sir—lend me your ears, if you please;" and on looking towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, I observed the mouth of the bag to be in motion. I immediately became all attention, and listened to the following narrative, which was delivered with something of a forensic emphasis.

"As I am now hanging by a very frail thread, and expect whenever that gives way, to be handed over to the piece-broker for dissection, it seems incumbent upon me, before I bid adieu to my present abode, to make my confessions; and I think myself happy, Mr. Merton, in having such a medium as yourself"—I begged him to spare my editorial modesty.—"Well, Sir," continued the Bag, "I have come to this determination, in deference to the eminent examples of this kind, with which the world has of late been so wonderfully edified. Those confessions must be my apology as they shall be my precedents, excepting only that I shall adhere to the facts of my case, and state them as briefly as possible, under existing circumstances.

"I am descended of the Woollens, an ancient and a numerous family, many of whom have held high appointments in the public offices, and have been intrusted with more state secrets than perhaps are known even to the keeper of his Majesty's conscience. But our reputation, Sir, is too well established to require any eulogium from me. The hardness of the times, however, rendered it necessary for myself and others of the family to be sent up to this town for the purpose of making a provision for ourselves: and after two or three removes, we thought ourselves comfortably settled in the house of a robe-maker in Chancery Lane. But alas! as if to shew the vanity of sublunary security, in one fatal hour I was cruelly severed from all my nearest and dearest ties. Those fine cords which united me to a long line of Woollens, were cut, once and for ever, and I soon found myself cut out for the profession of the law. The stupor which came upon me after this calamity, rendered me quite insensible to all that passed around me, but after a short interval, I recovered my consciousness sufficiently to perceive that I had undergone an entire transformation; that I had become possessed of a string, of an inside and an outside; that I had a mouth susceptible of extension, and a capacity of no contemptible dimensions. In a word, that instead of being a mere piece of stuff, I was a Bag.

"I now felt agitated with a variety of new emotions, I panted to have my capacity exerted to the utmost, and to become the depository of legal

knowledge. Nor was it long before I had the happiness to change the idle inanity which I was doomed awhile to endure on the shelf of the robe-maker's shop, for the service of a young gentleman, who having duly eaten his way, had just been called to the bar. I arrived at his chambers soon after the arrival of his new gown and wig, in which he was no sooner attired, than pulling hold of me by the cord, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, he strutted and flourished about with me before his looking-glass mightily pleased with his own appearance, for the completeness of which I must *confess* that I think he was not a little indebted to me. I felt as you may suppose, Sir, all impatience to be filled with legal lore, but when the morning came, a most woeful disappointment awaited me: after having my mouth opened wide enough to admit a whole library, I received nothing more than a volume of Term Reports, the last number of the Quarterly, a note-book, and a few fair sheets of foolscap. Intrusted with these, I was taken to Westminster, handed in and out of the courts; up and down the spacious and magnificent hall; and then brought back to chambers at night, during a whole Term, and the sittings after it, without any other incident than being occasionally opened and shut for the egress and ingress of the aforesaid Review. My second term was marked by no variation, except the receipt and discharge of a common motion-paper, which brought half-a-guinea to my master's pocket, but added little to my information.

"The Winter Assizes were now approaching, and I hoped for better fortune on the Circuit.—We went the Norfolk Circuit—but here again disappointment awaited me. Judge what must be the mortification of a Bag desiring to be filled with the choicest stores of legal reading, finding itself crammed to repletion with a Barrister's gown, and all and singular his wearing apparel. Never did I more regret that I had not a tongue proportioned to my mouth; then should I have remonstrated with becoming loudness and severity, on the indignities to which I was subjected. However, I was presently relieved from these odious commodities, and tolerably well filled with odd volumes of law, with which I was paraded about from town to town until we reached that at which the circuit was to terminate. I now began to despair of ever having 'the honour to hold a brief,' and so, I believe, did my poor master.

"But, as his good fortune would have it, he happened to have some connexions in the neighbourhood of this town, who having an ejectment cause for trial, had directed a brief to be delivered to him, accompanied with a handsome fee. As such an event was an entire novelty to him, he sat up nearly the whole of the preceding night to put himself in possession of the case, and to fortify himself with authorities in its support. The next morning was the proudest of my life. The brief, enriched with annotations, was treasured up within me, and, moved with delight at the confidence reposed in me, I swang about with an elasticity which added a wonderful importance to the air of my master, who entered the court where civil causes were tried, as if he had been 'big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome.' When the cause of 'Doe on the demise of Good-title *versus* No-title,' was called on, Sergeant Slinky, who was to lead, did not appear in court, the officer was sent to the Crown-court to see if he were there, and messengers were dispatched to the neighbouring taverns in quest of him: but no Sergeant Slinky could be found. At length, the court, growing impatient with delay, it devolved upon

my master to proceed with the cause. Notwithstanding he was completely master of it, and we really had the right side of the question, he stood aghast, and looked as if he knew nothing about the matter. His hands trembled and roved about, he knew not wither, until, fortunately for his client, and for the purposes of justice, he caught hold of me by the cord, which he no sooner grasped, than he recovered himself so far as to look his Lordship in the face, and make him a respectful bow; upon which, receiving a gracious nod of encouragement—which all our judges are wont to bestow upon the different Tyro—he proceeded to say, ‘May it please your Lordship, and gentlemen of the jury’—a—hem. Then twisting the string into a true lover’s knot, he was imboldened to proceed. This he did slowly enough at first, still holding my cord very tightly, and twisting it into all sorts of quirls and contortions. At last he grew bolder, and holding me by one hand only, he began to lash the desk before him as the furor of his eloquence approached; by which exercise he raised no little dust from the row of all-important wigs within the bar. Towards the conclusion of his address he grew so violent and impassioned, that, in a hapless moment, he let go my string altogether, and down I fell to the ground. By the fall I received a severe contusion; but that was nothing compared with the kicks I received from my master. Think what must have been my feelings, Mr. Merton, on being thus ungratefully and indignantly degraded, kicked, trampled upon, literally used by the man I had so signally befriended, ‘at his utmost need;’ used, Sir, to wipe his shoes upon.

“It is my misfortune, with all my capacity, to have a very slender memory; could I now recall one half the learning I have, in my time possessed, I might defy the competition of the most profound of our lawyers; but so it has ever been with me, that no sooner was my mouth opened, and myself turned topsy-turvy, than my old fund of acquirements came pouring out, leaving me as flat and as empty as if I had never been master of a syllable. But the treatment of that hour I shall never forget: indeed I cannot. In it I lost the freshness of youth and beauty, and received the germs of those rents and ruptures which time has too effectually helped to widen; until I am reduced to that last stage of wretchedness, and tatters, which renders me daily apprehensive of being discarded by my present owner. Thenceforward I no longer felt any interest in the service of one who had so grossly abused and assaulted me. It is true, he raised my drooping form from the ground, and brushed the dust from me, when he had gained his cause; but these attentions came too late—I held both him and them in detestation. I gave myself up to revenge, determined to gratify it let the cost be whatever it might.

[To be continued.]

EDDA.

In the Edda, the sacred book of the Danes, the punishment of the wicked is thus described:—“There is an abode remote from the sun, the gates of which face the north; poison rains there through a thousand openings; this place is all composed of the carcasses of serpents; there run certain torrents in which are plunged the perjurers, assassins, and those who seduce unarmed women; a black dragon flies incessantly around, and devours the bodies of the wretched who are there imprisoned.”

The following exquisite scene is taken from the novel of Reginald Dalton,*—a work which we should have reviewed in due form, had we not been tempted in our perusal of it, to mark so many passages for transcription, that we should greatly have exceeded our limits, if we had persisted in our first intention. The hero is a spirited English youth, of good family, of bright parts, and sound education. His history exhibits a variety of striking incidents; such as do not, indeed, happen every day, but which might happen to any one of like character, under similiar circumstances. While at the University, he cherishes an ardent passion for the beautiful Ellen Hesketh, concerning whom he knows ‘nothing distinctively’ but that she is beautiful.

“He found one of the gates” (of Godstowe Abbey) “unlocked, and stood within the wide circuit of those gray and mouldering walls, that still marks the limits of all the old nunnery. The low moss-covered fruit-trees of the monastic orchard, flung soft and deep shadows upon the unshorn turf below: the ivy hung in dark slumbering masses from every ruinous fragment; the little rivulet, which winds through the guarded precincts, shrunk far within its usual bound, trickled audibly from pebble to pebble. Reginald followed its course to the archway, beneath which it gushes into the Isis—but there his steps were arrested.—He heard it distinctly—it was but a single verse, and it was sung very lowly—but no voice, save that of Ellen Hesketh, could have poured out those soft and trembling tones.

“He listened for a few moments, but the voice was silent. He then advanced again between the thick umbrageous trees, until he had come within sight of the chapel itself, from which, it seemed to him the sounds had proceeded. Again they were heard—again the same sweet and melancholy strain echoed from within the damp arches, and shook the stillness of the desolate garden. Here, then, she was, and it was to find her he had come thither; yet now a certain strange, mysterious, fearfulness crept over all his mind, and he durst not, could not, proceed.

“He lay down prostrate among the long grass, which, so deep was the shade above, yet retained the moisture of the last night’s dew, and thence gazing wistfully upon the low door of the dismantled chapel, he drank the sorrowful melody timidly, breathlessly, in pain, and yet in luxury.

“Again it was silent—a thousand perplexing agonizing thoughts hovered around and above him—he could not toss them away from him—he could not forget them. They were *there*, and they were stronger than he, and he felt himself to be their slave and their prisoner. But their fetters, though within view, had not yet chained up all his spirit; the gloom overhung, but had not overwhelmed him; the pressure had not squeezed him with all its iron strength. No—the sense of misery, the keenest of all, had communicated its feverish and morbid quickness to that which it could not expel—Love, timorous, hopeless love, had caught a sort of infectious energy, and the long suppressed flame glowed with a stern and desperate steadfastness, amidst the darkness which had deepened around its altars. Next moment, how-

* By the same Author of Valerius and Adam Blair, 3 vols, W. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, London, 1824.

ever, that energy was half extinguished in dejection ;—the flame still burnt intensely— but lowly as of old.

“ ‘ Alas !’ he said to himself, ‘ I shall never hear her again—I am ruined, undone, utterly undone—blasted in the very opening—withered on the threshold ! Humiliation, pain, misery, lie before me, as surely as folly, madness, frenzy, wickedness, are behind—as surely as shame, burning, intolerable, shame is with me *now*. Yet one feeling at least is pure—*here* I have worshipped innocence in innocence. Alas ! it is *here*—here, above all—that I am to suffer ! Miserable creature that I am ! She is feeble, yet I have no arm to protect her ; she is friendless, yet the heart that is hers, and hers only, dare not even pour itself at her feet. She is alone in her purity ; I alone in sinful, self-created helplessness ! Love, frenzy of frenzies, dream of dreams ! what have I to do with love ?—Why do I haunt her footsteps ? why do I pollute the air she breaths ?—how dare I to mingle the groans of guilty despair with those tender sighs ?—Beautiful, spotless angel !—what have I to do in bringing my remorseful gloom into the home of your virtuous tears, your gentle sorrows !—How shall I dare to watch with you—with *you*—beside the pillow of a good man’s sickness ?—Shame ! shame !—let me flee from him, from you—from all but myself and my misery.’ ”

“ He had started from his wet lair—he stood with a cheek of scarlet, an eye darkly flashing, and a lip of steadfast whiteness, gazing on the ivied ruin, like one who gazes his last. At that moment Ellen’s sweet voice once more thrilled upon his ear. It seemed as if the melody was coming nearer—another moment, and she had stepped beyond the threshold. She advanced towards a part of the wall which was much decayed, and stood quite near the speechless and motionless youth, looking down upon the calm waters of Isis gliding just below her, and singing all the while the same air he had first heard from her lips.—Alas ! if it sounded sorrowfully *then*, how deep was now the sorrow breathed from that subdued and broken warbling of

‘ The Rhine ! the Rhine ! be blessings on the Rhine !’

She leaned herself over the low green wall, and Reginald heard a sob struggle against the melody. ‘ She grieves,’ he said to himself—‘ she grieves, she weeps !’ and with that, loosing all mastery of himself, he rushed through the thicket.

“ Ellen hearing the rustling of the leaves, and the tramp of a hasty foot, turned towards the boy, who stopped short upon reaching the open turf. Her first alarm was gone, when she recognised him ; and she said, a faint smile hovering on her lips, ‘ Mr. Dalton, I confess I was half frightened—How and whence have you come ?’ Ere she had finished the sentence, however, her soft eye had instinctively retreated from the wild and distracted gaze of Reginald—she shrunk a step backward, and re-echoed her own question in a totally different tone—‘ Mr. Dalton, how are you here ?—whence have you come ?—You alarm me, Mr. Dalton—your looks alarm me. Speak why do you look so ?’

“ ‘ Miss Hesketh,’ he answered, striving to compose himself, ‘ there is nothing to alarm you—I have just come from Witham—Mr. Keith told me you were here.’ ”

“ ‘ You are ill Mr. Dalton—you look exceedingly ill, indeed, sir. You should not have left Oxford to-day.’ ”

" 'I *am* to leave Oxford to-morrow—I could not go without saying farewell.'

" 'To-morrow!—But why do you look so solemn, Mr. Dalton?—You are quitting college for your vacation?'

" 'Perhaps for ever, Miss Hesketh—and——'

" 'O Mr. Dalton, you have seen my uncle—you think he is very badly, I see you do—you think you shall never see him again, I know you think so!'

" 'No, 'tis not so; he has invited me to come back with you *now*; and besides, Mr Keith will get better—I hope, I trust, I am sure he will.'

" 'You would fain deceive me,' said Ellen, 'and 'tis kindly meant.'

" 'Nay, indeed, ma'am, I hope Mr. Keith has seen the worst of his illness. You did well to bring him to this fine air, this beautiful place.'

" 'A beautiful place it is Mr. Dalton.'

" 'It is a Paradise, but I shall never see it again. I look for the last time upon it—and almost—almost for the last time—upon *you*.'

" The young man shook from head to foot as these words were trembling upon his lips. She, too, threw her eyes on the ground, and a deep glow rushed over her face; but that was chased instantly by a fixed and solemn paleness, and her gaze once more met his.

" He advanced close to her (for hitherto he had not changed his position,) and leaned for a moment over the broken wall. His hasty hand had discomposed some loose stones, and a fragment of considerable size plunged into the dark stream below. Ellen thinking the whole was giving way, pulled him quickly backwards from the brink. He lost his balance, and involuntarily, and less by his own act than hers, he was on his knees before her.

" 'Rise up, Mr. Dalton—I pray you rise.'

" 'I asked for nothing, Miss Hesketh, I hope for nothing, I expect nothing. But since I do kneel I will not rise till I have said it—I love you, Ellen—I have loved you long—I have loved you from the first hour I saw you. I never loved before, and I shall never love another.'

" 'Mr. Dalton you are ill—you are sick—you are mad. This is no language for me to hear, nor for you to speak. Rise, rise, I beseech you.'

" 'Ellen, you are pale, deadly pale—you tremble—I have hurt you, wretch that I am—I have wounded, pained, offended you.'

" 'Pained, indeed,' said Ellen, 'but not offended. You have filled me with sorrow, Mr. Dalton—I give you *that* and my gratitude. More you do wrong in asking for; and if it had been otherwise, more I could not have given you.'

" The calmness of her voice and words restored Reginald, in some measure, to his self-possession. He obeyed the last motion of her hand, and sprung at once to his feet. You called me mad, Miss Hesketh—'twas but for a moment.

" Ere he had time to say more, Miss Hesketh moved from the spot;—and Reginald, after pausing for a single instant, followed, and walked across the monastic garden, close by her side—both of them preserved total silence. A deep flush mantled the young man's countenance all over—but ere they had reached the gate, that had concentrated itself into one small burning spot of scarlet upon either cheek. She, with down-cast eyes, and pale as monumental marble, walked steadily and rapidly;

while he, with long and regular strides, seemed to trample, rather than to tread the dry and echoing turf. He halted within the threshold of the ruined archway, and said, in a whisper of convulsive energy, 'Halt, madam, one word more ere we part. I cannot go with you to Witham—you must say what you will to Mr. Keith. I have acted this day like a soundrel—a villain—you called it madness, but I cannot plead that excuse. No, madam, there was the suddenness, the abruptness of frenzy in the avowal—but the feeling had been nurtured and cherished in calmness, deliberately fostered, presumptuously and sinfully indulged. I had no right to love you; you behold a miserably weak and unworthy creature, who should not have dared to look on you.—But 'tis done, the wound is *here*, and it never can be healed. I had made myself unhappy, but you have driven me to the desperation of agony.—Farewell, madam, I had nothing to offer you but my love, and you did well to reject the unworthy gift—*my* love! You may well regard it as an insult. Forget the moment that I never can forget—Blot, blot from memory the hour when your pure ear drank those poisonous sighs? Do not pity me—I have no right to *love*—and *pity*!—no, no—forget me, I pray you—forget me and my misery.—And now, farewell once more—I am alone in the world.—May God bless you—you deserve to be happy.'

"He uttered these words by the same deep whisper by which he had arrested her steps. She gazed on him while he spake, with an anxious eye and a glowing cheek—when he stopped, the crimson fled away all in an instant. Pale as death, she opened her white and trembling lips, but not a word could come. The blood rushed again over her cheek, brow and bosom, and tears, an agony of tears, streamed from her fixed and motionless eyes.

"Reginald, clasping his forehead, sobbed out, 'Thrice miserable! wretch! miserable wretch! I have tortured an angel!' He seized her hand, and she sunk upon the grass—he knelt over her, and her tears rained upon his hands. 'O God!' he cried, 'why have I lived for this hour? Speak, Ellen—speak, and speak forgiveness.'

"'Forgiveness!' she said—'O mock me not Mr. Dalton! what have I to forgive?'

"'Forgive the words that were wrung from me in bitterness of soul—Forgive me—forgive the passionate, involuntary cries of my mad anguish.'

"'Oh, sir, you grieve, you wound me!—you know not how you wound me. I am a poor helpless orphan, and I shall soon have no friend to lean to.—How can I listen to such words as you have spoken?—I am grateful; believe my tears, I am grateful indeed.'

"'Grateful! for the love of mercy, do not speak so—be calm, let me see you calm.'

"'How can I be calm? what can I say! Oh, Mr. Dalton, it is your wild looks that have tortured me, for I thought I had been calm!—Oh, sir, I pray you, be yourself—do not go from me thus—I am young and friendless, and I know not what I should do or speak.—You, too, are young, and life is before you—and I hope happiness indeed I hope so.'

"'Nay,' said Reginald, solemnly, 'not happiness—but I trust calmness to endure my misery. You may, but I cannot forget;' and with this his tears also flowed, for hitherto not one drop had eased his burning eye-lids.

“ Neither for a few moments said any thing—at last, Ellen rubbed aside her tears with a hot and rapid hand—and ‘Hear me,’ she said, ‘hear me, Mr. Dalton. We are both too young—we are both inexperienced—and we have both our sorrows, and we should both think of other things. Go, sir, and do your duty in the world; and if it *will* lighten your heart to know, that you carry with you my warmest wishes for your welfare, do take them with you. Hereafter there may come better days for us both, and then perhaps—but no, no, sir, I know ’tis folly——’

“ She bowed her head upon her knees—he drew her hand to his lips, and kissed it, and wept upon it, and whispered as none ever whispered twice, and was answered with a silence more eloquent even than all the whispers in the universe.

“ They sat together, their eyes never meeting, blushing, weeping, one in sorrow and one in joy. Thoughts too beautiful for words, thoughts of gentlest sadness, more precious than bliss, filled them both, and gushed over and mingled in their slow calm tears.

“ An hour passed away, and there they were still speechless—the tears indeed had ceased to flow, and their cheeks had become as pale as their love was pure—but the fulness of their young hearts was too rich for utterance—and all seemed so like a dream, that neither had dared, even by a whisper, to hazard the dissolving of the dear melancholy charm.”

ANCIENT FUNERALS.

LUCIAN, speaking of the funerals of the ancients, says, “ After the nearest relation has received a dead person, and closed his eyes, his next business is to put a piece of money into his mouth to pay the ferryman of hell, who is Charon; but he never considers whether it be money that is current in that country, so that in my opinion he had better give him nothing than that he should be constrained to send it back again. After this ceremony he washes the body of the dead person with warm water, as if there were no water below, or that he were to assist at a festival, at his first arrival. Besides this, he perfumes him, crowns him with flowers, and puts him on his best clothes, either because they fear he will die of cold by the way, or that otherwise he will not be treated according to his quality. All is accompanied with complaints and mourning, tears and sobs, to agree with the master of the ceremony, who orders all matters, and recites with such a mournful voice all his former calamities, that it would make them weep if they had never seen him. Then some tear their hair, others beat their breasts, or scratch their faces, some rend their clothes and cast dust upon their heads, or fall down upon the ground, or throw themselves against the walls. So that the dead man is the most happy of all the company, for while his friends and relations torment themselves, he is set in some eminent place, washed, cleansed, perfumed, and crowned, as if he were to go into company. When the body is laid upon the pile of wood to be burnt, some person opens his eyes, as if it were to make him look up to heaven, and having called him several times with a loud voice, his next relation sets fire to the pile of wood with a torch, turning his back upon it, to shew that he does that service for the dead with regret.”

FATAL ERRORS AND FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS, illustrated in a Series of Narratives and Essays. London: Baldwin, Cradock and Joy. 1824.

THIS book, we are told in its introduction, was penned by a deceased lady, who is called Corinna. She is represented as the wife of a faithless husband; for whom she entertained to the last, a deep and unalterable affection; under the influence of which she composed a letter, breathing the amiable spirit displayed in the following extract:

"I pray you to pardon me, my husband, many occasional petulences and harshnesses, which I recall with the bitterest remorse, when I reflect how they alloyed the felicity which *should* have attended our once blessed union. Believe me, never, never was my heart tainted with one thought that it would wish to conceal from you. I acknowledge, with deep regret, that my attachment for you had the character of a passion too intense and absorbing, that I ought to have regulated it better, that it may have been too selfish and exacting, that I required much, very much, from you, and that my disappointment was the natural result of miscalculation, and of unfounded, because exorbitant hope. Forgive me this wrong, by the memory of our early love."

We are told, that "when the pen dropped from her nerveless hand, it was discovered that the exertions she had made in tracing the last paragraph, had materially enfeebled her." She called on the name of her husband, prayed for him, and expired.

Whether these circumstances be true or fictitious, it is out of our power, as it is out of our province, to decide: the merits of the work, and not the condition of its author, being the fit subject of the critic's animadversions. These Essays and Narratives are all more or less of a serious nature: some of them are highly religious, and those most so, are somewhat rhapsodical; but others are of a more sober cast, and while they inculcate precepts beneficial for men of all persuasions, are not so likely as the former, to deter mere worldings from bestowing their attention upon them. The Essay upon "Principle" evinces some depth of thinking and knowledge of life. The subject of "The Sabbath" is very well treated; and so is that of "Ministerial Duties." The tale of "The Young Clergyman" is interesting, though it has too much the appearance of a parable, introduced for the sake of admonishing the clergy of our Establishment—a task which is pretty freely undertaken, now-a-days, by the laity of both sexes.

"At the house of my friend G——, I once passed a memorable sabbath-day. He warned me, in the morning, that the son of the late venerable rector would preach his first sermon, and read the appointed offices of the church. I remembered to have been pleased with his father some few years previous, and I felt immediately interested in the character of the son. I hastened, therefore, to the church, under the dominion of those softening sentiments of devotion and human kindness, which naturally render the heart susceptible of favourable impressions.

"My first glance at Essex conveyed to my mind a sentiment of admiration. It was not his person, though the critic of beauty might perhaps have found there a subject of delightful contemplation—it was the emotions so legibly depicted on his countenance. Beneath the gravity which was its predominating characteristic, I thought I could trace that tender remembrance of paternal affection, which the scene around was so calculated to awaken. The eye was cast down resolutely, but without affectation; the lip was compressed, but it trembled. His step was firm, indicating that his thoughts were rather on the

objects of his mission, than on the manner of walking down the aisle. His dress,—be it remembered that such minutiae reveal the real character more fully than stronger features, because in such points the man is unguarded,—his dress verged neither upon coxcombry nor puritanical plainness; it affected neither singularity nor fashion. On entering the reading-desk, he knelt down; and when he arose, the glow of devotion had superseded earthly feelings, and bloomed beautifully on his youthful face. He had evidently risen above himself, and entered into the presence of his God.

“All the best feelings of his heart were interested in the successful performance of his duty. My friend directed my attention to the pew over against us. There sat his widowed mother, whose earthly hope was bound to him, and whose tearful eye beamed with images of the past which thronged into the present: here was his betrothed wife, trembling and anxious, yet happy and tender; with a changing cheek, and an eye only upraised at intervals; yet sometimes her countenance was illuminated by all the serenity of perfect confidence in the strength of the beloved one before her. Around was a congregation, all impressed with curiosity, but not equally. Some remembered his father, and wished that the early promise of the son might give earnest that that father would be revived; some were there of pious habits, who were anxious to estimate the abilities, and to penetrate the religious principles, of the youthful tyro; some were there to criticise and ridicule, anxious to detect error and to indulge sarcasm at mistake. But it seemed that for all these his charity was kindled; he was there on a high mission; and as love of God was the source of his love of man, so the original sentiment contributed to render its effect more ardent. He felt that his office was that of bringing souls to the fold of the eternal Shepherd.

“The service commenced; his voice was somewhat tremulous as he began the deprecatory sentence, ‘Enter not into judgment with thy servant, Oh Lord!’ but it gradually strengthened, and had regained clearness and equality before he had finished the concluding clause. It was a fine full-toned tenor; well modulated, but entirely free from all affected cadences, or any thing that could possibly be exaggerated into an aim at theatrical effect; if its sounds were fine, and its intonations touching, these were the ‘careless beauties’ resulting from habit, and from a deep feeling and accurate conception of the appropriateness of the service. Very few clergymen do justice to our Liturgy, that compilation of the most sublime devotion. Never till now had I felt, in my inmost soul, the glorious comprehensiveness of the ‘Te Deum laudamus.’ The ascription of praise, in union with ‘all the earth,’ with ‘all angels,’ ‘the heavens, and all the powers therein,’ with ‘cherubim and seraphim,’ is made to the ‘Lord God of Sabaoth,’ the Trinity being indicated by the repetition of the appropriate term ‘*holy*,’ to this tri-une Divinity, the ‘glorious company of the apostles,’ ‘the goodly fellowship of the prophets,’ ‘the noble army of martyrs,’ are said to give praise; the *three persons* are then declared to be acknowledged ‘by the holy church throughout all the world,’ by their appropriate designations of ‘Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.’ Then the Son alone, contemplated by man as the more immediate agent of his salvation, is addressed; his manifestation in the flesh, his resumption of his original glory and his native seat, immediately precede the inimitable simplicity of that sublime sentence, ‘We believe that *thou shalt* come to be our judge. We *therefore* pray thee help thy servants: whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.’ Here the object of our terror—*judgment*, is made the *cause* of our prayer for *help*, which is enforced by the *plea* of that promise which the death of Christ ensured. Then follow supplicatory sentences and assurances of worship—than which nothing can be more comprehensive, and which properly conclude this most sublime form of praise and prayer. As I listened to the youth before me, I questioned whether I had ever before perceived half its beauties, and I silently ejaculated a hope, that none might henceforward read this composition, who, not having the proper feeling of it himself, could not make it penetrate the hearts of others.

“The prayers ended; I confess I felt some trepidation, lest his sermon should disappoint the hopes his reading had excited. Happily approbation was heightened into a warmer feeling; as I went along with him in his discourse, I seemed

to advance to intimacy with him, and to tread the pathway to heaven in his society. He did not make any allusions to his particular situation; and, I think, the omission proved his good taste; such allusions must bring down the mind of the preacher from its proper elevation to a level with the ordinary concerns of life—and must occasion, to a modest and ingenuous mind, an embarrassment which should, by all possible means, be prevented from intruding on a person engaged in so sacred a duty."

"Eloquence had been so long studied, that it was now habitual to him, and it cost him no labour to speak correctly, or to produce the finest ideas. There was no affectation of quaintness of '*religious patavinity*,' no *mannerism*. He was absorbed by concern for others, and had not one moment, one thought, to waste on the paltry object of their appreciation of his ability.

"When the service was entirely concluded, I turned to look at the fair girl who had so much interested me at its commencement. Her eye was now elevated, and lighted up with an air of triumph, so bright, but so modest! There was one glance exchanged between her and Essex, but it was instantly withdrawn. It was so intelligent, so pure, so full of love and delight, that I regretted its immediate disappearance: it was abundant in the best feelings of youth and first love: alas, how fatal are time and experience to the bloom of such feelings."—pp. 67, 68.

Then follows a narrative of the most lamentable defection that can well be imagined, ending, however, in deep contrition, and a truly tragical catastrophe. The next chapter consists of sketches selected and modernized from Sir Thomas Overbury's characters—which come in agreeably enough (though perhaps not very judiciously) to dispel the gloomy impressions created by the foregoing tale. Some of these, though drawn with the old fashioned quaintness, are still true to nature. Take as specimens,

"*Woman as she should be.*"

"The sweetness of her disposition harmonizes with the fierceness of man, as wool meets iron more easily than iron meets wool, and turns resisting into embracing. Her kindness of heart is apparent in every action, for she has no guilty designs to conceal. Her manners are not formed by any fixed rule, but bend to the occasion. She has so much knowledge as to love it; and for deficiency in this respect, she will sometimes, in a pleasant discontent, chide her sex. She *lives at home*, and adopts outward things to her taste, not her taste to them. She dresses well, but not beyond what decency absolutely requires in her station. Her mind is so happily constituted, that she does not *seek* a husband, but *finds* him. Description is soon exhausted when there is no variety of ill. When married, her chief sentiment is love for her husband; and his advantage is henceforth the end of her actions."—pp. 85, 86.

"*A Fine Lady.*"

"She is distinguished from man by two striking particulars—deficiency of strength and understanding. She simpers, as if indeed she had lips but no teeth. She divides her eyes, keeping one half for herself, and the other for the most modish gentleman of her acquaintance. Being seated, she casts her face into a platform, which lasts during the whole meal. She drinks according to good manners, not according to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to profess hunger. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out *pale*, and writes *red*. She believes herself fair, although frequently her opinion has the advantage of being singular; and she loves her glass and candle-light for lying. Her head is covered with ornaments and devices, like a tavern, to attract strangers. Her philosophy is an affected neglect of those who are too good for her. Her wit is very trifling, and it is uttered in treble tones, which are nevertheless too powerful for it. She gains much by the simplicity of her suitor; and for a jest she laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for herself, and afterwards takes him for his patience. Her chief commendation is, she brings a man to repentance. Her devotion consists in fashionable and splendid habits, which carry her to

church, express their costliness, and are silent. If she be more devout, she lifts up a certain number of eyes instead of prayers—and takes the sermon, and measures out a slumber by it, of just the same length. She sends religion onwards to *sixty*, where she never overtakes it, or drives it before her again. In conclusion, she is delivered to old age and a chair, where every body leaves her.”—pp. 86, 87.

“ *An Affected Traveller.*

“ He is a speaking fashion. He has taken infinite pains to be ridiculous, and has seen more than he has perceived. He censures every thing by gestures and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lipping. He would rather be esteemed a spy, than not a politician; and maintains his reputation by naming great men familiarly. He makes opportunity of exhibiting jewels given to him for his splendid endowments, which were bought in St. Martin’s; and not long after, having with a mountebank’s method pronounced them worth thousands, he pledges them for a few shillings. On gala-days he goes to court, and salutes without return. At night, in an ordinary, he canvasses state affairs, and seems as conversant with all designs and cabinet councils, as if he projected them. He disdains all things above his grasp, and prefers every country to his own. He imputes his obscurity to that want of discernment which distinguishes the times; and breaks off in the midst of a sentence, leaving the rest to imagination. His religion is fashion, and both body and soul are governed by fame. He loves most voices better than that of truth.”—pp. 90, 91.

“ *A Noble Spirit*

“ Has surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts every thing that occurs into experience. He regulates his purposes, and sees the end before he shoots. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use. He loves glory, scorns shame, and governs and obeys with one countenance—for both actions proceed from one reflection. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation has travelled over them; and his eye, mounted upon his understanding, sees them as things underneath. Truth is his goddess, and he takes pains to obtain her, not to look like her. Knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one centre or period, without any distraction he hastes thither and ends there, as his true and natural element. To mankind in general he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in regular motion; of the wise man he is the friend; of the indifferent an example; of the vicious a reproof. Thus time goes not from him, but with him, and he feels age more by the strength of his soul, than the weakness of his body: thus he feels no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison.”—pp. 92, 93.

“ *A Mere Scholar.*

“ He speaks sentences more familiarly than sense. The antiquity of his university is his creed—and the excellence of his college, his faith. He speaks Latin better than his native language, and is a stranger in no part of the world but his own country. His ambition is, that he either is, or shall be, a graduate; but if ever he get a fellowship, he has then no fellow. His tongue goes always before his wit, like a gentleman-usher, but somewhat faster. He is able to speak more with ease, than any man can endure to hear with patience. University jests are his universal discourse, and his news the demeanour of the proctors. His phrase, the apparel of his mind, is made of divers shreds, like a cushion. The current of his speech is closed with an *ergo*; and whatever be the question, the truth is on his side. It is an injury to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knows not that he knows nothing. He gives directions for husbandry from Virgil’s *Georgics*; for cattle, from his *Bucolis*; for warlike stratagems, from his *Æneid*, or *Cæsar’s Commentaries*. He is led more by his ears than his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense; and therefore, confidently believes, that Erra Pater was the father of heretics—Rodolphus Agricola, a substantial farmer; and will not hesitate to affirm, that Systema’s logic excels Keckerman’s. His misfortune consists not so much in being a fool, as in

being put to such pains to express it to the world : for what in others is natural, in him is artificial. His poverty is his happiness, for it makes some men believe he is not one of fortune's favourites. He is the index of a man, and the title-page of a scholar, or a puritan in morality,—much in profession, nothing in practice."—pp. 95, 97.

"An Excellent Actor."

"Whatever is commendable in the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention. Sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, whilst the actor is the centre. He does not strive to make nature monstrous; she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches. His voice is not lower than the prompter's, nor louder than the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with example; for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us. He adds grace to the poet's labours; for what in the poet is but words, in him is both words and music. All men have been of his occupation: and, indeed, what he does feignedly, that others do essentially: this day one plays a monarch; the next, a private person. Here one acts a tyrant; on the morrow, an exile. I observe, of all men living, a skilful actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when he dies, we cannot be persuaded that any man can perform his characters like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of that profession, as I would do gold in the ore; I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal."—pp. 100, 101.

We are glad to observe the air of unaffected piety which appears in this work. The descriptions of character are in general natural and affecting, and all is made to harmonize with the important truth, that man's chief business here below is to fulfil the station allotted him by the Lord of Creation.

—ITALIAN POETRY.

It has been well remarked by Foscolo, and it is a circumstance which appears to have escaped the attention of the generality of critics, that some of the finest passages in the Italian poetry of Petrarch derive their origin from the sacred writings. Thus,

E femmisi all' incontra
A mezza via, come nemico armato.—*P. 2, Son. 47.*

"So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."—*Prov. c. xxiv. v. 34.*

E la cetera mia rivolta è in pianto.—*P. 1. Son. 24.*

"My harp is also turned to mourning."—*Job c. xxx. v. 31.*

Qual grazia, qual amore, o qual destino
Mi darà penne a guisa di colomba,
Ch' io mi riposi, e levimi da terra?—*P. 1. Son. 60.*

"O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away, and be at rest."—*Psalms lv. v. 5.*

Vergine bella, che di Sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle.—*P. 2. Canz. ult.*

"A woman clothed with the sun—and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."—*Revel. c. xii. 1, 2.*

POETRY.

THE following pathetic story is from Mr. Rogers' beautiful poem of "Italy." The unfortunate Ginevra was the subject of an interesting picture by Zampieri, shewn in a palace formerly inhabited by the Donati, at Modena.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour,
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
And filled his glass to all—but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
But that she was not !

Weary of his life
Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless--then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search,
'Mid the old lumber on the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed : and 'twas said,
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
" Why not remove it from its lurking place ?"
" 'Twas done as soon as said : but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—saving a wedding ring,
And a small seal—her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
" Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever !

CONFESSIONS OF A BLUE BAG.*

"THE meditation of revenge," continued the Bag, "is of all things the most senseless and ridiculous. It not only keeps alive the remembrance of injuries which were, perhaps, unintentional, but it revives them with additional force, and inflicts them again and again, with a poignancy and aggravation, which our most inveterate enemies are incapable of imparting to them. Those who harbour revenge must bid adieu to ease and gladness, to the delights of social intercourse, and the blessings of inward serenity; for that monstrous passion cannot subsist without strife and discontent. Its only aim is the injury of another, and to compass that no baseness is deemed too low, no self-torment too severe. The revengeful are criminal without temptation, they punish themselves for the offences of others; and, to gain a momentary triumph, they sacrifice health, profit, tranquillity, happiness, or whatever else impedes the accomplishment of their vindictive purposes. So dead are they to all sense of propriety, that they feel but little chagrin at the ridicule which awaits the failure of their impotent rage; or at the detestation called forth by their unhallowed successes." Finding the orator disposed to enlarge upon this topic, I pulled him by the string, and begging a thousand pardons for the interruption, expressed my concurrence with his notions, but hinted that if he would resume his confessions, I could moralize for myself as he proceeded; upon which he continued as follows:—

"It happened that, in the course of the Counsellor's stamping fit, he wore away a knot, in the thread which secured my right side. Of this circumstance, though it was a serious one for me, he took no heed; being too much elated with his successful *debut* to throw away a thought upon my pitiable condition. The thing may seem trivial to you, Sir, but have patience to mark the consequences. On our return to town, my gentleman found that his reputation had travelled more rapidly than himself: although we came by the mail, yet many professional friends were prepared to greet him with hearty congratulations on the delivery of his speech, which the newspapers had already made them acquainted with. Briefs began to flow in apace, and as they were daily thrust upon me, I purposely, and with infinite pain, exposed my weak side to them, till in the course of time, stitch yielded after stitch, and an aperture was formed large enough for the expulsion of any slip of paper, such as is used for memoranda, the loss of which I conceived would inconvenience my master almost sufficiently to afford me a complete retaliation.

"I had, however, long to wait for an opportunity of carrying this mischievous scheme into execution: for his notes, consisting chiefly of extracts from large volumes, were carefully folded between their leaves. But he one day threw in both book and notes, with such unfeeling violence, as made me shake from top to base, and, at the same time, caused the book to open and the note paper to get loose. This precious slip I softly and secretly drove to the yawning orifice; and as the clerk who carried me went through the Adelphi, in his way to Westminster, I hurled it with a vengeance down one of those bottomless areas. Exulting in the mischief I had committed, I amused myself during the remainder of the walk with picturing the dismay that would seize upon the

* Concluded from p. 21.

disappointed lawyer when he should become sensible of his loss. I went so far as to anticipate the jokes, the titterings, and merriment, that would circulate in the court at his expense; whilst I grew ecstatic at the bare contemplation of the triumph which I thought already belonged to his learned opponent. At length the argument came on, and my master, as usual, turned to me for assistance. I gave him none; but on the contrary, I looked with malicious anxiety for his discomfiture. My treachery, however, was justly doomed to prove abortive. He rose with all the boldness and composure of a practised advocate; and being emboldened with previous success, his wits were all at his command; his memory served him a great way; and at the conclusion of his quotations, an extemporary thought occurred to him, which enabling him to place the argument in a new light, gave a turn to the discussion, as unexpected as it was decisive in his favour. Thus did the revenge which I had fostered for months; the crooked policy by which I had sought to overwhelm the object of my hate; and the cruel penance that I had so sedulously inflicted upon myself, all redound to his advantage. And I alone, was fully sensible of the real cause of his triumph, to which, in fact, my knavish folly had chiefly contributed; for the thought which arose in his mind on the emergency, was very much superior to any that he had premeditated for the occasion.

“Having suffered such an entire defeat, you may suppose that I did not long retain my place. In the Counsellor's first leisure moment he began to revolve the causes which had led to the disappearance of his notes: he summoned me into his angry presence, and immediately began to examine, and cross-examine me, with a most impertinent curiosity, which was not to be diverted from penetrating my inmost recesses. In vain did I struggle, and endeavour to elude his prying; in vain did I attempt to contract myself into a thousand folds. The time for evasion was gone by; his hand fell upon the unlucky corner, his fingers protruded, and furnished ample demonstration that I was no longer trustworthy. ‘Here,’ he exclaimed, ‘is the confounded rent that had like to have cost my client, Sir Thomas, his whole estate.’ With these words he threw me from him with disdain, regardless of my efforts to cling to his hands with my cord—that cord which he had once been so happy to lay hold of. Calling to his clerk, Scriven, he ordered him never to trust me any more, but, in my stead, to get a crimson damask. He added, moreover, that I looked shabby, and was a common affair, and besides, he had observed that blue bags were getting quite out of fashion.

“This Scriven was a perfect brute: armed with a little *brief* authority, he treated me with that contemptuous bearing which men of petty minds are wont to exercise over the fallen favourite. ‘Tis true I was dismissed; but I declare, that nothing more than dismissal was either expressed or implied, in the sentence passed upon me by my late master. Nevertheless, this Jack in office instantly seizes me by the throat, hurries me out of the chamber, hangs me out of his own window, where I was publicly whipped, and underwent some of the grossest indignities that were ever offered to a British subject. He afterwards overhauled me with great roughness, and prying all over me *sans ceremonie*, discovered my fatal wound, which he with a pack-thread and a large needle, sewed up in the coarsest, and, to me, the most painful manner. I was then put away on a nail, where I remained for more than a week in a state of dreadful suspense. At the end of that period I was taken down in great haste, and

stuffed with an old gown and wig of his master's. In this plight I was carried out one dismal November evening, and after being long exposed to the drizzling rain, I was assigned to a theatrical property-man, an acquaintance of Scriven's, who appeared to be one of those clerks—

‘Who change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood,
And (strange reverse,) die for their country's good.’

He cultivated this gentleman's good-will by such available compliments, with the view of having them returned in the shape of benefit-tickets, and occasional orders of admission to witness dramatic performances.

“Under the proprietor of untold properties I was variously employed: sometimes protecting the Roman eagles, and at others taking care of ‘shreds and patches.’ My prospects began now to brighten, and the days of my adversity seemed passing away. I was once more brought forward from seclusion and inactivity, and after a thorough brushing, which did me no harm, received a strange variety of old papers, and with them in my keeping, I had the honour of being introduced to one of the greatest comedians that ever ‘smelt the lamp.’ Pray, Sir, allow me to ask if you ever saw ‘Love, Law, and Physic,’ with Mr. Matthews as Flexible!” I replied in the affirmative. “Then,” resumed my orator, “you must remember, that in Act II. Scene 2, Flexible enters in a barrister's dress, in company with a law-bag. I, Sir, had the honour and the pleasure of playing Bag to Mr. Matthews's Flexible; and I am sure you will allow, that in point of *flexibility* I was not second even to that incomparable actor. Ah! that was a merry season for me: the spirit and animation imparted to me by his very touch, completely drove away all melancholy recollections. And then to be permitted to stay-out the performance in one of the best situations for watching the bye-play of Liston, the irresistible, the unique Lubin Log; what richer treat could a Bag like me desire? Indeed, it proved almost too much for me, as the united comicality of those humorous performers very nearly produced a second—and this time an unintentional—splitting of my sides.

“At the close of the season I was again intrusted with properties, and among the rest, with an ermine cloak, or tippet, which had occasionally decked the shoulders of many monarchs, even from King John to Henry the Eighth. By some negligence, which I forbear to impute to any one in particular, this right regal antiquity became infested with moths, which perverted it into a theatre of a series of most unprovoked and most unceremonious ravages. I viewed their operations with alarm, and should certainly have communicated my fears to the property-man, had not my mouth been closed, and myself left without the power of opening it; else I should certainly have disgorged the loathsome trespassers which fattened on the property of which I had the care. It was not long before a party of the most adventurous set out on a journey of discovery, the chief object of which was to explore my nethermost folds. They traversed me in all directions, and certainly they were indefatigable in their researches; so much so, indeed, that they remained abroad much longer than was expected; and having exhausted their stock of provisions—which had originally consisted of no less than two ermines' tails—they were upon the eve of starvation, when one of them, whose appetite was more keen, and whose invention was more fruitful than the rest, determined to gather a meal from the fruits of the *terra cyanea*, as he thought fit to name me. Upon this, he made a beginning at my woof, which he

pronounced to be excellent eating, and invited his companions to follow his example. His famished comrades required not a second invitation, but fell to upon me with such inordinate avidity, that I expected nothing but to be totally devoured at that single meal. Finding that they should require no other provisions but what I, the miserable *terra cyanea*, afforded, they prosecuted their travels much farther; established several colonies; and returned to the mother country with such a captivating description of what they had seen and tasted, that the overgrown population of the tip-pet was speedily thinned by emigration, and I experienced the indescribable horror of being overrun, lacerated, and eaten up alive by tribes of the most nauseous and most ravenous beings. When I found that they spared neither warf nor woof, and that I seemed forsaken by the property-man and the whole *corps dramatique*, I was upon the point of yielding to the dictates of despair, but at the very crisis of my wretchedness a call of the house took place, and an examination of myself and the rest of the properties ensued. It was evident to all that I was no longer fit to sustain my former part on the stage, or to hold my place of trust in the great wardrobe. I had therefore no alternative but to retire, or be turned out: I accordingly quitted the house under the protection of a Jew, whose skill in the healing art was confessedly great, and who, I well knew, understood the family constitution of the Woollens. To his prodigious skill I was indebted for a new inside; for the closing of my wounds; and for a partial renewal of my youthful colour; which latter was effected (I confess it for the good of the public, the ladies in particular) by frequent immersions in a caldron filled with a boiling cosmetic. As soon as I could with safety be exposed to the air, I was conveyed to his repository in Monmouth Street; but that vulgar situation was so little suited to my taste or habits, that I gladly quitted it for the service of your good friend's clerk. I have every reason to be satisfied with the treatment I receive from him. He is gentle, knowing my weakness. He feeds me well, taking me to market with him, and filling me with eatables. But, alas! Sir, the day is gone by for me either to relish, or to derive nourishment from this good cheer; appetite I have none, digestive organs none. In truth, I confess that I am completely worn out, past labour, and past recovery; and when I look forward, I behold nothing but a cheerless and melancholy future. Old age advances with rapid strides. I am far away from my kindred; destitute of wealth, to purchase the comforts which are requisite at my time of life; and not even possessing the pauper's claim to a parish settlement. Now, Sir, I have this one request to make, and it may be my last—it is, that you would exert your interest in my behalf among the Trustees and Governors of the Theatrical Fund, and likewise among those of the Law Association; for having figured in my time, both on the stage and in the forum, mine is a hard case indeed, if I am not, after all, a proper object for the bounty of one, if not both of those excellent institutions."

The piteous tone in which this request was preferred was too moving to be heard with indifference. I started—my reverie was over—and there ended the—

ON FRENCH COMEDY AND VAUDEVILLES.

Lusinus, Octavi, gracili modulante *Thaliâ*

Atque, ut araneoli, tenuem formavimus orsum :

Lusinus—

VIRG. Culex à Chr. G. Heyne "restitutus."

MOLIERE, it is said, used to read the unfinished scenes of his comedies to an old woman who waited in the house where he resided, and he learnt from her countenance, and the sympathy which she expressed for the situations of the different personages of the drama, whether the painting was true to nature. He always found, he said, that those passages which she approved, delighted the audience, and met with a favourable reception from the world; and those which she disliked, experienced, on the contrary, universal disapprobation. It will not be doubted but the old lady formed a just opinion of the manners of the age; but Gallic nature is, in some sort or other, different from human nature. It is masked, the soil does not appear congenial to the full expansion of genuine unrestrained humour. That French Tragedy walks on stilts, has been long known, and is a received opinion in this country; but the gravity of the sock, it might be thought, would be compensated by the lightness of the buskin. The buskin indeed is light, but it is not of that texture which befits universal comedy. How far the characters of Destouches or Marivaux would compete with those of Menander, it is impossible, in the loss of his inimitable productions, now to conjecture; but at present they appear to bear a greater resemblance to those of Aristophanes.

In those *pétites pieces* which depict the leading follies of the day, the French stage, it must be confessed, has an evident superiority. The "airy nothings" to which they give the name of *Vaudevilles* (so called from the ballads with which they are interspersed) are both light, fanciful, and elegant. A piece of this sort, which I saw at Marseilles, gave a just representation of the character of the peasantry of the *ancien regime*. A scene of courtship is introduced in a country village, and is carried on in dumb show, dancing, &c. An old man appears among the young ones, courting some fair but coy damsels, and making them various presents. On being rejected, he goes to hang himself in despair; the rope breaks, and he falls on the stage. He is taken up, and endeavours are used to restore suspended animation. They succeed, and he receives a pardon on his knees from the hands of the reluctant fair.

So bright a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.

Another piece, enacted at the same theatre, and which might serve as a counterpart, was Shakspeare's *Othello*, translated by Ducis. But here Desdemona is reconciled to her husband, and the play concludes with the felicity of all parties; for murder, and least of all, suffocation, does not suit the French stage. The actress who personated Desdemona was short and corpulent, and had a voice so tremulous, that it afforded a striking contrast to the deep tones of the Moor—a part which was well performed by its actor. It might be expected that Harlequin would form a prominent character on the French stage, and so indeed he appears every night in the sanctioned precincts of the Palais Royal, on the two-story stage at the *Café de la Paix*, or on the subterraneous boards of the *Café des Variétés*. But it might not be anticipated that he would appear

in any of the serious and social relations of life. Such, however, is the fact. In the *Theatre de Florian* he is shewn as the good husband (*Le Bon Menage*) ; the good father (*Le Bon Pere.*) He possesses an affectionate wife (*La Bonne Mere*), and is blessed with a dutiful son (*Le Bon Fils*). In each of these characters he appears to great advantage. The dialogue is natural and lively, the performance is well conducted, and the moral is good. But the ludicrous effect which is produced by the husband, the father, the respectable citizen, appearing in an harlequin's jacket, is surely sufficient to excite the risibility of a stoic. *Les Daniades*, which is a great favourite with the Parisian public, however, far exceeds this in absurdity. The story from which this drama is taken is well known ; but on the French stage the Grecian husband, whose life is spared, is dressed as a *petit maître*, in a large wig (costume of the age of Louis XIV.), and the wives in plain habiliments. The respective merits of the unfortunate victims of their spouse's resentment, are tried by the devil in *propria personâ*, who weighs them with a pitch-fork. The good fly up, with a spring, into heaven, and the bad descend with alacrity into the infernal regions.

The Revolution has now effected some change in these matters. The works of Shakspeare, paraphrased and metamorphosed by Ducis, have been regularly translated by Le Tourneur and F. Guizot ; and it may now therefore be expected that the Bard of Avon will receive that due meed of praise which was denied him in the false criticisms, and erroneous versions of Voltaire. The Vaudevilles, also, are much improved. "*La Somnambule*," "*Elle et lui*," "*Je fais mes farces*," are evidences of this. I shall present the reader with a sketch of an entertaining little piece of this sort, in three acts, entitled "*Fanchon la Vielleuse*," which first made its appearance during the Revolution, as the title-page informs us.* It is still a great favourite with the Parisian public.

Fanchon, an amiable and interesting girl, the representative of a female who it appears was well known at Paris some years ago, by the title of "*La Ninon du Boulevard*," and who is characterized in the *dramatis personæ* as a compound of simplicity, good taste, cheerfulness, and sensibility, is a performer on the hurdy-gurdy, from the mountains of Savoy, and who has come to Paris to exhibit her talents on the Boulevards. She sings in the following manner of herself :

"Aux montagnes de la Savoie,
Je naquis de pauvres parens,
Voilà qu'à Paris on m'envoie
Car nous étions beaucoup d'enfans,
Je n'apportais, hélas en France
Que mes chansons, quinze ans, ma vielle et l'esperance."

Thus adorned, and bringing nothing with her into France, as she says, but "her songs, her age (fifteen years), her instrument, and hope," she appears at Paris, and attracts the attention and admiration of the great. Acquiring money by her talents, and the interest excited by her artless beauty, she employs it in acts of generosity ; and, concealing her name, engages one Vincent to be the distributor of her bounty. For this purpose she makes him assume the livery of a *Madame de Gervilliers*, who is described as severe in her deportment, but of a kind disposition. Under

* *Fanchon la Vielleuse*, Comedie enttrois Actes, melée de Vaudevilles ; par M. M. J. N. Bouilly et Joseph Pain ; représentée, pour la première fois à Paris, sur le Theatre du Vaudeville, le 28 Nivôse, an 13.

this disguise, Vincent relieves the widow of an officer, and one Bertrand, an unfortunate grocer. In the mean time, *Colonel Francarville*, the nephew of *Madame de Gervilliers*, a man of quality, and of a romantic and susceptible disposition, sees and admires Fanchon; and, in order to try her affections, introduces himself to her in the character of a young painter. She admires his talents and his sensibility, consents to retire with him into the country, and, renouncing the gay world, to pass the rest of their lives together in rural privacy and domestic peace. She gives him a paper, by which she has conveyed to him a pleasant hamlet, situated in Savoy; and she says, "*Vous serez au milieu d'un peuple, pauvre, mais laborieux; vous en serez l'ami, le dieu tutelaire; car je vous en previens, vous aurez beaucoup d'or à repandre. Vous trouverez pour vos pinceaux des sites charmans, des villageoises fraîches et piquantes. Dans mon pays, il y en a de fort jolies. Je me suis apperçue que vous n'aimiez ni le tumulte, ni le grand monde; votre terre offre la solitude la plus amiable: vous pourrez y promener les plus douces reveries. Enfin si par délicatesse vous aviez refusé de venir chez Fanchon, c'est maintenant chez vous qu'elle vous demande un asyle et la permission d'y passer la reste de sa vie.*" In the midst of these scenes of love and affection, *Madame de Gervilliers* enters, to reproach *Fanchon* for having assumed her name in the exercise of her acts of charity. She discovers her nephew, and his new attachment, and this again excites her censures. *Fanchon* gives her the paper, and *Madame de Gervilliers* at length retires, convinced that the girl has an amiable heart, but is still averse to their union. The colonel, however, procures an interview with *Fanchon*, and after some tender and interesting discourse, he determines to retire with her into the country, according to the agreement. This piece is agreeably diversified with other characters. Among them is *Ducoutis*, an upholsterer, who is in love with *Adèle*, the daughter of *Bertrand*, the grocer mentioned before. She, however, slights him, and cherishes an affection for her cousin, *Augustin*. Then *St. Luce*, a captain of light horse, enters on the stage, and relates that he had just rescued a young girl (who proves to be *Adèle*) from the hands of one *M. Forcebrunne*, who was conveying her away in a carriage. A duel in consequence ensues between him and this *Forcebrunne*, *au bois de Vincennes*; and *Colonel Francarville* (then known as *Edouard*) attends as his second. *St. Luce* wounds his antagonist, and retires without injury from the field. *Bertrand* enters with *Ducoutis*, and, enraged, accuses *Fanchon* with having seduced his daughter; but is surprised to find in her the benefactress of his family; upon which he salutes her with acclamations and blessings. Finally, all parties are reconciled. *Augustin* is married to *Adèle*, and *Francarville* retires with *Fanchon* to her beloved mountains, accompanied by her brother, *André*, who had lately arrived in Paris to see her, and whose *Patois* pronunciation is as amusing as the Irish brogue. The language of this petite Vaudeville discovers both animation and judgment, and the style is much superior to the general class of these minor pieces. In the discourse which ensues between *Colonel Francarville* and *Fanchon*, when she makes the discovery of his rank, she uses some expressions on the subject of unequal marriages, which would have reflected no discredit on the matrimonial axioms of the sage in *Rasselas*.—"Que ne puis-je, aux dépens de ma vie assurer le bonheur de la vôtre, il me serait plus facile de la sacrifier que de consentir à une union impossible.—Oui, Colonel, impossible. Voyez *Fanchon* au milieu de votre famille, exposée aux demi mots inju

rieux, a mille regards humilians, souffrant des reproches qu'on vous fait, craignent qu'ils ne vous conduisent par degrés à l'indifférence, et peut-être n'éveillent chez vous un repentir. Voyez moi en public, n'osant me donner le titre de votre épouse, sans voir le sourire aimer de tous ces grands qui vous entourent, sans entendre ces felicitations equivoques et mordantes, dont l'art leur est si familier. Oh ! que je souffrirais ! Non, non : si je suis assez sage pour ne point m'élever jusqu'à eux, je suis trop fière pour supporter leurs dedains." Φ

PARISH RECORD.

An Extract from the first leaf of the Register at East Ham Church, Essex.

1741

June 15.	John Bagot Dr. Thos. Lovell a pr. of new shoes	0	4	4
	Do.	0	4	4
July 12.	A Tends at yr Child crising	0	1	6
Novr. 3.	Burill Bell Grave Clerk Ship	0	4	0
	for tossing up Grave	0	1	0
			0	14 8

1741½

Jan. 25.	a pr of Shoes	0	4	4
			£0	19 0

Mar.	Recid	0	12	0
	Set of in poor rate	0	5	0
		0	17	0
	a Bill deved			

1742.

Oct. 31.	a pr of new Shoes	0	4	4
Nov. 1.	A Tende a Child crising	0	1	6
	A poump Lather	0	0	4
	deto	0	0	3
Mar. 6.	a pr of Shoes soled hell pes	0	1	6
Sep. 1744.	for Tenes child crised	0	1	6
			£0	11 11

ETERNITY.

Eternity, what art thou ? my poor mind
 Ranges in vain thro' regions of deep thought,
 To seek a fitting 'semblance of thee !—nought
 Can I collect !—'tis vain !—I cannot find
 Ideas with which I might thine image bind.
 What are the ages that old Time hath brought,
 Compar'd with thee ? the fame of battles fought,
 Tho' living as the world ?—a gust of wind,
 That sweeps along, and then is heard no more.
 And what is boasted Time itself to thee ?
 A flame that for a moment bright will soar,
 Leaving deep gloom thro' which no eye can see.
 Or 'tis a wave that ripples to the shore,
 And dies upon thy rock, Eternity

L—

RESEARCHES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND, by T. Crofton Croker.
4to. Murray. Plates.

OF the different subjects associated with the ideas of country in English minds, few have a stronger claim on our attention than those connected with the Sister Island. The richness of her soil in the level parts, the interesting scenery of the hills, with the romantic Dargle, the varied beauty of her lakes and rivers, the number and capacious bosoms of her harbours, the multitude of her population, and their very peculiar character—all unite in giving her an interest in our feelings. The work before us is the production of an Irishman. His intention is to present his readers with observations made on the country and inhabitants, during a course of tours through the Southern parts of the island. The frequent renewal of visits to a country is an excellent plan for gaining correct information on subjects of a local nature. The first journey has often little effect but to produce a vague and indistinct impression on the mind of the tourist. But if he possess a reflecting mind, it will suggest to him topics of inquiry which he never anticipated when he left his own country, but which he is prepared to examine on a renewed excursion. The information thus collected by Mr. Croker, is extremely well arranged. A topographical description is given of all the principal places in his route, with much of their local history: but knowing that the continued detail of such matters, if interesting to a particular class, is tedious to the generality of readers, he arranges the observations on manners, customs, literature, &c. in distinct chapters; and by judiciously interspersing these throughout the work, he relieves the attention from the fatigue of contemplating at too great a length a solitary subject; and yet by this collected form a variety of useful and pleasant instruction is conveyed to the mind of the reader, very different from the desultory method, or total absence of method, which too often occurs in volumes of travels and researches.

From many passages which could not fail to gratify our readers, we select the following from the chapter on Travelling in Ireland:—

“The higher classes in Ireland are ever willing to entertain the traveller, and assist in the advancement of his journey, when he has clearly proved it absolutely necessary to proceed; for it is not a matter of question how to get admission to the first houses in the country—the dilemma is how to leave them. To a tourist, with sufficient time at his disposal, this may be agreeable enough; if otherwise circumstanced, he will find it requisite to avoid the delivery of letters of recommendation; for however gratifying a warm and hospitable reception may be, the sacrifice of time to be made in return is beyond all calculation. The over-abundant kindness of the host (for an immediate invitation always follows an introduction) seldom permits his guest the free use of his own senses, and to expostulate is vain. If, Dr. Syntax-like, he travels with a sketch-book, and states himself in search of the picturesque, he is hurried from one eminence to another, and assured it affords the best view in the country, as extent and beauty, when applied to the landscape, are generally confounded. A party is arranged to meet him at dinner, each of whom requests a visit. One assures him that a most celebrated castle is on his grounds; while another urges the charms of a glen near his residence, in a tone it is impossible to refuse. After a journey of some miles, and the loss of an entire morning, this renowned castle may prove but the naked walls of an old tower, dismantled of even its ivy garb; and the ‘charming glen’ perhaps turns out to be neither more nor less than the best fox earth in the country. Thus the circle of acquaintances caused by a single introduction, every one leading to others, goes on increasing, like the circles produced by a stone when flung into the water.

"Letters, however, are needless in obtaining all the attention and assistance requisite: a respectable appearance is a sufficient recommendation to the nobility and gentry; but towards the cottagers a certain courteousness of approach must be observed, ere you can win them to usefulness. If you seek information, the tone of interrogation must be conciliatory, not dictatorial; if shelter or protection, throw yourself at once on their hospitality, and you secure a warm and welcome reception. The most romantic parts of Ireland are little frequented, and travellers unlooked for; hence it becomes necessary to study the art of pleasing, which is in this case more valuable 'than house and land.' The poorest peasant will freely offer to share his cabin, and divide his potatoes with you, though at the same time eyeing you very suspiciously, inasmuch as, being unable to account for your appearance, he usually supposes you belong either to the army or to the excise—two bodies equally disliked by them. Yet their greatest fears never destroy the national spirit of hospitality.

"Having hired a car at Lismore, to take us to Fermoy, and wishing to walk part of the way along the banks of the Blackwater, we desired the driver to meet us at a given point. On arriving there, the man pretended not to have understood we were three in party, and demanded, in consequence, an exorbitant addition to the sum agreed on. Although we were without any other means of conveyance for eight Irish miles, it was resolved not to submit to this imposition, and we accordingly withdrew our luggage, and dismissed the car, intending to seek another amongst a few cabins that appeared at a little distance from the road-side. A high dispute arose with the driver, who of course was incensed at this proceeding, and endeavoured to enlist in his cause the few straggling peasants that had collected round us; but having taken refuge, and placed our trunks in the nearest cabin, ourselves and property became sacred, and the disposition to hostility, which had been at first partially expressed, gradually died away. When we began to make inquiries for a horse and car, of any kind, to take us into Fermoy, our endeavours were for some time fruitless. One person had a car, but no horse. Another, a car building, which, if Dermot Leary were as good as his word, would be finished next week some time, 'God willing.' At length we gained intelligence of a horse that was 'only two miles off, drawing turf. Sure he could be fetched in less than no time' But then, again, 'that big car of Thady Conner's was too great a load for him entirely. Sure the *baste* would never draw the car into Fermoy, let alone their honours and the trunks' After some farther consultation, a car was discovered, more adapted to the capabilities of the miserable animal thus called upon to 'leave work and carry wood;' and though of the commonest kind, we were glad to secure it. By means of our trunks and some straw, we formed a kind of lodgment on the car, which being without springs, and on the worst possible of roads, was not exactly a bed of down. The severe contusions we received, on precipitating into the numerous cavities—though no joke—caused some laughter; on which the driver turned round with a most facetious expression of countenance, suggesting that 'May be the motion did not just agree with the lady; but never fear, she would soon get used to it, and be asleep before we were half way to Fermoy. This prediction, it will readily be supposed, was not fulfilled; and I believe it was three days before we recovered from the bruises of that journey."

The author has carefully abstained from expressing any political sentiments. His style is clear, simple, and unaffected. These Researches are a valuable addition to our sources of information respecting the Irish character; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Crofton will extend his useful labours to other provinces of the 'Emerald Isle.'

In the appendix we find an interesting narrative of the occurrences in Wexford and its vicinity, during the late Rebellion. It is drawn up by a lady who witnessed most of the transactions which she records.

**BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY; or Specimens of the Dutch Poets. 12mo.
Taylor and Hessey.**

THE existence of poetic taste seems so incompatible with a sordid love of gain, which has generally been considered the ruling passion of a Dutchman, that we never expected to derive from them any pleasure like that afforded us by this little volume. It presents us with specimens of the Dutch poets from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries inclusive; and displays examples of taste and feeling we never could have looked for in a land of frogs and marshes. The translator appears to have discharged his task with ability. He has imitated the style and manner, as well as communicated the ideas, of his original with fidelity. We are pleased with the sweetness and simplicity of Cats, Kamphugzens, and De Decluer; but the sublimity of Vondel, when celebrating the glories of his Creator, fills the mind with awe and veneration. The Chorus of Angels, in his tragedy of Lucifer, is replete with images of the most exalted kind; such as cannot fail to excite a devotional feeling bordering on rapture.

" CHORUS OF ANGELS.

" Who sits above heaven's height sublime,
Yet fills the grave's profoundest place
Beyond eternity, or time,
Or the vast round of viewless space :

" Who on Himself alone depends—
Immortal—glorious—but unseen;
And in His mighty being blends
What rolls around or flows within.

" Of all we know not—all we know—
Prime source and origin—a sea,
Whose waters pour'd on earth below,
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.

" His power—love—wisdom, first exalted,
And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch—yon palace vaulted—
Yon heaven of heavens—to smile on earth.

" From His resplendent majesty
We shade us 'neath our sheltering wings;
While awe inspir'd and tremblingly,
We praise the glorious King of kings.

" With sight and sense confused and dim;
O name—describe the Lord of lords,
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him—
Or is the theme too vast for words ?

RESPONSE.

" 'Tis God who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain-head :
Forgive the praise—too mean and low—
Or from the living or the dead.

" No tongue thy peerless name hath spoken,
No space can hold that awful name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same!

" Language is dumb—Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation;
And Thou, O God! art all in all.

" How vain on such a thought to dwell!
Who knows Thee—Thee the all unknown?
Can angels be thy oracle,
Who art—who art Thyself alone?

" None—none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendour and the source of time—
The Eternal of eternity.

" Thy light of light out-pour'd conveys
Salvation in its flight Elysian,
Brighter than e'en Thy mercy's rays;
But vainly would our feeble vision

" Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us—but meets Thee never;
Thy power is life's support and stay—
We praise Thee—sing Thee, Lord! for ever.

" Holy—holy—holy!—Praise—
Praise be His in every land;
Safety in His presence stays—
Sacred is His high command!"

The following is from the pen of Constantijn Huygens, secretary to three successive princes of the house of Nassau, and father to the philosopher of that name, the correspondent of our immortal Newton, and to whom we owe the invention of the measurement of time by the motion of the pendulum. His intercourse with courts must have enabled him to form correct ideas of kingly state.

" A KING.

" He's a crown'd multitude—his doom is hard;
Servant to each, a slave without reward:
The state's tall roof on which the tempests fall;
The reckoning book that bears the debts of all:
He borrows little, yet is forced to pay
The most usurious interest day by day:
A fetter'd freeman—an imploring lord—
A ruling suppliant—a rhyming word:
A lightning-flash that breaks all bonds asunder,
And spares what yields—a cloud that speaks in thunder;
A sun in darkness and in day that smites,
A plague that on the whirlwind's storm alights;
A lesser God—a rudder to impel,
Targe for ingratitude, and flattery's bell:
In fortune prais'd—in sorrow shunn'd; his lot
To be ador'd—deserted—and forgot.
His wish a thousand hurry to fulfil,
His will is law—his law is all men's will:

His breath is chok'd by sweetly sounding lies,
 And seeming mirth, and cheating flatteries,
 Which ever waft truth's accents from his ear ;
 And if perchance its music he should hear,
 They break its force, and through the crooked way
 Of their delusions, flatter and betray.
 He knows no love—its smiles are all forbidden ;
 He has no friend—thus virtue's charms are hidden ;
 All round is self—the proud no friends possess ;
 Life is with them but scorn and heartlessness :
 He is a suitor, forced by fear to wed,
 And woos the daughter, though the sire he dread,—
 In this far less than even the lowest slave
 That fells the tree, or cleaves the rising wave.
 His friends are foes when tried—corruption flies
 O'er his disorder'd country when he dies.
 If long success from virtue's paths entice,
 They will not blend their honour with his vice,
 But rather shed their tears in that swift stream
 Against whose might *their* might is as a dream :
 His days are not his own, for smiles and sorrow
 Visit him each ; the eventide, the morrow,
 Deny him rest—sleep's influence steals not o'er him ;
 Wearied he lives, and joy retreats before him.
 Beneath care's sickle all his flowers decay ;
 His sparkling cup in dulness sinks away.
 His son on tiptoe stands to seize the crown,
 Which a few years of woes shall tumble down.
 O gilded thistle ! why should mortals crave thee,
 Who art but bitter medicine, when they have thee !
 Or why aspire to state ne'er long possess—
 By dangers ever circled, and no rest !”

A second volume is announced, which we hope to find equally commendable as the present.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Inscription on a tomb in Berkeley church-yard, Gloucestershire.

Here lyeth Thomas Peierce, whom no man taught,
 Yet he in iron, brasse, and silver wrought.
 He jacks, and clocks, and watches (with art) made,
 And mended too, when others' work did fade.
 Of Berkeley five tymes maior this artist was,
 And yet this maior, this artist was but grasse :
 When his owne watch was downe on the last day,
 He that made watches had not made a key
 To wind it up, but uselesse it must lie
 Until he rise again no more to die.

Near the middle of the same church-yard formerly stood a tomb, inscribed to Dicky Pierce the Jester. Its shattered remains were wholly removed about five years ago, and it is shortly to be renewed by subscription. The Jester's epitaph was composed by Dean Swift.

FINE ARTS.

THE Exhibition of the works of living Artists at the British Institution opened last week. We are not inclined to find fault, but we cannot help, on this occasion, falling in with the general opinion respecting the poverty of talent displayed in this collection of pictures, which amounts to 387. There are a few beautiful specimens, the most meritorious of which are by youthful artists, and show the advancement they have made since last year. To these we shall presently turn our attention. Their productions stand conspicuous amidst the trash of aged practitioners who, judging from their works now exhibited, are moving backward rather than forward in their profession. That artists should paint badly is not surprising, but that their performances of this description should be crowded together for the public inspection and patronage, is indeed astonishing. We deem it not unreasonable to expect that the choicest productions of the age should be collected at the British Institution; instead of which, the vilest daubs are offered, and readily admitted. Old unsaleable pictures meet the eye in every direction. Of this description are 46, *Salisbury Cathedral*, and 138, *The Inthronization of his Majesty George IV.* Considering the rank and professed taste of the noblemen and gentlemen who govern this Institution, it is wonderful that so bad a system, or rather a total want of system, should reign in their councils. We will not at present be more explicit, or take the full advantage of our information on the internal management of this Society, but will only add, that till some better regulations than those now in practice are established, the Fine Arts will not derive the benefit proposed by the Institution. As it is clear, from the specimen already named, that Mr. Nash will not advance his reputation by his paintings, we earnestly recommend him to lay aside his palette, and to perform on paper rather than on canvass. The town has been inundated with views of the Coronation, and Mr. Nash's attempt might as well have been spared. The drawing part of his picture is not without defects, but the colouring is without merit; the misty shadows are of a greenish blue, and the strongest lights of a greenish yellow. The figure intended to represent his Majesty is distinguished by a wig of more curls than any worn by King Charles the Second. Mr. Dewint occasionally displeases the public with a picture. We are charmed with some of the water-colour performances of this artist, but his paintings are heavy, monotonous, and destitute of good effect. No. 213, *Felpham Mill* (which has been repeatedly gazed at and forgotten by the public), combines these characters. These remarks may with equal aptitude be applied to No. 314, *Peverel Castle and Peak*, by Mr. Hoffland. Since we last recognized this picture, the artist has taken same pains to gild the castle and rocks: we however doubt whether the same subject in more skilful hands could be rendered more interesting. The drawing and colouring of No. 277, *Christ healing the impotent Man*, are so extremely faulty, that we know not how to express the sentiments we felt on examining it. This picture really must have been admitted in ridicule of the public taste; it is a bad caricature of a most solemn subject, and, in its least offensive character, is a specimen of the low state to which it is possible to reduce art. Another specimen, and we turn from these miserable paintings to the few pictures that are capable of affording gratification. The landscape of *Syrinx*, No. 238, seems to be interspersed

with burning brimstone, which emits a blue flame, whose curlings form what was evidently intended to represent the sky.

Nos. 73, 142, 186, and 363, by W. Linton, are pleasing specimens of landscape scenery. If they are occasionally flat, or wanting in partial force, they never exhibit nature under any distortions. No. 32, *Beckenham Church*, by C. R. Stanley, is a poor subject prettily painted. Mr. Eastlake is a painter of no common merit—he presents us with six pictures in his characteristic style, which is rich in colour, forcible in expression, and neat, but not laboured in finishing. Nos. 304 and 310 are favourable specimens. Mr. Dighton's picture, *The Defeat of the Turks under Ali Pacha by the Souliotes*, is a bold and masterly performance, and deserves to find a patron. *The Cat's Paw*, by E. Landseer, is a charming production. The animals are well grouped, and the breadth of light is no less admirably than ingeniously obtained. The colouring is rich, yet chaste; and, with much careful handling, there is a boldness of execution which pronounces the artist a perfect master of his art. No. 280, *Deer Shooting*, is the work of a youth, which would do honour to a man of exalted character in his profession: were we disposed to find fault, we should say that there is a want of keeping in the landscape, but this is trifling, compared with the tasteful arrangement of the subject: the drawing of the wounded animal in the foreground, and the groupe of deer beneath the shade of venerable trees, in the middle distance, particularly claim our praise. We congratulate Mr. Lewis on his rapid improvement, and on the fit subject he has chosen for his pencil. In conclusion, we feel compelled to remark, that if only a very few pictures are sold, it is because the majority are not worth buying. These certainly are not times for throwing away money, but we are fully convinced that patrons will never be wanting in England while there are proper objects for encouragement.

L.

GYGES.

GYGES, a king of Lydia, (according to Herodotus), reigned 38 years, and distinguished himself by the immense presents which he made to the oracle of Delphi. According to Plato, Gyges descended into a chasm of the earth, where he found a brazen horse, whose sides he opened, and saw within the body the carcass of a man of uncommon size, from whose finger he took a famous brazen ring. This ring, when put on his finger, rendered him invisible, and by means of its virtue, he introduced himself to the queen of Lydia, murdered her husband, and married her, and usurped the crown of Lydia.—*Herodot. i. c. 8.*

FROM BOILEAU.

“ With what delight rhymes on the scribbling dunce,
He's ne'er perplex'd to choose, but right at once;
With rapture hails each work as soon as done,
And wonders so much wit was all his own.
The genuine bard nor labour trusts, nor skill,
But fears a something left imperfect still;
Nor quite content, would hide behind a shelf
The work that pleases all—except himself.”

THE PANTHEON.

(AN OXFORD PRIZE POEM.)

PALACE of Heaven ! of every god the fane !
 Where rapt Devotion holds her silent reign !
 At once each bosom feels thy strong control,
 Thy grandeur awes, thy beauty wins the soul.
 Thee, Gothic rage, and warrior pride revered,
 The spoiler trembled, and the victor feared ;
 Each in thy dome his nation's god adored,
 Here raised the suppliant hand, and dropp'd the sword.
 Proud, o'er the wreck of empire, swells the dome,
 As, o'er the prostrate world, victorious Rome.
 Sublime the scene—yet softer feelings rise,
 Where martyrs sleep, and parted genius lies ;
 Ye radiant beams, the sacred spot illumine,
 And sport in mingled tints, o'er Raphael's tomb !
 In full proportion stands the solid fane,
 Fair as sublime, majestically plain :
 Mark the bold porch on stately columns borne,
 Whose lofty brows light leafy wreaths adorn :
 Now sketch the view, the brazen gates expand,
 Pillars around, and light pilasters stand.
 How teem the niches with celestial life,
 Where Art exults, and Nature yields the strife !
 Soft o'er the pavement blends each varied hue ;
 Light springs the dome, and circling fills the view.
 Lo ! Fancy, kindling at the sight, describes
 A mimic world, an emblem of the skies.
 Heaven's image here the Persian might adore,
 Wont on some mountain's brow his vows to pour,
 Who deems his god no narrow fane can own,
 The world his temple, highest Heaven his throne.
 Here once in marble frown'd th' avenging Jove,
 Here stood the synod of the realms above ;
 Bright heroes there, enshrin'd amongst the gods,
 Last the dread powers that rul'd the dark abodes.
 Vain phantoms ! chased by Truth's all-piercing ray,
 Ye fled like spectres from the face of day :
 Now through the vaulted roof hosannas rise,
 And lift the soul in rapture to the skies.
 Thus shall the world, as holy bards foretell,
 To one true God the general chorus swell ;
 And when at last yon orbs their course have run,
 When earth shall melt, and darkness shroud the sun,
 Its crystal gates Heaven's temple shall display,
 And light's sole fountain scatter endless day.
 Oh ! lead my steps, firm Hope, that ne'er canst tire,
 Ev'n to that temple's gate, and there expire,
 As thro' the Desert led the prophet guide,
 Just look'd, just saw the promised land, and died ;
 There white-robed saints before the throne shall fall,
 One heav'nly dome, one vast Pantheon all.

VINDICATION OF THE CITY GIANTS.

WHEREAS it appears that certain men of straw, in the pay of Covent Garden Theatre, have had, for some weeks past, and still have, the temerity to personate our giant selves; and in so doing, have represented us in the performance of divers misdemeanours that we should scorn to commit; such as striding about the Guildhall in the midst of our Lord Mayor's feast, disturbing the worshipful corporation while busily engaged thereon, pushing some from their stools, pulling others about by the hair of their heads, clearing the said hall of the guests before the first course was cleared from the tables; and various other riotous and routous acts of the like rudeness, grossness, and impropriety. And whereas, the misdoings of such impostors, it is apprehended, have already had the effect of injuring our characters, and bringing us into disfavour with the corporation, by whose support we stand or fall. Insomuch, that as it appeared to us, the head of the corporation was the other day shaken at us in no very friendly manner; and certain members of the council cast significant looks at us, which we are at a loss to interpret, otherwise than "take care of your places."

Now, therefore, for the vindication of our characters, and for the satisfaction of our constituents, in whose eyes we are anxious ever to stand well, we do hereby most expressly and positively deny, first, That we have ever quitted our post since the year 1816, when we did quit it with the express permission, direction, and assistance of the corporation; secondly, That we have any understanding, connexion, or coalition with the persons (of straw or wicker) assuming our name at Covent Garden Theatre; thirdly, That we ever were in this place and at Covent Garden at one and the same time; fourthly, and lastly, That we have ever yet heard the clock strike one, which alone could warrant our taking the step which it has been maliciously and industriously reported that we did take. Furthermore, we deem it expedient to declare, that if ever a fit and proper opportunity should arrive for us to descend from our present elevated stations, we should no more think of misconducting ourselves after the ill-manners of the said impostors, than we should of flying in the air, encumbered with that armour and those implements of war, which our late ever-to-be-lamented friend and captain Richard Saunders deceased,* equipped us with, prior to our entry into this hall in the year 1708. On the contrary, we should do all in our power to make ourselves agreeable; should merely pick a few haunches, empty a few tureens, munch a few turbots, in the shape of sandwiches *à l'anchovie*, quaff a firkin or two of ale, and pledge our Lord Mayor, and the worthy and independent Livery, in a bowl of punch. We should in fact merely take a snack for the sake of conformity, wipe our beards, make our obeisances, and resume our pedestals. We do therefore, in conclusion, anxiously hope, that the enlightened Livery will not suffer themselves to be prejudiced against us by the machinations of the men of straw, or others, their aiders and abettors, but will, at the next election day for placemen and officers, afford us that countenance and support which we have now had the honour to enjoy

* An eminent carver and gilder in King-street, Cheapside, who formed the figures in question.

for upwards of a century And hoping to retain our places for at least another century, we earnestly invite the Livery in our interest, to exert themselves, in the meantime, to strengthen the same by every customary means, lawful or otherwise, and in return, we do hereby, jointly and severally, promise to stand by, and stand up for them, their heirs, their privileges, feasts, and immunities, so long as we have a leg (a-piece) left to stand upon.

As witness our hands, this 20th day of February 1824.

At the Guildhall in the City of London. **CORINÆUS,**
GOGMAGOG,*
vulgarly called Gog and Magog.

THE TEAR OF GRIEF.

WHEN sorrow weighs the bursting heart;
When dearest friends are called to part;
Then from each beaming eye will start
The tear of grief.

When death selects his blooming prey,
Nor hears the voice that pleads delay,
In vain we strive to chide away
The tear of grief.

When the fond parent's dying breath
Strives with the stifling hand of death;
No ling'ring hope then lurks beneath
The tear of grief.

Oft the stern hand of humbled pride,
When biting satire dares to chide,
Will from the bold reviler hide
The tear of grief.

When shrinking from the public gaze,
Nature her reigning power displays,
And from all human view delays
The tear of grief.

Ye mourners say, when joys have fled,
And darkness o'er the world is spread,
What luxury it is to shed
The tear of grief.

Γ

* As most readers are curious for particulars respecting the persons of writers, I have taken pains to ascertain, that my correspondent Gogmagog, is in height 14 feet, that the circumference of his body is 12 feet, the length of his arm seven, and of his leg and thigh five feet; the calf of his leg measures 43 inches round, and his wrist 24 inches; his middle finger is 16 inches, his great toe 12, and his nose 12 inches long. His staff is 17 feet long, and his sword six feet six inches. Farther information may be obtained of himself. He is always 'at home' in Guildhall.

ARCTIC NATURAL HISTORY.

THE expeditions which have recently been engaged in for discovering a North-west passage, though unsuccessful in their main object, are generally, and very properly, considered undertakings of great utility. Conducted as such expeditions now are, they cannot fail of procuring many valuable additions to the arts and sciences; whilst the spirit of enterprise kept alive by them, both in officers and seamen, renders them an appropriate service in time of peace, for the employment of a small portion of that navy, which during the war established our right to the uninterrupted navigation of all "the mighty waters." It was not, however, to be expected that much could be learnt concerning the vegetable world, on a soil so barren, and in a climate so ungenial as the vicinity of the North Pole: or that zoology could receive many illustrations from a visit to those high latitudes, where man, defended with all the artificial warmth which foresight and ingenuity could provide, durst scarcely venture abroad, to prosecute his researches. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, Captain Parry's first voyage—independently of the nautical observations which occurred in the course of it—led to discoveries in Natural History, which, while they prove both valuable and interesting to men of science, inasmuch as they supply materials for the clearer definition and more accurate distribution of several genera and species, must also prove acceptable to all who take delight in contemplating those endless gradations of beings, animate and inanimate, with which the whole earth is replenished. Considerable delay has taken place in publishing an account of the natural productions collected by the Expedition in the years 1819-20. This delay has, we regret to find, been partly occasioned by the indisposition of Mr. Brown, to whose skilful hands the collections of plants were committed, and partly to the difficulties which arose in determining certain species, either from the variable nature, and imperfect state of some of the specimens, or from the previous want of authentic specimens from other countries, to compare them with.

A supplement to the appendix of the Captain's first voyage has, however, lately appeared;* wherein each class of subjects is treated of, by gentlemen whose habitual studies, and previous labours, pointed them out as fully competent, in those departments of science to which the materials now examined, and arranged, respectively belong. The result of this wise distribution is the production of a work, which, although from the limited nature of its contents, it may not throw any wonderful light upon natural philosophy, yet from the care and science of those engaged in collating it, not a scintilla is lost; and it reflects credit not only upon the several writers engaged in it, but on the age and country that have the spirit to encourage such enterprises as the northern expeditions, and the sense to render the information obtained by them available to the best purposes of science.

The contents of the volume before us are thus divided. Mammalia, Birds, Fish and Marine invertebrate animals, by Captain Edward Sabine: Land invertebrate animals, by the Rev. William Kirby: Shells, by John Edward Gray, Esq: Botany, by Robert Brown, Esq: and Rock Specimens, by Charles Konig, Esq.

* A supplement to the appendix of Captain Parry's voyage for the discovery of a North-west passage in the years 1819-20, containing an account of the subjects of natural history.—London, John Murray.

The zoology by Captain Sabine is limited to notices of the animals met with during the stay of the Expedition within the Arctic Circle. The species already well-known, are briefly enumerated with occasional remarks; and those which were previously undescribed, receive a more particular description.

It seems rather remarkable that only two bears were seen, during the many months that the Expedition remained at Melville Island. The opinion of several naturalists that the white bear sleeps in caverns of ice throughout the winter season, would in some measure account for the appearance of so few to our circumnavigators. But Fabricius controverts the opinion, stating the reverse to be the fact, upon his own knowledge; and Captain Sabine seems disposed to confirm his statement. He thinks that the bears which were seen in Melville Island might have passed the winter in Barrow's Strait, where, it is probable, open water may be found during the greater part of the year. "On the return of the ships through Barrow's Strait, a bear was met with swimming in the water, about midway between the shores, which were about forty miles apart; no ice was in sight, except a small quantity near the land; on the approach of the ships he appeared alarmed, and dived, but rose again speedily: a circumstance which may seem to confirm the remark of Fabricius, that well as the Polar bear swims, it is not able to remain long under water." *Canis-lupus*, the wolf, inhabits the North Georgian islands. Wolves of a very light colour, and the full size of a setter-dog, were frequently seen during the winter, but they very prudently kept themselves at a distance beyond gun-shot. One lady wolf, however, in the months of December and January, paid almost daily visits to the neighbourhood of the vessels, where she condescended to receive the addresses of a setter-dog belonging to one of the officers. At first they remained together for about two or three hours, but as they became better acquainted, the dog absented himself for longer periods, until at length he disappeared altogether; and probably fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of some male wolf. "The same female however continued to visit the ship as before, and enticed a second dog in the same manner, which, after several meetings, returned so severely bitten, as to be disabled for many days." The accounts of the celebrated Dr. Hunter leave no room to doubt that the wolf and the dog will associate; and modern naturalists hold that there is not, either in conformation, or in the period of gestation, any such difference between the wolf and the dog, as will warrant a specific distinction. We doubt not that, according to the established systems, they are perfectly correct. The cubs of wolves, like those of the canine race, are brought forth with their eyes closed: in size there is little difference, the wolf being about as tall as the largest greyhound; and in other respects there is equal similarity. But surely the brave Pompeys and the gentle Fidelles of our acquaintance are not to be classed with that ravenous tribe, one of which, no longer since than the year 1764, became the terror of all Languedoc; and, according to the Paris Gazette, was known to have killed twenty persons, chiefly women and children. Indeed, such consternation did he spread throughout the whole country, that public prayers are said to have been offered up for his destruction. Now, though the learned may be *physically* correct, in denying the existence of any specific difference, we feel bound, in behalf of the innocent, useful, sagacious, faithful, companionable, life-preserving tribe of dogs, to assert that the decision must be *morally* wrong. What are the philanthropists of St. Gothard, or the

coadjutors of the Humane Society, or the leaders of the blind, or the guardians of our property, in short, are our bosom friends and protectors, to be classed with "ravelling and devouring wolves!" Oh! Messieurs, revise your systems: take into your consideration instincts, habits, uses, dispositions; and no longer condemn a race, whose virtues have been recorded for the emulation of mankind, to the column allotted for the most hateful and insatiate of beasts, merely because a certain conformation, and period of gestation, happen to be common to both.

Bos Moscatius, or the musk ox, "inhabits the North Georgian islands in the summer months, but being less numerous than the rein-deer, and more difficult to approach, three individuals only were killed, all of which were bulls. They arrived in Melville Island in the middle of May, crossing the ice from the southward, and quitted it on their return towards the end of September. The musk ox may be farther stated, on Esquimaux information, to inhabit the country on the west of Davis' Strait, and on the north of Baffin's Bay, has a head and horns; and a drawing of a bull being shown to the Esquimaux of the west coast of Davis' Strait, who were communicated with on the 7th of September, were immediately recognised, and the animal called by the name of Umingmak; this is evidently the same with the Uminak of the Esquimaux of Wolstenholme Sound, who were visited by the former Expedition, and of which nothing more could be learnt at the time from their description, than that it was a large-horned animal, inhabiting the land, and certainly not a rein-deer. It is probable that the individuals which extend their summer migration to the north-east of Baffin's Bay, retire, during the winter, to the continent of America, or to its neighbourhood, as the species is unknown in South Greenland. There can be no doubt that it was the head of an animal of the present species, which is described in the *Fauna Grælandica* to have been conveyed on a piece of ice to the shores of Greenland, and which is there erroneously conjectured to have belonged to the *Bos Grunniens*. It is a curious fact, however, that although none of the Greenlanders had ever seen the animal to which the head belonged, they should have given it the same name of Uminak, as is mentioned by O. Fabricius: this fact may seem to justify an inference, that the animal itself was known to them by tradition; and may thus, in some measure, corroborate the general belief, that their ancestors came from a country to the north and west of the one which they now inhabit." "The projection of the orbits of the eyes in this species is very remarkable, when compared with others of the same genus; it is probably a provision to carry the eye clear of the great quantity of hair which the severity of the cold renders necessary in such high latitudes."

Of *Phoca Vitulina*, or the common seal, an individual was killed in Baffin's Bay while sleeping on a fragment of ice; it agreed with the description in the *Fauna Grælandica*, so far as that description goes, though it differed in the formation of its toes from the general accounts of the species, and even from the generic character of the *Phoca* in the *Règne Animal*. "The middle toe of the fore-flipper was the longest, the others on each side decreasing in length, so that the two exterior were half an inch shorter than the middle one." In the hind-flipper the exterior toes were the longest, and were connected by a thick membrane, containing three other slender and shorter toes." These observations, though minute, are not unimportant, inasmuch as they relate to an animal which constitutes one of the last gradations from quadrupeds to fishes.

great is its affinity to both, that although most naturalists have ranked it with the former, some have pronounced it to partake, in a greater degree, of the nature and habits of the latter. It is well known, that when young, the seal is capable of being tamed. Some have answered to the call of their master, and followed him like dogs. One was exhibited in London, sometime in the middle of the last century, which, in addition to those acts of sagacity, used to take food from its keeper's hand, stretch out its neck to salute him, and crawl in and out of water at his command. On the present voyage, "a young seal, which was given by the master of a whaler to the officers of the *Alexander*, one of the ships on the former voyage, became so entirely domesticated and attached to the ship, that it was frequently put into the sea and suffered to swim at perfect liberty, and when tired, would return, of itself, to the boat's side to be taken in." We remember an instance very similar, in which the seal was taken out to sea day after day, and thrown in from a boat; when it invariably swam after its owner, and gently submitted to be retaken.

With respect to the birds which frequent the islands in the Polar sea, it is remarked, generally, "that they arrive in May, and depart with their young broods in October, and that not a single species remains during the dreary season of winter." "Thirty-two species comprise the whole of the birds which were seen within the Arctic Circle, under circumstances which admitted of their being identified; these are exclusive of a species of *Numenius*, three individuals of which flew past one of the ship's boats in Prince Regent's Inlet; and a species of *Hirundo* (possibly *Riparia*), which the sergeant of artillery, who had a good knowledge of birds, stated that he saw, on two occasions, in the excursion across Melville Island in June 1820." The variations observed in this class of animated nature, are, in a popular point of view, rather curious than interesting. At the same time it is but justice to say, that the extreme nicety and precision with which they are pointed out, and which may not be duly estimated by the mere general reader, must form the strongest recommendation of the work, to the attention of every man of science.

Only eight species of fish appear to have been met with. The difficulty of preserving specimens still presents a formidable impediment to the progress of ichthyology. It is to be hoped, that among the discoveries of modern science, a remedy may be found for this great detriment. Very few insects were seen by the Expedition, whilst within the Arctic Circle; the specimens that were collected having been sent to the Rev. W. Kirby, of Barham, a clear and particular description of them is rendered by him. They are confined to the orders *Lepidoptera*, insects with four wings, all of them imbricated with scales; *Hymenoptera* insects armed with a sting, and having four wings interwoven with veins, like a piece of net-work; and *Diptera* insects having two wings, and two elevated alteres, or balances, behind. "Besides the above insects, a very minute spider was seen in abundance running over the plants, and on the ground, and leaping when alarmed." It forms a new species, called *Melvillensis*.

Having devoted so much of our narrow bounds to the particular examination of the former part of "The Supplement," we close the volume with regret at not being able to bestow more upon the remaining chapters, than that general approbation to which the work itself, and those who assisted in the collection of the materials, are so justly entitled.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.—A Drama by the Right Hon. Lord Byron.—8vo. Hunt.

THIS Drama, by the short advertisement with which it is accompanied, appears to be founded partly on the novel of the "Three Brothers," and partly on the "Faust" of Goëthe.

In its composition and arrangement, it possesses all the wild luxuriance of its author, who appears here, as in all his latter productions, to revel unrestrained in the fields of imagination; and conjure up to his assistance every "spirit of the vasty deep," to give additional horror to his incidents. Though his materials are confessedly borrowed, yet the powerful charm of his master spirit has, by their combination in a dramatic form, made them his own; and he has displayed in their developement, that poetic genius and playful imagination, which have so long delighted his numerous admirers.

The Drama turns on the agency of the arch-fiend, in giving to Arnold, a deformed dwarf, the person of an ancient warrior, and bestowing on him in that form supernatural powers, and scope for the exercise of the ambitious and vindictive spirit which subsequently marks his character. In the progress of the plot, the noble author has employed the powerful machinery of spells and incantations to effect the metamorphoses, and imbued the dialogue with such sentiments as suit the diabolical agent and his depraved victim; in which he displays that boldness of diction and glow of poetic imagery which so strongly mark his former dramatic productions.

The piece opens with a dialogue between Arnold and his mother Bertha, in which she accuses him with being an abortion, and curses the hour of his birth. This is succeeded by the following soliloquy of Arnold, in which he bewails his deformity, and, urged by despair, determines to destroy himself.

Arnold (solus). Oh mother!—She is gone, and I must do
Her bidding;—wearily but willingly
I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[Arnold begins to cut wood: in doing this he wounds one of his hands.]

My labour for the day is over now.
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home—What home? I have no home, no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!
Oh that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me, would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[Arnold goes to a spring, and stoops to wash his hands: he starts back.]
They are right; and Nature's mirror shews me
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed

Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein.

[He pauses.

And shall I live on,
A burden to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
Which flows so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This hateful compound of her atoms, and
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This withered slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[Arnold places the knife in the ground, with the point upwards.

Now 'tis set,
And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun, which warmed me, but
In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
The falling leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
Now knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his eye is suddenly caught
by the fountain, which seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterranean
And rocking power of the internal world.
What's here? A mist! No more?—

The stranger, who, it will be immediately seen, is no other than the
arch-fiend himself, offers him assistance to assume a more important
shape. He demands some of his blood to render the charm effective,
which being given, he performs the following beautiful incantation over
the magic fountain near which they stand.

Stranger.

Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour!
Walk lovely and pliant
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-shaped giant
Bestrides the Hartz mountain.*
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris
When ether is spanned;—
Such his desire is,
Such my command!

[Pointing to Arnold.

* "This is a well-known German superstition—a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Broken."

Demons heroic—

**Demons who wore
The form of the Stoic
Or Sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each Victor,
From Macedon's boy
To each high Roman picture,
Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Up to your duty—
This is the hour!**

The spirits of the departed heroes of Greece and Rome arise. He is offered his choice of bodies, and he selects that of Achilles. His wish is complied with; his own body falls senseless on the ground, and his soul animates that of the Grecian hero. The demon now possesses himself of the lifeless form of Arnold, which he effects by the following highly poetical incantation, in which the full powers of the noble Bard are displayed in their brightest lustre.

**Clay! not dead, but soul-less!
Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less
Deigns not to refuse thee.
Clay thou art; and unto spirit
All clay is of equal merit,
Fire! *without* which nought can live;
Fire! but *in* which nought can live,
Save the fabled salamander,
Or immortal souls which wander,
Praying what doth not forgive,
Howling for a drop of water,
Burning in a quenchless lot:
Fire! the only element
Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm
(Save the worm which dieth not),
Can preserve a moment's form,
But must with thyself be blent:
Fire! Man's safeguard and his slaughter:
Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,
And Destruction's threatened son,
When Heaven with the world hath done.
Fire! assist me to renew
Life in what lies in my view
Stiff and cold!
His resurrection rests with me and you!
One little, marshy spark of flame—
And he again shall seem the same;
But I his spirit's place shall hold.**

He now informs his victim that he must be his constant companion in his travels; and advises him for concealment to take the name of Count, and join the army of Constable Bourbon, who is about to lay siege to Rome; while he goes by the name of Cæsar, and acts his squire, or attendant. He summons two pages, who appear with four coal-black steeds, on which the party mount and vanish.

We next find him in the camp of Bourbon, before the gates of Rome, where a dialogue ensues between himself, Constable, and Cæsar, on the scene before them; which closes the first part.

The second part opens with a chorus of spirits in the air, who are watching the important moment when the assault commences. Its length precludes our inserting it entire : we shall, however, indulge ourselves with quoting the opening passages, which are eminently beautiful.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy :
But without, there is a din
Should arouse the Saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills ! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken !

Hearken to the steady stamp !
Mars is in their every tramp !
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon !
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank !
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier :
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

The assault now commences, Bourbon is killed, and the troops are led into the city by Arnold. The carnage with which the sacking of the town is attended, leads to many demoniacal commentaries by Cæsar. The slaughter is carried on through the streets, and even into the sacred fane of St. Peter, where a Roman lady, Olympia Colonna, rushes into the church, where, in horror and despair, and defiance of the promises of Arnold to protect her from the brutal assaults of the soldiery, she dashes herself from the altar on which she had sprung for protection, and is borne from the church to all appearance a corpse. This incident concludes the second part, and the fragment ends with the opening chorus of part three.

OTWAY.

It is the common belief, that Otway, the dramatic writer, was choked by a morsel of roll, which he was eagerly eating after having long suffered from extreme hunger. This, however, is not the fact. He fell a victim to the warmth of his friendship. An intimate of his, a Mr. Blakiston, was murdered in the street ; to revenge the deed, Otway pursued the assassin, who fled to France. Otway followed him on foot as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigues he had undergone. On his arrival in London, in this state, he imprudently drank water, which accelerated his end, the 14th of April 1685. He expired at an obscure public-house, the sign of the Bull, on Tower-hill, at the early age of 34.

THE LOCALITY OF IMAGINATION.

WHETHER the movements of the soul are differently performed in different men, it is beyond our power to ascertain ; it is probable, however, that similar operations of the mind are conducted universally in a similar manner. Although the imagination possesses the faculty of acting independently of sensible objects ; yet the primary source of its materials is the external world. It is generally received that we possess no innate ideas ; but that upon our entrance into the world, the mind presents, as it were, a smooth, unimpressed surface ; called into action by the communications of the senses, it gradually unfolds its powers, acquires vigour, and lays up internal aliment for the imagination. As the senses, therefore, are the only medium by means of which we converse with nature, much of the vividness of the impressions which we receive, and of the consequent strength of the imagination, depends upon the susceptibility of those organs. Mankind, like plants and animals, appear subject to the influence of situation, and acquire a distinct mental, as well as physical, character from climate. The countries which approach either of the extremes of temperature, appear to be particularly unfavourable to the progress of human nature towards perfection ; but upon the inhabitants of warm and temperate regions, where the outward form has attained its greatest beauty, and the intellectual powers have been most successfully developed, Nature seems to have bestowed peculiar advantages. The Laplander and the Negro are, in general, equally incapable of enjoying the pleasures of imagination ; the one from a deficiency, the other from too great an acuteness of sensibility. But under temperate and generous skies, the organs of sensation are susceptible, without being effeminately passive, and strong without being obtuse. These impressions are transmitted with the most glowing vehemence, and imagination exerts its most potent energies. Although warmth of imagination is by no means inconsistent with strength of understanding ; and the two qualities, as in individuals they are often united, so among nations they are seen to flourish together under favourable circumstances ; still we may observe in general, among the natives of warmer climates, greater extravagance in matters relating to the imagination, and less activity in regard to truth. Science is but little indebted to the southern world ; almost all the great discoveries, and real advancements in philosophy, have been effectuated by the sages of the north. But for the labours of Newton and his successors, whether in England, Germany, or France, who have raised their system upon the solid basis of fact and experiment, we had still dreamt with Aristotle, and in the place of reason, had blindly followed the fictions of the imagination.

Upon no subject has the fancy delighted to set itself to work so much as on religion ; that is, on speculations concerning the nature and worship of superior invisible beings. Correct notions of the Deity, without the assistance of Divine revelation, are beyond the capacity of human reason ; though faint ideas of him may be gathered from the studious contemplation of nature, and enlarged views of the harmony of the universe. But the imagination quickly supplies this defect ; and under the operation of pleasure, or the apprehension of evil, invests the most prominent objects of the creation with the attributes of divinity. Viewing in this light the superstitions of the Teutonic tribes, and of the ancient Greeks,

we remark a striking dissimilarity. The former being possessed of a stronger understanding, and less tender sensibility, the objects of their adoration were comparatively few. Their reason, though rude, taught them to revere their deities, without reducing them to the level of the senses, and controlled the wild monstrosities of the imagination. They deemed it derogatory to the divine dignity to represent their gods in visible forms; and accordingly their religious worship was comprised in a few simple solemnities. But among the latter, superstition assumed quite a different complexion. Their ardent and enthusiastic temperament led them to deify nearly every portion of the creation. Temples adorned with the finest works of art, splendid festivals and processions, mysterious and sensual rites, mark the spirit of Grecian mythology. Not content with assigning a presiding genius to every hill, fountain, and grove, they embodied in sculpture even abstract qualities. Youth, beauty, love, terror, each had its peculiar altar and appointed ceremonies. The pomp and grandeur of the Romish church, its saints, martyrs, and legends; the dominion which it asserts over departed souls, are peculiarly adapted to captivate the imagination. Accordingly the successors of St. Peter have always found their most devoted adherents in the southern nations of Europe; whilst in the north a purer form of worship is established, in unison with the chaster genius of the climate. It is moreover worthy of remark, that the doctrines of Mahomet, and of the Hindoo mythologists, have struck root only in the east and south.

False philosophy is another offspring of the imagination, rather than of the understanding; and the occult sciences have, therefore, more particularly flourished in warm and glowing atmospheres. Astrology owes its existence to the Arabians; engrafted on a slender knowledge of astronomy, it soon corrupted the parent stock. Fancy pleased itself with easting nativities, anticipating the decrees of fate, and identifying the fortunes of man with the revolutions of the celestial bodies. The magicians of Egypt, from the days of Hermes Trismegistus, have claimed dominion over the world of spirits; whilst in the south of Europe, and in the east, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life, have been sought with indefatigable perseverance. The furnace and the alembic were in constant employment, and adepts boasted, and were believed, to have met with success.

By the progress of civilization the feelings are refined, and the imagination is elevated; and hence the natives of colder climates make great advancement in the useful arts, and derive from the imagination a pleasure, differing indeed in degree, but not in kind, from that experienced by their southern neighbours. But it must be confessed, that only in the south have painting, sculpture, and music, attained that perfection, which will probably never be surpassed. The admiration which an English *amateur* evinces at a grand display of musical talent, sinks into indifference, when contrasted with the raptures into which the sensitive Italian is hurried by harmonious sounds. But poetry is the theme on which the imagination most loves to dwell; and in the cultivation of which it most readily unfolds its powers. And here again it cannot but be observed, that the southern nations have not only produced a greater share of poetical talent, but that among them the spirit of poetry is also more earnestly felt, and more duly appreciated. Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, with a vast variety of inferior, yet highly glowing spirits, fully justify whatever commendations of this kind have been lavished on their cele-

brated land. There even the vulgar are alive to the tender beauties of poetical excellence; the poets are constantly in their mouths; and the genius of the people is at once characterized, fostered, and gratified, by the effusions of the wandering improvisators. A style teeming with metaphors and hyperbole, with animation of gesture and earnestness of expression, has always distinguished the oriental nations. Their poetry is still impassioned, enthusiastic, wild. Amidst all their privations, they still listen with transport to the recitals of their bards; and the Ionian tales which, two thousand years ago, delighted the children of the east, to this day preserve their spirit in the romances of the modern Arabs.

SADDER.

IN the second chapter of the Sadder of Zoroaster, it is mentioned, that a bridge is erected over the great abyss where Hell is situated, which leads from the Earth to Paradise; that upon the bridge there stands an angel, who weighs in a balance the merits of the passengers; that the passenger whose good works are found light in the balance is thrown over the bridge into Hell, but the passenger whose good works preponderate, is allowed to proceed to Paradise, where there is a glorious city, gardens, rivers, and beautiful virgins, &c. In the fourth chapter of this system of the Persian mythology, good works are recommended by the following parable:—Zoroaster being with the Deity, saw a man in Hell, who wanted his right foot. “O, my Creator,” said Zoroaster, “who is that man who wants his right foot?” The Deity answered, “that he had been king over thirty-three cities, had reigned many years, but had never done any good except once, when observing a sheep tied where it could not reach its food, he with his right foot pushed the food towards it, and on that account the right foot was saved out of torment.”

IMITATION OF AN EPITAPH OF TYMNAEUS.

“THE traitor now shall die,” the mother said,
 “With his base blood he shall atone. What, break
 The laws of Sparta, and die unrevenged?”
 She seized the sword, and o’er him hung: but now
 The mother rose within her—Thrice she turned
 The sword’s sharp point against th’ offender; now
 Her country’s laws ’gainst him in judgment rose,
 And bracing every nerve to strike, she said,
 “Hear me, Demetrius, now no more my vow;
 Hear me, thou coward, ere to Pluto’s realms
 Thou goest, and bear’st thy infamy and shame.
 Hear thou, far worse, far lower, than the dog,
 That near Eurotas’ stream skulks forth to seek
 Uncertain prey. Hear! when thou shalt arrive
 Before the throne where Minos dreadful sits,
 Call me not mother: when you broke the laws,
 And lost your title to be called a Spartan,
 You lost your mother.” While she spake, she raised
 The shining sword, and plunged it in his breast.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

"WHAT proof have we that the professors of architecture in the nineteenth century possessed that perfect knowledge of the sublime styles of antiquity of which they so vainly boasted?" is a question which will naturally be asked by people of taste in a future age, on viewing such of our modern structures as may happen to survive to that period. What opinion will they form of our talent and discernment; of the trouble we are reported to have taken in examining the relics of Greece and Rome? they will surely conclude that our travellers missed the objects of their research, or wanted taste to profit by their models. Nor is it in architecture alone that we are so distinguished for variety and novelty. All that contributes to comfort, ease, and luxury, changes its form and fashion, not according to any approved standard, or at stated periods, but agreeably to the fancy of every one who rejects, or despises fixed rules. Fashion or novelty is a tyrant without control; and, "taste," though much talked of, is a term as commonly misunderstood, as it is generally misapplied. The carpenter who builds your summer-house; the citizen, who designs his country-box in the "gothic" style; and the architect of a church, are styled with equal freedom, and often with equal propriety, men of "taste." True it is, that trifles may be performed with neatness and propriety, and the carpenter, the citizen, and the architect, are equally entitled to applause for the success of their respective talents.

The taste, for I must use, though I hate the term,— of the present day, seems to be for invention. In costume it has reached a ridiculous height, but in architecture, it is quite gone mad. Upholsterers and landscape-gardeners are turned architects, and every architect has a style of his own. The established orders of Greece and Rome are set aside as common-place, and others composed from models which have nothing to recommend them but their singularity. Every age has produced some bad designers and sculptors, and it is absurd to imitate what is destitute of elegance or beauty merely because it is venerable. Methinks taste is no less required to select a model than to adapt it; and I will venture to assert, that no applause will follow the labour of an architect who has chosen an example merely from its novelty.

Mr. Nash and Mr. Soane are the masters of invention in the present day: the former is indeed ingenious, but the latter bears away the palm. The fertile imagination of Mr. Soane has been largely called upon at the King's staircase in the House of Lords, and at the Bank of England.

When we call to our remembrance the splendid palace which once occupied the site of the former building, and the noble architecture of Sir Robert Taylor, of the latter, their fate, and the character of their successors, is equally deplorable. It must be mortifying for the architect so soon to witness the destruction of the crooked passage and grotesque porch, which almost close up the entrance of Abingdon-street, but their fate, we are informed, is inevitable; and whatever Mr. Soane and his friends may think, or say, the designers and applauders will lose no credit by the absence of such trumpery erections. The interior of the staircase and passage baffle description. The latter is crowded with pillars, and the whole is covered with "crinum-crancum and cut work," which, aided by the glare of saffron-coloured glass, dazzle and distract the sight more than a confectioner's shop on twelfth-day. So resolutely has

the architect hurled defiance at the approved rules of antiquity, that he has diminished all the mouldings, and increased with the number the size of the ornaments. These ornaments are, I fear, undefinable : some resemble marbles strung together, others the joints of animals' bones, but the majority bear no analogy whatever to any production of nature, or invention of art. The architect, we believe, scorns to be a copyist, and he has now shewn us the wonderful all-sufficiency of an inventive wisdom. The public will not admire such trash under the name of architecture. A confectioner, to be sure, might possibly turn it to some account : he could perhaps adorn a mince-pie, or a plum-cake, and gain applause ; but while an architect continues to torture stone, and plaster walls, with such paltry ornaments, he must endure the censure of men of science and true taste.

If our memory does not deceive us, the Bank-buildings once trembled to their foundations under the thunder of a poet. If our eloquence is less forcible, it shall be directed towards its object with no less energy and sincerity of intention. We recollect the Rotunda, which was unquestionably the grandest room in the Metropolis, whose dome swelled in sublime proportion little inferior to its revered model, the Pantheon ; and whose endless range of pillars, with their highly-wrought capitals, supported a bold entablature ; these, with their subordinate members, composed the design of Sir Robert Taylor. Such was the structure which Mr. Soane's taste could not equal, but which he did not scruple to violate and destroy. The Rotunda is now a vacuum ; in the room of sunk panels, bold cornices, and graceful columns, the wall and ceiling are streaked or "*scored*" with lines, and the once beautiful room is now as uninteresting as the inside of a cocoa-nut shell. After the lapse of a few years, the architect has made another sweeping attack on Sir Robert Taylor's work. The extensive wings of the principal front screened the building of the interior court, and preserved a uniform character on the exterior. They consisted of arched recesses, and piers formed of fluted Corinthian pillars placed at regular distances.

The eastern wing, and part of the connected side having been cased, now present a very singular appearance, in contrast with the opposite wing, and with the centre ; which last was built by George Sampson. Eight pillars now stand in unmeaning array, where sixteen formerly stood in scientific order : the graceful capitals have given place to the short lumpy style of the Temple of Vesta ; the entablature supports a row of little open arches, evidently copied from the partition of a *mississippi* board ; and two contending scrolls, which seem to have crawled along the parapet in search of a position, at last unite and settle over the angle.

We have heard that Mr. Soane prides himself on turning the corner of a building well : to do him justice, the Lothbury corner of the Bank, when he first began to mangle the poor devoted structure, was ingeniously contrived ; and the public, who are always ready to reward merit, gave the architect a due share of applause. And what has been the consequence ? Mr. Soane has tried the same experiment at every opportunity ; again at the Bank, at the King's entrance to the House of Lords, and at that huge unsightly building which is now erecting on the flank of Westminster Hall ; but with very different success : these repetitions of a scheme which can only be defended at the corner of a narrow street, are viewed with contempt by the public : the Bank Directors, or many of them, must surely condemn the building, though perhaps they

cannot choose but to tolerate it ; and we may venture to predict, that Sir Charles Long will leave all the honour of the Westminster pile to Mr. Soane. The architect may “ turn ” buildings into whatever forms he thinks proper ; but we cannot forgive his attempts to “ turn ” Architecture into ridicule.

CHARILA.

CHARILA, according to Plutarch, was a festival observed once in nine years by the Delphians. It owed its origin to this circumstance: In a great famine the people of Delphi assembled, and applied to their king to relieve their wants. He accordingly distributed the little corn he had among the noblest ; but as a poor little girl, called Charila, solicited the king with more than common earnestness, he beat her with his shoe, and the girl, unable to bear his treatment, hanged herself with her girdle. The famine increased, and the Oracle told the king, that to relieve his people, he must atone for the murder of Charila. Upon this, a festival was instituted, with expiatory rites. The king presided over this institution, and distributed pulse and corn to such as attended. Charila's image was brought before the king, who struck it with his shoe ; after which it was carried to a desolate place, where they put a halter round its neck, and buried it where Charila was buried.—*Plut. in Quest. Græc.*

A FRAGMENT.

When last they met
Beside the ruin'd tower,
They parted with a fond regret,
To meet at sun-set hour.
All, then, around, was bright to view,—
The floweret smil'd—the sky was blue.

The sun-set hour arriv'd—but ah !
The bark was on the sea,
And he was torn from Beauty's star,
From Emily !
But Memory feign'd Love's fondest tone,
And Hope bade tearful grief begone.

Summer's last sun at length had set,
And all was dull around,—
The sky was dark,—the floweret
Lay with'ring on the ground :
Edwin return'd, and travers'd o'er
Where all was bliss of yore.

He heard that she was not !—
He could not weep—he could not sigh,—
With shuddering heart and dimmed eye,
He stagger'd from the spot—
He sought once more the sea to brave,—
And perish'd on the wave !

A.

THE MODERN MEDEA. A SKETCH.

"Semina, floresque, et succos incoquit acres;
 Addit et exceptas lunâ pernocte pruinas,
 Et strigis infames ipsis cum carnibus alas,
 Vivacisque jecur cervi; quibus insuper addit
 Ora caputque novem cornicis sæcula passæ."—Ov. MET.

IN the summer of 1823, I was residing for a few days at a solitary inn, amongst the hills of ———. One afternoon I had planned an excursion to a neighbouring cave, but was prevented from going there by a heavy rain which had fallen during the whole of the day. I had no friends in the neighbourhood, and could not have procured at my inn any work worth the perusal. The library of my lordlord was small, and the collection not remarkable for being well chosen; it consisted of Pamela, Baron Munchausen, Fox's Martyrs, the Pilgrim's Progress, and a few other publications of an equally edifying description. I should have been at a loss how to have spent the tedious hours had I not had a companion. He was a stout, elderly man, a perfect stranger to me, and by his conversation shewed himself possessed of a very considerable share of erudition; his language was correct, his remarks strong and forcible, and delivered in a manner energetic and pointed. While we were engaged in conversation, our ears were stunned by a number of village lads shouting and hollowing at the door of the inn. On enquiring of the landlord into the cause of this disturbance, we were informed, that a poor woman, who was reputed to be a witch, had taken shelter at his house from the inclemency of the storm, and that some idle boys, on seeing her enter the house, had behaved in the rude manner already mentioned.

The landlord having left the room, I said to my companion, "So you have witches in ———, Sir, or at least those who pretend to be such. I thought that race of ignorant impostors had been long extinct, but am sorry to find the case is otherwise."

The stranger looked at me, and said, "Do you then disbelieve the existence of witchcraft?"

"Most assuredly," I replied.

"Then I suppose," he added, "you also disbelieve revelation, and consider the events recorded in the sacred Scriptures, to be the mere inventions of priestcraft."

I answered, "Sir, I acknowledge the sacred Scriptures to contain the most important truths, and credit every event recorded in them."

"Then you must confess that witchcraft *did* exist."

"I *do*, but think not its existing in a former age to be any evidence of its being permitted in the present. In the days of the prophets, giants were on the earth,—are there any now? miracles were performed,—is that the case in the present age?"*

"I grant what you say respecting giants and miracles, but cannot by any means bring my opinions on the subject of witchcraft to coincide with yours. Many learned works have been written to prove the existense of it in the present age; you will perceive I am alluding to the treatises of Glanvil and Sinclair."

* Yes, do not Hohenlohe and Evans work miracles?—Printer's devil.

"True; and learned men have sometimes committed foolish actions, and certainly Glanvil and Sinclair, great as their talents undoubtedly were, shewed no great wisdom in publishing their ridiculous effusions, which are nothing more than the overflowings of heated imaginations."

My companion seeing I was not to be convinced by any arguments he could advance, and that, like the adder in Holy Writ, "I was deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely," thus addressed me; "I *was* like you, sceptical on the subject of our present discourse, but the doubts I once entertained have long since vanished, and if you can attend patiently to a history I will relate, I think you will be convinced that witchcraft *does* exist, or at least *has* existed in very modern times.

"In the year 17—, in a lonely gill, about a quarter of a mile distant from A—, stood a solitary cottage; a more wretched habitation the imagination cannot picture. It contained a single apartment, inhabited by an old woman called Bertha. Bertha was throughout——accounted a witch and practiser of 'the art that none may name.' I was at that time very young, and unmarried; and far from having any dread of her, would frequently talk to her, and was always glad when she called at my father's house. She was tall, thin, and haggard, her eyes were large, and sunk deep in their sockets, and the hoarse, masculine intonations of her voice were any thing but pleasing. The reason I took such delight in the company of Bertha was this—she was possessed of much historical knowledge, and related events which had occurred two or three centuries ago, in a manner so minute and particular, that many a time I have been induced to believe she had been a spectatress of what she was relating. Bertha was undoubtedly of great age, but what that age was no one ever knew. I have frequently interrogated her on the subject, but always received an evasive answer to my inquiries.

"In the autumn, or rather in the latter end of the summer of 17—, I set out one evening to visit the cottage of Bertha. I had never beheld the interior, and led on by curiosity and mischief, I was determined to see it. Having arrived at the cottage, I knocked at the gate of it; 'Come in,' said a voice which I knew was Bertha's. I entered, the old woman was seated on a three-legged stool, by a peat fire, surrounded by three black cats and an old sheep dog. 'Well, John,' she exclaimed, 'what brings you here? what can have induced you to pay a visit to old Bertha? what is it you want? I answered, 'Be not offended, I have never before this evening viewed the interior of your cottage, and wishing to behold it, I have made this visit; I also wished to see you perform some of your *incantations*.' I pronounced the last word ironically; Bertha observed it, and said, 'Then you doubt my power, think me an impostor, and consider my incantations mere jugglery; you *may* think otherwise, but be seated, approach my humble hearth, and in less than half an hour you shall observe such an instance of my power as I have never hitherto allowed mortal to witness.' I obeyed the witch, and approached the fire. I now gazed around me, and minutely viewed the apartment; to describe it would require the genius of a Lewis or a Crabbe. Three stools, an old deal table, a few pans, three pictures of Merlin, Nostradamus, and Michael Scott, a caldron, and a sack, with the contents of which I was unacquainted, formed the whole stock of Bertha. The witch having sat by me a few minutes, rose and said, 'Now for our incantations; behold me, but interrupt me not.' She then with chalk drew a circle on the floor, and in the midst of it placed a

chafing-dish, filled with burning embers; on this she fixed the caldron which she half filled with water. She then commanded me to take my station at the farther end of the circle, which I did accordingly. Bertha then opened the sack, and taking from it various ingredients, threw them into 'the charmed pot.' Amongst many other articles, I noticed a skeleton head, bones of different sizes, and the dried carcasses of some small animals. These she threw in, one by one, and while she was thus employed, continued muttering some words, in a language which was unknown to me: all I remember hearing was the word *ko-ug*. At length the chaldron boiled, and the witch, presenting me with a glass, told me to look through it at the chaldron. I did so, and observed a figure enveloped in the steam; at the first glance I knew not what to make of it, but I soon recognized the face of N——, a friend and intimate acquaintance; he was dressed in his usual mode, and seemed unwell and pale. I was astonished and trembled. The figure having disappeared, Bertha removed the chaldron and extinguished the fire. She then approached me, and said, 'Now, do you doubt my power; I have brought before you the form of a person who resides some miles from this place; was there any deception in the appearance? I am no impostor, though you have hitherto regarded me as such.' She ceased speaking, I hurried towards the door, and said, 'Good night;' 'Stop,' said Bertha, 'I have not yet done with you; I will shew you something more wonderful than the appearance of this evening: to-morrow, at midnight, go and stand upon A—— bridge, and look at the water on the left side of it; nothing will harm you, fear not.'

"And why should I go to A—— bridge? what end can be answered by it? the place is lonely, I dread to be there at such an hour, may I have a companion?"

'No!' exclaimed Bertha.

'Why not?'

'Because the charm will be broken.'

'What charm?'

'I cannot tell.'

'You will not.'

'I will not give any farther information; obey me, nothing shall harm you.'

'Well, Bertha,' I said, you shall be obeyed; I believe you would not do me an injury: I will repair to A—— bridge to-morrow at midnight; good night.'

"I then left the cottage and returned home. When I retired to rest I could not sleep; slumber fled my pillow, and with restless eyes I lay ruminating on the strange occurrences at the cottage, and on what I was to behold at A—— bridge. Morning dawned, I rose unrefreshed and fatigued; during the day I was unable to attend to any business; my coming adventure entirely engrossed my mind; night arrived, I repaired to A—— bridge; never shall I forget the scene! There are moments of our existence which something tends to imprint indelibly on our memory, and that was one. It was a lovely night, the full-orbed moon was sailing peacefully through a clear, blue, cloudless sky, and its beams, like streaks of silvery light, fell on the bosom of the chrystal stream; the moonlight falling on the hills formed them into a variety of fantastic shapes; here one might behold the semblance of a ruined abbey, with towers and spires, and Anglo-Saxon or Gothic

arches; at another place might fancy a castle frowning in feudal grandeur, with its buttresses, battlements, and parapets. The stillness which reigned around, broke only by the murmuring of the stream; the white-washed cottages, scattered here and there along its banks, and the woods wearing an autumnal change, all united to compose a scene of calm and perfect beauty. I leaned against the left battlement of the bridge; I waited a quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour—nothing appeared—I listened, all was silent; I looked around, I saw nothing. Surely, I inwardly ejaculated, I have mistaken the hour; no, it must be midnight; Bertha has deceived me; fool that I am, why have I obeyed the bedlam?—Thus I reasoned. The clock of a neighbouring church chimed—I counted the strokes, it was twelve o'clock; I had mistaken the hour, and I resolved to stay a little longer on the bridge. I resumed my station which I had quitted, and gazed on the stream. The river in that part runs in a clear still channel, and all its music dies away. As I looked on the stream I heard a low moaning sound, and perceived the water violently troubled, without any apparent cause. This disturbance having continued a few minutes, ceased, and the river became calm, and again flowed along in peacefulness. What could this mean? why was the low moaning sound? what caused the disturbance of the river! I asked myself these questions again and again, unable to give them any rational answer. With a slight, indescribable kind of fear, I bent my steps homewards. On turning a corner of the lane that led to my father's house, a huge black dog of the Newfoundland breed crossed my path, and looked wistfully on me. Poor fellow! I exclaimed, thou hast lost thy master! come home with me, and I will use thee well till we find him. The dog seemed to understand me, and followed me. When I arrived at my place of abode, I looked for the dog, but I saw no traces of it, and I conjectured it had found its master.

"On the following morning I again repaired to the cottage of the witch, and found her as on the former occasion, seated by the fire. I thus accosted her, 'Bertha, I have obeyed you, I was present at midnight on A—— bridge.'

'And of what sight were you a witness?' she replied.

'I saw nothing except a slight disturbance of the stream.'

'I know,' she said, 'you saw a disturbance of the water, but did you behold nothing more?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing? recollect yourself, your memory fails you.'

'I forgot, Bertha, as I was proceeding homewards I met a Newfoundland dog, which I conjectured belonged to some traveller.'

'That dog,' answered Bertha, 'never belonged to mortal; no human being is his master: yes, think not I utter a falsehood; the dog you saw was Barjus; you have perhaps before heard of him.'

'I have frequently heard tales of Barjus, but I never credited them; if the legends of my native hills are true, a death may be expected to follow his appearance.'

'You are right, and a death will follow his last night's appearance.'

'Whose death?'

'I will mention nothing further than this—it is not your's.'

"As Bertha refused to make any farther communications, I left her. In less than three hours after I had quitted her dwelling, I was informed

that my friend N—, whose figure I had seen enveloped in the mist of the chaldron, had committed suicide, by drowning himself at A— bridge, in the very place where I beheld the disturbance of the water.

"N— was interred at A— church, on the Sunday following his death; on the evening of the funeral, Bertha called at my father's, and requested to see me. She was admitted; I thought she looked more than usually dejected. 'I have called, John,' she said, 'to bid you adieu; I am going to leave you.' 'Whither are you going?' I asked. Her answer was, 'Where I trust I shall never see you.' These were her last words. After she had spoken them she rose, shook me by the hand, and left the apartment. I called at her house on the following morning; all was desolate, no traces of Bertha were seen, every thing was in disorder, the caldron was lying on the floor, split in four pieces; no person saw Bertha leave the cottage, and which way she went was never known."

Such was the story of my companion; the tale amused me, but by no means increased my belief in witchcraft. I told the narrator so, and we again entered into a serious discussion on the subject. This continued till the clock of our inn struck seven, when the stranger left me, saying that he could not stay any longer, as he had a distance of five miles to go that evening. D.

ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH KNIGHT.

IN the interminable wars between England and France, in the reign of Edward III. single acts of knights and soldiers occupy a prominent place in the chronicles of the age. One of this kind is thus narrated by Froissart. The hero of the story, it would seem, had something of Bobadil or Parolles in his character. The English army was encamped near Paris. "Now it happened," says Froissart, "one Tuesday morning, when the English began to decamp, and had set fire to all the villages, wherein they were lodged, so that the fires were distinctly seen from Paris, a knight of their army, who had made a vow the preceding day, that he would advance as far as the barriers, and strike them with his lance in his hand, his target on his neck, and completely armed except his helmet, and spurring his steed, was followed by his squire on another courser carrying the helmet. When he approached Paris, he put on the helmet, which his squire laced behind. He then gollopped away, sticking spurs into his horse, and advanced prancing to strike the barriers. They were then open; and the lords and barons within, imagined he intended to enter the town, but he did not mean any such thing; for having struck the gates according to his vow, he checked his horse and turned about. The French knights who saw him thus retreat, cried out to him, 'Get away! get away! thou hast well acquitted thyself.' As for the name of this knight, I am ignorant of it, nor do I know from what country he came; but he bore for his arms, *Iules à deux foussetes noir, with une bor dure nuire non indentée.*

THE CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS, and a detailed history of Moscow, by Robert Lyall, M. D. 4to. Cadel, 1823.

It is neither the prodigious extent of the Russian empire, nor the variety of nations of which its population is composed, nor the splendour of its court, nor the misery of the lower orders, which have caused a more than ordinary curiosity to know what is the internal state of the countries subject to the mighty Monarch of the North. All the above, and several other causes of interest, have long existed, but a succession of events, altogether unexpected, have successively arisen to make us more sensible of them, and of the influence which this gigantic power already exercises in the theatre of the world; an influence which probably has not yet reached the limits to which it is destined to extend. Hence we find a very ardent desire to know more fully the internal resources of this state, and to become better acquainted with the manners, laws, and institutions of a people, which having long lived in barbarism at our very doors, have at length become desirous of civilization; and whilst they are eagerly receiving it, are covertly exerting an authority over their more enlightened neighbours.

This desire, which has led to the production of much information, has been rendered the more steadfast by the contradictory statements of several authors, each of whom might have been expected to be familiar with the subject of which he professed to treat, and superior to any interested or unworthy motive for misleading his readers. Our present author endeavours to explain and reconcile these discordant notices; and his long residence in Russia, where his practice as a medical man, brought him in contact with many persons of all ranks, enables him to elucidate the subject with success.

The picture of the moral state of society is indeed a gloomy one, but yet there are traces of the dawn of a brighter day, when the present darkness shall be dispelled; and institutions are already in operation, which, we trust, will gradually lead to the establishment of others yet more powerful, to convey liberty to the peasants, and honesty and integrity—precepts which never yet flourished in a state of slavery—to all ranks throughout the empire.

The character of the Russians, as set forth in the first division of this work, contains much important matter, from which we shall extract a few passages. The history of Moscow presents a mass of information, which has only been very superficially and partially exhibited by former authors. It does not admit of abridgment, nor can we so readily make extracts from it, as from the first part of the work.

“A fête was to be given by Madame Poltoratshia, the mother of the gentleman whom I accompanied, in the village of Gruzino, near Torjohi, on the Sunday subsequent to our arrival on that estate. Throughout Saturday, carriages, filled with nobles, continued to arrive from time to time, some of them with large bags filled with beds, and fixed behind them; others followed by selegos loaded with beds and pillows. Although the house of Madame Poltoratshia was of considerable size, it was matter of astonishment to me, where the whole of the party, amounting to nearly fifty individuals, were to find rooms for their accommodation in the night, though the *beds* were already provided. Conversation and cards were the evening amusements; and at eleven o'clock an elegant supper was served up: and at its conclusion, a scene of bustle and con-

fusion followed, which riveted my attention. The dining room, the drawing room, the hall, the whole suite of apartments in which we had passed the evening, were converted into bed rooms. Dozens of small painted and unpainted bedsteads, each for a single person, and of the value, in Russia, of five rubles, were speedily transported into the chambers, and arranged along the sides of the rooms, which soon resembled a barracks, or the wards of a hospital. Scores of servants, both of those belonging to Madame Poltoratshia and to the visitors, were now running backwards and forwards with beds and mattresses, pillows and bed-linen, shoobs and baggages. Many of the beds and mattresses had no inviting appearance. Some of the guests who had been less provident were accommodated with beds; but as there was a scarcity, the beds of the servants were used by others. The number of bedsteads were also insufficient, but this was of little moment; a number of beds were immediately arranged on the floor, some upon chairs, and others upon the *lejonhas* (flat stoves or parts of stoves), besides all the sofas were at once converted into places of repose for the night."

"A general who commanded a corps of artillery stationed at the Imperial head-quarters, had incurred, on some trifling occasion, the serious displeasure, of the Emperor Alexander, and shortly before the battle of Leipsic, his Majesty very unceremoniously, sent one of his aides-du-camp with an order that this officer should give up his command, repair within 24 hours to a village, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, and take charge of a regiment stationed there. Surprise, indignation and fury were successively evinced by the General, but still he obeyed the mandate. He left the head-quarters without even a moment's loss of time, arrived at his new destination, examined it, reviewed the regiment, and immediately drove back to his former station. At a review of some troops on the following morning, the Emperor's eye soon perceived him at the head of his corps. Astonishment and rage were depicted in the monarch's physiognomy; and he dispatched an aid-du-camp to inquire what the General was doing there, and why he had left his new station, and dared to disobey his sovereign's orders. The General, who is a man of talents, of general information, and of an unconquerable, and somewhat ferocious spirit, with energy replied to the aid-du-camp. "Go back and tell his Imperial Majesty that the present time is highly important, and that I feel anxious for the fate of Russia. Tell him that henceforth I serve not Alexander, but my country, and that I am here where I ought to be, at the head of my troops, ready to sacrifice my life in her cause." Such an un contemplated and heroic answer, instead of rousing the furious passions of the mind, as might have been expected, where despotism is really absolute, had a very opposite effect. The Emperor seemed surprised, replied not a word, and was glad to hush the affair to sleep, lest the General's example should be too generally known, and become a precedent, for the future, to the officers of the autocratic army. Before the battle of Montmartre, the General, who continued in his former command, had a station assigned him in the middle of danger, on purpose, as is supposed by some, that his head might be carried away by a cannon-ball, and thus rid the Emperor of a refractory and liberal-minded officer. This gentleman, who fears no danger, rejoiced at the occasion, fought bravely, and conquered. It rebounds to the credit of Alexander, that he called for the General on the field of battle, and bestowed upon him the cordon of St. George. Since this period he has been employed on an important mission; and at this moment he holds one of the highest and most responsible offices of the state."

Several statements in this work will probably expose the author to much cavil and reproach; we think unjustly so; we have considered many passages, which will probably be severely oppugned, and compared them with information derived from private sources, on which we can place unlimited reliance, and we doubt not but the correctness of Dr. L.'s relation will ultimately be admitted.

* Barracks, so spelt by our author throughout the work.—Q. Why?

IMITATION AND PLAGIARISM.

(A Letter.)

MR. MERTON,

I HAVE lately amused myself with looking over the pages of your new Miscellany, in which I find much to approve, although I cannot help considering you as an adventurous knight, thus to have sallied out on the plains of modern literature, where so many are prepared for the joust. Your armour, however, unlike that of the knight of La Mancha, appears to be strong, the cuirass polished, and the helmet free from rust. Without gifting you with the sword of Amadis, or the lance of Durandarte, I wish you a fair field and a free course. Discontinuing the metaphorical ideas which have thus arisen in my brain, I consider modern authors, and the public, as two separate parties, one of which provides matter, which the other disperses and analyzes, in order that its elements may be employed in forming new combinations. What originality these combinations may possess, is not the question; but certainly they appear in a novel shape. Thus one age lives on another, and appropriates to itself the productions of past times. Great industry is now evinced in ransacking the hoards of ancient English literature: a poetical or dramatic Decameron (for it consists of dialogues) has appeared, and astounded us with the table-talk of the *literati* in the days of Royal Bess. Ford, Decker, Marlow, and Shirley, arise with graces not their own; and truly they would have marvelled much, could they have foreseen the honours which awaited them in a future age. Amidst this constellation of worthies, why is Drayton now forgot? Unhappy Drayton! whose encomiums James I. treated with such royal indignation, although his *Poly-Olbion* was enriched with notes and illustrations by the learned Selden; and some of his poems deserve a better fate than oblivion. But I indulge in vagaries, Mr. Merton; the glorious age of ruffs and farthingales, and chivalry, and Virginia, seduced my imagination. To be *tête-a-tête* with some of these illustrious personages, appeared better than a grave conference with an ancient Roman in the Attic nights of Aulus Gellius. I have been led into this train of observations by the appearance of a new poem of Lord Byron's.* The fertility of his lordship's imagination would surprise us did we not know how much, in his late productions, he has been indebted to the Italian and classic writers. In this new poem which, it has been said, bears a resemblance, but in my opinion, a very faint one, to the *indescribable* Faust of Goëthe, when he says to the deformed Arnold,

———But get hence,
And gather wood.

Who does not perceive the evident allusion to Caliban in the *Tempest*? It may be difficult to define the limits to which imitation should extend, and beyond which the author would become a plagiarist. Whatever, as Lord Bacon expresses it, "Comes home to men's business and bosoms!" whatever belongs to nature and to life, that which finds a mirror in every bosom, and strikes a chord which vibrates through every heart; this cannot be plagiarism, it is only the reflection of the mind of the classical ob-

* The Deformed Transformed, a Poem, by the Right Honourable Lord Byron, which is reviewed in No. 4, p. 55.

sever, of beloved and pleasing objects of life. When Lord Byron, alluding to that secret language of love—the mute eloquence of the eyes, had said—

We met—we gaz'd—I saw, and sigh'd;
She did not speak, and yet replied:
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines.

MAZEPPA.

Another poet conceived the same idea;

There is a language by the virgin made
Not read, but felt; not utter'd, but betrayed:
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.

WOMAN.—BARRETT.

This I do not conceive to be plagiarism; but where particular prospects of local scenery abound, and particular views of private life occur, the author who first adopted and described them as his own, would in his ideas and images be original; and similar ideas and images expressed in similar forms of language by writers of a succeeding age must be plagiarisms. I have made these remarks, Mr Merton, for the purpose of introducing to the notice of your readers the succeeding quotation of Dante, with a translation by Merivale; and a professed, but unacknowledge imitation by Lord Byron. It will readily be perceived, that “the far bell of vesper” of the noble bard, is a closer translation of the “*squilla di contano*” of Dante, than the “*village chimes* of Merivale.

Era già l' ora, che volge 'l desio
A' naviganti, e intenerisce il core
Lodi, ch' han detto à dolci amici Addio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode *squilla di' contano*,
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.

DANTE.

'Twas now the hour when fond desire renews
To him who wanders o'er the pathless main,
Raising unbidden tears, the last adieus
Of tender friends whom fancy shapes again,
When the late parted pilgrim thrills with thought
Of his lov'd home, if o'er the distant plain
Perchance, his ears the *village chimes* have caught,
Seeming to mourn the close of dying day.

MERIVALE.

Soft hour, which makes the wish, and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart:
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way.
As the *far bell of vesper* makes him start,
Seeming to wait the dying day's decay.

BYRON.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Feb. 23, 1824.

C

A Statistical and Commercial History of the KINGDOM OF GUATEMALA, in Spanish America, &c. &c. by Don Domingo Juarros, a native of New Guatemala. Translated by J. Bailey, Lieutenant R. M. 8vo. pp. 520. John Hearne, Strand, 1823.

The Time has elapsed in which the legions of Cortez and Pizarro, diffusing themselves over the plains of the New World, wrested those fertile regions from their lawful possessors; at one time destroying an ancient capital, with its imperial palace, and placing its emperor on burning coals; and at another, hunting the defenceless Indians with dogs, in order that they might be the more easily converted to the Romish faith. "I know the individual who did this," observes a contemporary writer, "I know his family, I know his name; but I will not mention either." The course of events, in the usual progress of time, while it has put an end to the dissensions between the conquerors and the natives, has also emancipated the greater part of these extensive regions from the dominion of Old Spain. Of these Guatemala, a kingdom extending, at its greatest range, nearly 180 leagues from the Pacific to the Atlantic, appears to possess an important character, and to afford great commercial advantages. The monarchs of Spain, in the 16th century, aware of the advantages to be derived from an accurate and faithful history of this kingdom, commanded it, by four ordonnances, to be written. The author of this work, a dignified secular ecclesiastic, and synodal examiner of the archbishopric of Guatemala, performed this office, for which he appears to have been well qualified.

An accurate topographical description is given of the different provinces of Guatemala, with their respective districts. The animals, and natural curiosities peculiar to this country, are noticed; and an interesting description follows of the earthquakes, and other calamities so common in South America, and which furnish a counterpart to the gifts so copiously diffused through those favourite climes. History, so copious a theme for wars, surprises, and calamities, forms another large portion of this work. For a general history of South America, ample materials were provided by Fuentes Herrera, the historian of the Indies, and Bernal Diaz del Castillo, of whose curious work* we should like to see another translation, as we believe it to be out of print. Of these historical materials, the author of the present work has, with judgment, availed himself of that part which relates to the country of Guatemala, with additional information derived from the native chieftains, whose long Mexican names, with their combinations of consonants, figure here in true orthographical majesty. The ancient cities of Utatlan, Patinamit and Xelalup, the capitals of former sovereigns, are not forgotten. Few things afford more sober pleasure to the human mind, than to associate with the ideas of former magnificence, the present state of dilapidated walls and mouldering palaces. We shall extract the following description of the city of Utatlan.

"Santa Cruz del Quiche is a village seated on an extensive open plain, fertile in the extreme, producing grain, vegetables, and delicate fruits in proportionate abundance. It is but moderately populous, and contains a Dominican convent with the title of a priory. The history of this place is singular, as it

* Account of the discovery and conquest of Mexico, by Bernal Diaz del Castillo. 4to.

was once the large and opulent city of Utatlan, the court of the native kings of Quiche, and indubitably the most sumptuous that was discovered by the Spaniards in this country. That indefatigable writer Francisco de Fuentes, the historian, who went to Quiche for the purpose of collecting information, partly from the antiquities of the place, and partly from manuscripts, has given a tolerably good description of this capital. It stood nearly in the situation that Santa Cruz now occupies, and it is presumable that the latter was one of its suburbs; it was surrounded by a deep ravine that formed a natural fosse, leaving only two very narrow roads as entrances to the city, both of which were so well defended by the castle of *Resguardo*, as to render it impregnable. The center of the city was occupied by the royal palace, which was surrounded by the houses of the nobility; the extremities were inhabited by the plebeians. The streets were very narrow, but the place was so populous, as to enable the king to draw from it alone, no less than 72,000 combatants, to oppose the progress of the Spaniards. It contained many very sumptuous edifices, the most superb of them was a seminary, where between 5 and 6000 children were educated; they were all maintained and provided for at the charge of the royal treasury; their instruction was superintended by 70 masters and professors. The castle of the Atalaya was a remarkable structure, which being raised four stories high, was capable of furnishing quarters for a very strong garrison. The castle of *Resguardo* was not inferior to the other; it extended 188 paces in front, 230 in depth, and was five stories high. The grand alcaza, or palace of the kings of Quiche, surpassed every other edifice, and in the opinion of Torquemada, it could compete in opulence with that of Montezuma in Mexico, or that of the Incas in Cuzco. The front of this building extended from east to west 376 geometrical paces, and in depth 728; it was constructed of hewn stones of different colours; its form was elegant, and altogether most magnificent; there were six principal divisions, the first contained lodgings for a numerous troop of lancers, archers, and other well disciplined troops, constituting the royal body guard; the second was destined to the accommodation of the princes, and relations of the king, who dwelt in it, and were served with regal splendour, as long as they remained unmarried; the third was appropriated to the use of the king, and contained distinct suits of apartments for the mornings, evenings, and nights. In one of the saloons stood the throne, under four canopies of plumage, the ascent to it was by several steps; in this part of the palace were, the treasury, the tribunals of the judges, the armory, the gardens, aviaries, and manageries, with all the requisite offices appending to each department. The 4th and 5th divisions were occupied by the queens and royal concubines; they were necessarily of great extent, from the immense number of apartments requisite for the accommodation of so many females, who were all maintained in a style of sumptuous magnificence; gardens for their recreation, baths, and proper places for breeding geese, that were kept for the sole purpose of furnishing feathers, with which hangings, coverings, and other similar ornamental articles, were made. Contiguous to this division was the sixth and last; this was the residence of the king's daughters and other females of the blood royal, where they were educated, and attended in a manner suitable to their rank."

From contemplating the remains of edifices in which resided men who were great in their time, we pass by an easy transition to succeeding occupants of the land. The manners and habits of savage tribes are at all times objects of curiosity to the observer of life. In this respect the many caziques with their feathered subjects inhabiting the southern parts of this vast continent, must excite an equal interest with the copper coloured aborigines of the northern range. Speaking of the customs, dresses, &c. of the Indians of Guatemala, the author says,

"The dresses of the noble Indians differed from those of the commoners; as did those of the civilized part of the population from those of the barbarians. It is known from tradition, from ancient manuscripts, and from paintings still extant in the convents of Guatemala, that the nobles wore a dress of white cot-

ton, dyed or stained with different colours; the use of which was prohibited to the other ranks. This vestment consisted of a shirt and white breeches, decorated with fringes; over these was drawn another pair of breeches, reaching to the knees, and ornamented with a species of embroidery; the legs were bare; the feet protected by sandals, fastened over the instep, and at the heel, by thongs of leather; the sleeves of the shirt were looped above the elbow, with a blue or red band; the hair was worn long, and tressed behind with a cord of the colour used upon the sleeves, and terminating with a tassel, which was a distinction peculiar to the great captains; the waist was girded with a piece of cloth of various colours, fastened in a knot before; over the shoulders was thrown a white mantel, ornamented with figures of birds, lions, and other decorations of cords and fringe. The ears and lower lip were pierced, to receive star-shaped pendants of gold or silver; the insignia of office, or dignity, were carried in the hand. The Indians of modern times differ from the ancients only in wearing the hair short, the sleeves loose, and by the omission of earrings and lip ornaments.

The civilized natives dress with great decency; they wear a species of petticoat, that descends from the middle of the body to the ankles, and a robe over the shoulders, reaching to the knees: this was formerly worked with thread, of different colours, but is now embroidered with silk. The hair is formed into tresses, with cords of various hues; and they wear ornaments in the ears and nether lips.

The habit of the Mazaguales is simple, and very poor; they are not permitted the use of cotton, and substitute for it cloth made of *pita*.* The dress is simply a long shirt, the flaps of which are drawn between the legs, and fastened; a piece of the same stuff is tied round the waist, and a similar piece forms a covering for the head. Some of the Indians of the southern coast wear this dress; but generally, in the warm districts, they go naked, with the exception of the maztlate, or piece of cloth worn round the middle, for the sake of decency.

The barbarians, or unreclaimed Indians of Guatemala, unlike those of Sinaloa, who go in a state of perfect nudity, wear a cloth round the middle, and passing between the fork. This covering, among the chiefs, is of white cotton; but the common people make it of a piece of bark; which, after being soaked for some days in a river, and then well beaten, resembles fine shamois leather of a buff colour. They always paint themselves black, rather for the purpose of defence against Mosquito than for ornament; a strip of white cotton, is bound round the head, and in it are stuck some red feathers. Green feathers are the distinguishing marks of their chiefs and nobles. The hair flows loose upon the shoulders; the lower lip and nose are decorated with rings; they carry a bow and arrow in their hands, and have a quiver suspended from the shoulder."

Some curious animals at Verapaz, are thus noticed

"In Verapas there are several rare animals, which are not to be met with in any other part. The Zachin, for example, a quadruped resembling a rat, about a span long, with a tail about six inches; the superior part of the body is snuff coloured, and the inferior white; the ears small and round, the eyes placed so low as to be almost on his snout; it emits so fetid a smell, that dogs will not attack it, unless they are much enraged: although so diminutive, it preys upon snakes, rats, birds, even those of large size, mountain cats, and deer, with all their velocity, cannot escape it; in poultry yards it makes great havoc, and the remedy the Indians use to keep it away, is the smoke of chile; within the houses it is very rarely caught, but in the open fields, or on the mountains, there is neither huntsman nor dog that can overtake it; it pays not respect to man, for it will attack him with great boldness, and the bite of it is so virulent, that the wounded part immediately swells, and fever ensues.

The Chion is a small bird, about the size of a canary, and of various colours: some are of a fine shining black; others have the head and upper part black, the breast and inferior parts white, and the wings spotted; there are some yellow,

* Pita is the fibres of a plant twisted into thread, resembling that made from hemp.

like canaries, which they also resemble in song: this little creature cannot be domesticated, for they never survive two days of captivity.

The Chulpilhoc is a native bird of the cold and humid mountains of Verapaz; the plumage is black, except on the breast, which is scarlet; it is about the size of a canary, but has no song, at least only a sort of short whistle.

The Raxon is one of the most beautiful birds known; it is an inhabitant only of the mild climate of Verapaz, for great heat, or excessive cold are alike destructive to it. Nature has denied it song, but by fluttering its wings it makes a noise like that of a hawk's bill; it is, therefore, only estimable for the plumage: its height is about nine inches, the bill short, and eyes black; the feet are provided with three toes before, and one behind; the feathers below the bill, and on all the front part, are purple; a ring round the neck, and the upper part of the body are of a lustrous emerald green, exquisitely beautiful; the wings and tail are black. The female is larger than the male, but differing from him so much, as to seem a creature of a distinct species; the feathers are grey with streaks of white, but in the sun's rays they have a tinge of green."

The kingdom of Guatemala presents an interesting object of research to the antiquary and the philologist, for the author enumerates 26 different dialects of the Mexican language, all peculiar to this province; and in an ancient record or calendar, the name of Votan is mentioned as one of the former lords of the country, who had seen the great wall or tower of Babel. If this be true, the Mexican language might be one of the primitive dialects produced by the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion of mankind.

Upon the whole, much information and amusement may be derived from this work, and its utility is enhanced by the present situation of the states of South America. The translator has in general performed his office with accuracy and elegance; but we noticed his usage of two French words, *bijou* and *detour*, which should either have been Anglicised or printed in Italics. Nothing is so destructive to the purity and elegance of a language, as the use of foreign words, in a native sense, before they have been recognised, either by long usage, or by competent authority.

SACRED MELODY.

THERE is a hope that cannot fade,
That brightly smiles through sorrow's gloom;
When earthly joys are all decayed,
This Hope still lives beyond the tomb;
And all its promises are given
To those who place their trust in Heaven.

All earthly pleasures pass away,
And leave a darker gloom behind;—
Like th' unsubstantial meteor ray,
They glare,—and fade;—then leave the mind
A maddened prey to passion driven:
But bright and true are joys of Heaven.

There is a light that shines afar,
And broadly streams its glory-flood:—
This pure unclouded Polar star,
Shines brightest on the dying good,
And lights the rescued spirit, high
To realms of Immortality.

LILLY, THE ASTROLOGER.

Few disciples of Sidrophel have done more than Lilly, to establish the hard words, which the learned knight and physician Sir Christopher Heydon, who flourished nearly at the same time, has objected so much to, as used by his antagonist, Mr. Chambers. Mr. Chambers says, all astrologers are damned, that they are worse than witches, wraggling wits, giddy pates, juggling jacks, coggling figure-flingers, paltry, ignorant wizards, stable-heepers of Augeas, foul dung-heaps, Babylonical superstitions, Balaam's asses, sons of ditch-drabs, and confederates of the devil. He adds, with equal mildness, that their mother was a Hittite, that the magistrate who refuses to expel them, is worse than an infidel, and that those are happy who shall bruise their bones and limbs against the stones. Lilly, it was clear, deserved as much of these reproaches, as will fairly attach to one who has been well described as a man, who, "by dint of plain, persevering, consistent, unblushing roguery, acquired a decent reputation, convinced himself that he was honest, put money in his pocket; and in due time was comfortably buried under a nice black marble stone, inscribed with a record of deceased virtue in English and Latin." His roguery consisted in his sustaining of the triple character of imposture, thief, and pimp. His reputation arose from prophesying alternately on the side of the King and the Parliament, as the scale of each inclined. His money was made by interested marriages, by pensions for furnishing the existing government with intelligence; by presents, and by pupils. A single anecdote will amply illustrate Lilly's character. In his Almanack for 1653, he asserted, that the parliament stood on a ticklish foundation: and that the commonality and the soldiery would join together against it. For this he was called upon by the House. Before his appearance, however, he contrived to have six copies of the Almanack printed, in which the offensive passages were omitted. These he produced from his pocket at the bar; contending that they only were genuine, and that the others were surreptitiously circulated under his name, by some enemy who sought to ruin him. This trick succeeded.

W.

FIRST LOVE.

WHEN the first smile of love o'er the bosom is beaming,
When the glance of affection illumines the eye,
'Tis like the first ray that on chaos was streaming,
And like the first star that arose in the sky.

When the first sigh is breathed, it resembles the zephyr
That spring has commission'd to open the rose;
Its bosom expands to inhale the pure ether,
And it seeks not to hide the bright blush as it blows.

Thus when the soft vows of affection are plighted,
The storms of affliction in vain shall descend;
For ne'er can two hearts by stern sorrow be blighted,
That the oft plighted vow has sworn to defend.

T.

XENOPHON.

If ever there existed an individual, whom natural talent and actual circumstances of every kind, would have pointed out for the office of historian of the transactions which happened during the age in which he himself lived, it was surely Xenophon. Distinguished, perhaps, even above the very greatest of the captains, whose exploits he has recorded, in genius or war; having access to means of information, which no individual besides himself could probably have commanded; with a taste the most refined, and an understanding strengthened and enlarged, not merely by an experience of mankind and of public affairs, such as falls to the lot of few, but also by the instruction of the father of all that his sound and elevating in philosophy, we may safely take it for granted, that he has imparted to the history which he has left us of the affairs of Greece, all the interest and value, of which the facts he had to record were properly susceptible: and yet, while the work of Thucydides is known almost by heart by every scholar, and quoted by every writer, as the great repository of political wisdom and historical illustration, the work of Xenophon, which, as a piece of composition, is one of the purest specimens of Attic taste, which has been spared by the destructive hand of time is almost unknown to the general reader; and not always read even by those who feel ashamed to confess their ignorance of Livy or Herodotus. W.

ANCIENT ENGLISH COOKERY.

It would seem that the culinary art was never neglected at any period of time. M. Apicius, a noted character among the *Gourmands* of ancient Rome, found worthy successors at a later age, in M. Darteneuf, and our English Neville; the latter illustrious personage, being distinguished by the enormous feasts which he provided, in the midst of the calamitous struggles between the houses of York and Lancaster. A very curious MS. in the British Museum, has the following title, 'A long roll of vellum of receipts in Cookery entitled forme of cury was compiled of the chef maister cokis of kyng Richard the secunde kyng of [E]nglond after the Conquest, the which was accounted the best and ryallest vyandis of all Criste kyngs; and it was copiled by assent and avysement of maisters and phisik and of philosophie that dwellid in his court. Frst it techith a man for to make comune potages and comune meetis for howshold as they should be made craftly and holsomly. Aftirward it techith for to make curious potages and meetis, and sotiltees for alle manere of states bothe hye and lowe. And the techyng of the forme or makying of potages and of meetes bothe of flesh and of fissh. Such y sette here by noubre and by ordre. Sso this litel table here sewing wole teche a man with oute tarryng to fynde what meete yt him lust for to have.—MSS. Birch 5016.

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF FEBRUARY.

THE twenty-ninth of February being a day that arrives but once in four years, is entitled to a little more consideration than is commonly bestowed on those days which have a regular anniversary. Arising, as it does, from those extra hours which are not reckoned in the

preceding years, it stands as a relic, saved from that overwhelming stream of time, which has already carried away our former existence, with all its attendant emotions, occurrences, and opportunities.

Where are now the gilded prospects, which, at this time four years, appeared before us? They have either been obscured by disappointment, or, if realized, they have now lost the charm of novelty, and possession has stripped them of their imaginary perfections. Where are the good resolutions, and virtuous excitements, which at the period animated our bosoms? They must either have grown into fixed principles, and have produced integrity, self-command, benevolence, and the best fruits of piety; or having been slighted and suppressed, they must have rendered us less susceptible of future good impressions, and wholly inexcusable for not fostering those tender leaves of beneficence, which can never again be put forth. Where are the friends and associates who then surrounded us, cheering us with the sweet converse of amity, and gladdening our hearts with the sportive effusions of conviviality? Some have been called to distant climates: some are borne down with sickness and adversity; some have forsaken us: and others have been snatched away by the unsparing grasp of death. Yet many faithful and congenial souls remain to bear with our weaknesses, and to sympathise with our feelings. Blessed with their society, and perceiving, which ever way we turn, the works of an all-wise and bountiful Providence, we should prove ungrateful indeed, if, while calling to remembrance the days that are past, we failed to enter, with cheerfulness, into the due enjoyment of the present.

It may indeed be a question with some, whether four years really have elapsed since the last twenty-ninth of February. To me the interval appears not half so long: and yet the fact is but too indubitable. Seeing, therefore, how time "creeps on with petty pace from day to day," let the *belle* who has for the last few seasons, expected to captivate the whole male creation by the mere force of her personal attractions, shut her ears to the fulsome adulation of her transient admirers; and when next she views herself in the glass, conjure, beside the reflected image, her former self of the year 1820. If, on an honest comparison she marks the absence of some few traits which she once thought irresistible, I would, as a friend, advise her to adopt a new line of policy; to bestow a little regard upon her neglected mind, to lay aside the haughty airs of conscious beauty, and seriously to consider what will become of her, if, between this and the next bissextile, time should repeat the liberties he has already taken with her person: and she, meanwhile, should neglect to countervail his attacks, by fortifying her mind, and securing the more permanent and amiable graces of the heart. In short, let the frivolous of both sexes take warning from the time they have already lost or mispent; and while it is in their power, let them enter upon a course of conduct more befitting rational and accountable beings. And as the twenty-ninth falls, this year, upon a Sunday, I exhort all my readers to indulge those serious thoughts and devout inclinations so suitable to the day; and which, at one time or another, present themselves for admission to the breast of every one, who is not devoid of common sensibility.

"The man who has it in his pow'r
To practice virtue, and protracts the hour,
Waits till the river pass away: but lo!
Ceaseless it flows, and shall for ever flow."

MODERN NOMENCLATURE.

As this is an age of unprecedented improvement in all the arts of life, that contribute to the happiness and comfort of society, so is it no less marked by a correspondent refinement in literary pursuits. The unwearied exertions of the friends of national education have been crowned with the most ample success, and such is the operation of the system pursued in these nurseries of juvenile precocity, that the pupils are now found fully competent to solve questions in History and Divinity, which would have puzzled the heads of their venerable forefathers. Nor are these the only means of instruction opened for general use; but such is the public avidity for information, that in order to satisfy it, the diligence of compilers has been exerted with the utmost perseverance in reducing to a catechetical form the abstract principles of science, and opening those treasures, which were locked up from vulgar eyes, in the learned languages. To this plan of general instruction may be attributed the improvement so visible in modern nomenclature, not only in the terms of science, but also in the common concerns of life; this has of late been so rapid, that it may be doubted whether the legitimate English names of articles in daily use, will not shortly become totally obsolete, and be understood and known only in the writings and other perishable records of the dark ages during the 17th and 18th centuries.

For the entertainment of the curious in Etymology, the following items are selected from the nomenclature of the 19th century.

Among the amusements of youth which were gratuitously exhibited in the public streets, was once a kind of moveable theatre, in ages of ignorance ycleped a puppet-show, in which were rehearsed in action and unintelligible dialogue, the quips, the quirks, and the quiddities of Mr. Punch and his eccentric rib Judie; the said Mr. Punch being "a fellow of infinite humour," occasioned the ready and boisterous laugh and huzza to rise from the ragged assembly of each sex and age, that attended the rehearsal of his adventures, with the Doctor, the Soldier, the Constable, and the Devil, who, at last, after a severe conflict with formidable broomsticks, is vanquished by the redoubtable hero, and carried off in triumph. But though Punch still exists, he is far less comic than formerly, and is likely to be superseded, and driven from his long occupied theatre, by a new class of actors, who exhibit a variety of novel manœuvres in a theatre like that of their renowned predecessor. This motley groupe, who are puppets of great attitudinarian abilities, are denominated the *Fantocini*; and their gambols are generally accompanied by a band of music, whose dulcet strains not only serve to regulate the action, and mark the contortions of the several characters, but also to enliven the scene. Still this proves but a miserable succedaneum for the jovial tunes of Punch, which were wont to precede his appearance, and announce his triumphs.

Another treat of youth used to be the peep-show, which contained a splendid series of battles by sea and land, gorgeous processions of ladies and gentlemen, all in scarlet robes and feathers, with faces as red as their robes, and surrounded by lofty piles of well tiled buildings, interspersed with trees of every shade that green and yellow (very much resembling the combined hue of eggs and spinach) could produce. These interesting scenes, with the important characters which figured in

them, were ushered in by the exhilarating tones of a cracked trumpet, and the various personages were explained, in a loud voice, and with a jargon peculiar to the profession, by the principal hierophant, amid the raptures of the assembled spectators, whose exultation was complete, when the exhibition concluded with the merry, moving, panoramic, pantomimical, fantocinical procession of Tally-ho the Grinder. But alas! for modern improvements, the peep-show has now risen into the Attic *Cosmorama*; and its gorgeous pageants, and truly English scenery, "are vanished into thin air," while the juvenile groupes that still crowd to behold its wonders, are transported, without the aid of steam yacht or balloon, to the landscapes of Italy, and regaled with the architectural *chef-d'œuvres* of *Michael Agmiolo (Angelo) Buornarotti*; while we are informed by the proprietor (a title now very generally assumed) in a mongrel diction, wholly unintelligible, of the names of the several objects as they pass under review. But oh! "misfortune on misfortune, grief on grief!" the laughter-moving grinder and his tally-ho, with its rattling machinery of wheels and pinions, is no more; he has fled with the scenery of his native land; and in the final scene

"That ends this foreign strange anomaly,"

behold a sumptuous square, filled with characters of every form and feature, with "Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras dire," which we are told is the "Cannibal at Venice, where we may see all the Lords and the Dukes, and the Princes and the Princesses, all in Marmalade, and the houses, all luminated, and the bonfires, and the fireworks, and all because of the Cannibal."

The dissected puzzles, likewise, those fruitful sources of youthful amusement in the long winter evenings, are supplied by the Parisian *Myriorama*, where endless variety is produced; while it must be confessed, that invention will be abundantly exercised, and a taste for design promoted.

But, to "leave the sports of children for the toils of men," what revolutions has not scientific nomenclature suffered within the last seven years. Even in our nurseries of juvenile education, the designation of school and even seminary is obsolete. We now hear of nothing but *establishments*, many of which I hear possess little claim to the title, as they seldom become established at all. But such is the rage for Greek designations, particularly where education is concerned, that passing the New Road some days since, I saw, written up in large characters, at the corner of one of the streets, the words *POLYGLOT ACADEMY*. My invention was for some time exercised to account for the propriety of a term, which I had never before seen applied but to a certain edition of the Bible; and after some cogitation I concluded that this learned inscription imported, that the establishment to which it was affixed, was a Classical Academy, at which many tongues or languages were taught.

In the minutiae of public amusements the change has not been less extraordinary. That scene of enchantment Vauxhall, now closes with a magnificent *Pyrotechnic* exhibition; while two seasons since, we were regaled in the saloon, with a kind of stage, filled with revolving pillars, fountains, cascades, palm-trees, &c. with a back ground of looking-glass. This singular mechanical deception was denominated "The Heptaplasiesopteron." Long and unwearied were my researches to ascertain the etymology of this term, when, after many fruitless inquiries and investi-

gations, I discovered, through the kind assistance of a learned Grecian, to whom I have been on many occasions much indebted, that it meant "an image seven times reflected."

Our most common tradesmen, seized with the nomenclatural mania, have adopted such professional designations, as render a pocket Johnson, an indispensable appendage to the Peripatetic. Should a luckless author, be ambitious of seeing his lucubrations appear before the public in a neat 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards: he must apply first to a typographer, and next to a bibliographer, ere his ambitious views can be satisfied; in the plain English of ten years back, he must employ a printer and a publisher.

Should a forlorn and solitary pedestrian, after travelling through crowded streets during the whole morning, seek to refresh exhausted nature; if his way lie through the Haymarket, in vain will he inquire for an eating-house, but will be informed that he is within a few doors of half-a-dozen excellent *Restaurateurs*. Should he subsequently wish to have his hair dressed in preparation for a visit to the Opera, he will be told that the *Peruquier* will be found on the opposite side of the street.

Much might be added to this imperfect sketch, but as the subject is of a most extensive nature, its full discussion in its several ramifications and collateral bearings, will be probably resumed in a future number.

F.

HEIR OF SKY.

IN the house of the Laird of Sky is kept an ox's horn, which holds about two quarts, which formerly the heir of the Laird was expected to swallow at one draught, as a test of his manhood, before he was permitted to bear arms, or take his seat amongst the men.

THE CONTRACT.

Receive, dear maid, the warmest sigh,
That ever burst from lover's heart;
And let the beaming tearful eye,
What lips dare not reveal, impart.

And oh! return one look of love,
One sigh of soft impassioned bliss;
Say, but the impulse you approve,
And seal the contract with a kiss.

EPIGRAM.

"My cause," you say, "concerns not theft or treason;
I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove:"
This is the point the court would have you prove.
Concerning Magna Charta you run on,
And all the perjuries of old King John;
Then of the Edwards, and Black Prince you rant,
And talk of John o' Stiles and John of Gaunt;
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep:
—Now pray, dear Sir, one word about the Sheep.

THE VILLAGE TALE.

“The short and simple annals of the poor.”—GRAY.

NEED we, to foreign climes go hence to seek
For tales of sorrow to bedew the cheek?
Or need we in the realms of fancy soar
And glean unreal woes, to languish o'er?
To draw the tear from pitying nature's eye;
Or from the breast of virtue raise a sigh?
Ah no!—such foreign aid is needed not,
For every hour still furnishes the plot
Of some sad tale, in life's substantial scene,
Where woes of deep reality we glean;—
Affliction reigns in no far realms alone;
She claims no spot exclusively her own.
If you would seek “soft pity to infuse,”
Or find a subject for your weeping muse,
Look round the spot where centres thy desire,
Whatever clime or country claims thy lyre,
The smallest circle will inscribe more woe,
Than thou hast tears to weep for; words to show.
It creeps in every spot, where'er we roam,
And but too often in our very home!

Now to my tale; and though no art shall dress,
Or deck the weeping form of pale distress,
Tho' no deep plot shall exercise the mind,
Nor language studied, polish'd or refin'd,
Shall guide my story, thou wilt not deny,
I trust, th' ingenuous plaudit of a sigh;—
From humble life my narrative I drew,
'Tis plain, 'tis meek, 'tis simple, but—'tis true!

One morn I stray'd, with Fancy deep in talk,
Beyond the limit of my morning's walk,
When the dim tolling of some village bell,
In distant echo on the silence fell.
My thought, which had been busied in the dreams
Of idle Fancy's visionary schemes,
Rous'd by the knell, now seem'd with anxious glow,
'To turn to life—though it should turn to woe.

My pace I quicken'd, eager to obtain,
A knowledge which I fear'd might end in pain;
And long before I reach'd the destin'd place
(So much does fear outrun our swiftest pace!)
A thousand scenes of sorrow and of care,
Had cross'd my brain and—“vanish'd into air.”—
Just as I gain'd the village church-yard stile,
The coffin rested in the solemn aisle.
On the sad train the sacred portals close,
And now they kneel, and pray for death's repose.

I entered not, but wearied and distress'd,
I looked around me for a place of rest;—

I mark'd the villagers who pass'd me by ;
 Affliction's tear seem'd full in ev'ry eye.
 They onward pass'd—their steps direction gave,
 And soon I found the dead-awaiting grave ;
 I saw the boards, the cords, the new turn'd ground,
 While many a maid, and matron gather'd round ;
 Down the deep grave they cast their wistful eyes,
 Then dry with aprons white, the tears that rise.

Prompted by sympathy the cause to know,
 That seem'd to spread around such deepen'd woe,
 I rose, and walk'd with dilatory pace,
 Close to the grave,—and there, in ev'ry face,
 I read a grief ;—not sympathy alone ;—
 For ev'ry eye acknowledged it, its own.
 On me they gazed ; and said, to my belief,
 "Why come you thus to interrupt our grief?"
 While others, in whose eye the tear stood deep,
 Appeared to wonder that *I* did not weep.

"'Twas a fine lad,"—an aged matron said,
 "I knew him well—I scarce can think he's dead :
 "'Tis but the t'other day he crossed our farm,
 "With poor young Jennie underneath his arm,—
 "I ask'd, says I,—'Well William, how dost do?'
 "'O, charming dame,' said he, 'And Jennie too?'
 "'O she be always charming!—dame d'ye know,
 "'We're going to marry;—Jennie an't it so?'
 "The damsel blush'd—they took a mug of ale,
 "And bade good bye—ah! 'tis a woful tale!"

I felt her simple eloquence; it seem'd,
 That nature all the wants of art redeem'd :
 A painful interest her words impart,
 That softly steals upon the feeling heart.
 I listen'd close to gather ev'ry word,
 Whilst they seem'd half reluctant to be heard.

Cried one, "The will of God we none can search,
 "'Twas but last Sunday in this very church,
 "I heard our parson ask if any knew,
 "Why Will and Jane should not be married too.—
 "That very night it was, he took his bed ;
 "And now, poor Jennie, 'stead of being wed,
 "Follows her William's body to the grave ;—
 "I saw her as she passed—a sigh she gave,
 "As she saw me, then turn'd away her head,
 "But I could see the flood of tears she shed.
 "God bless the poor young creature, comfort give !
 "Or else I'm sure she has'nt long to live.
 "That cheek, whose rosy hue so well we know,
 "Looks now as white, and seems as cold as snow."
 "How old was Will?" asked one with accents mild ;—
 "Why let me see, I knew him from a child ;
 "Altho' 'tis—twenty years come Lammas day,
 "Ah lawk! how quick the years do pass away ;
 "Since Farmer Long, the father of poor Will,
 "Brought him to see me, yonder at the mill.—
 "I well remember his dear little charms,
 "For he was then, a lovely babe in arms."

Not will'd to hear her long detail rehearsed,
 I loitered near to where two more conversed.
 "Yes; and d'ye know," says one "that till he died,
 "She never once removed from his bed-side;
 "She waited on him night and day; and he
 "Would take his med'cine from none else but she.
 "I never shall forget the awful night,
 "On which he died—Ah! 'twas a dismal sight.
 "Here was poor Jennie sobbing loud; and there,
 "His poor old mother kneeling, deep in pray'r.
 "We all, save Jennie, thought his time drew nigh,
 "(Which she, poor girl, still weeping would deny;)
 "When sudden he sprang up, and loudly call'd,
 "While his convulsive features look'd appall'd,
 "'Jennie—where's Jennie! fetch her from the plain,
 "'O, let me see my Jennie once again!—
 "'Here William,—I am here,'—she faltering cried,
 "He grasp'd—he kiss'd her hand—fell back—and died."

Touched to the quick, I need not blush to say,
 That tears, in spite of me, would force their way;
 Pride struggled hard, compassion to o'erthrow,
 And bade me scorn to weep for *common* woe;
 But conscience, reason, virtue's stronger call,
 Proved that one nature, equal reigns in all!

Now through the church-yard came the mournful train;
 And here description, all thy art is vain!
 What pen can trace, what eloquence can paint,
 What tongue can utter, but in language faint,
 A scene at which the sternest heart might melt;
 So simple—yet, so powerfully felt?

The village curate first, in snow-white vest,
 Whose pious looks his sacred words imprest,
 Led to the grave;—while slowly in the rear,
 Was borne the coffin, bath'd with many a tear;
 Next came the mourners; and of these the first,
 Poor Jennie, whose full heart seem'd well nigh burst.
 At every step her sobs were heard around,
 And these, in every heart, an echo found;
 I long'd to see the maid of whom I'd heard,
 From the poor villagers' unpolish'd word,
 So much of love and constancy combined;
 So much of sorrow and of virtue joined;—
 Yet feeling bade the idle wish refrain,
 Lest my intrusive glance should cause fresh pain.
 And, O! what wretch, a world of joy would buy,
 Should it but cost the maid one needless sigh?
 She prayed for fortitude her grief to hide,
 But grief's abstraction fortitude supplied;
 Firmly she stood, while they the coffin low'r,
 And the solemnities of death are o'er;—
 Low in the earth her William now is laid,
 Where ev'ry budding joy is doom'd to fade;—
 Summoned to closer range around the grave,
 'They overhang the brow of sorrow's cave;
 Down the deep pit they drop the last warm tear,
 For love, for friendship, every tie that's dear;—
 Heave their last sigh, o'er early blighted worth
 And look their last farewell, at least on earth.

While round, in sorrow's stillest silence, stand
His known associates of the village band;
Their gen'rous breasts a brother's sorrow own,
Tho' join'd by ties of kindred-life alone.

Religion now performs her sacred trust,
And awfully pronounces—"dust to dust:"
The earth is cast,—the coffin yields a sound
In low response beneath the hollow ground.
It seemed to wake from melancholy's gloom,
Poor Jennie's mind:—re-opening to her doom;
She stood amazed at what her ear alarms,
Looked round, and fainting fell into my arms.
Around her closely pressed th' affrighted train,
To lend their feeble aid—nor was it vain.

But ah! poor Jennie, though to life restored,
Still mourn'd the loss of him her heart adored;
Too plainly did her cries the secret tell;
And in their notes methought I heard *her* knell.

Soon as the grave was closed and covered o'er,
Poor Jennie on my arm, I homeward bore;
Her bursting sighs,—for she had ceas'd to weep,—
Grew at each step, more frequent, and more deep;
'Till as we to her parent's cot drew nigh,
She sunk, and heaved her last convulsive sigh!

Poor girl! poor Jennie! scarcely do I know,
To hail this as enfranchisement from woe,
And smile with joy: or turn, and loudly mourn,
For youth, and innocence, and beauty, gone!

Soon was she laid beneath the cold damp ground,
And in one grave the faithful pair were bound.
I raised the tomb that genuine pity craved,
And on the stone these humble lines engraved.

EPITAPH.

If beauty, virtue, innocence and youth,
If ardour, worth, sincerity, and truth,
Can love cement, and link two hearts agreed,
Here rests a rustic pair who loved indeed!

H.

THE PREFERENCE OF BEAUTY.

"I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those that on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows."

Muses' Looking-Glass—Old Poem.

Thomas Randolph, the author of the above, was born in Northamptonshire in 1605, and afterward became one of the adopted sons of Ben Jonson; but shortened his life by the irregularity of his conduct, and died in 1634. He wrote five plays, which were published with his poems in 1638.

THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH, by Robert Southey, LL. D. 2 vols.

THIS title can only be applied with propriety, to the Bible or the Book of Common Prayer—the former contains that word of inspiration on which the church is founded; the latter those formularies of devotion which are calculated to unite the members of the church in public, or assist them individually in private worship.—We know of no other book to which it can be appropriated with any sort of accuracy: But Dr. S. prefixes it to a review of the Ecclesiastical History of England.

He commences his work by a slight though interesting sketch of the Mythology of the ancient Britons, Saxons, and Danes.—The idolatrous worship of each of these, fell in its turn before the doctrines of the cross, which afterward became corrupted by the errors and delusions gradually introduced by artful and intriguing men, who having no fear of God before their eyes, turned the truth of God into lasciviousness, and devoured that flock which they had engaged to feed.—Our countryman Dunstan had his full share in these transactions, and the artful measures employed by him to support and extend the power of the church, and undermine the regal authority, except when he could render it subservient to that of the priesthood, are ably exposed by Dr. S. The daring effrontery and unconquerable perseverance which Thomas à Becket so audaciously displayed in the same cause, are related with equal clearness and precision; and the haughtiness and duplicity of the prelate, are well contrasted with the forbearance and rectitude of his injured sovereign. Dreadful must have been the power of the hierarchy, and lamentable the ignorance of the laity of that age, when such severities could be exercised by the one, and such gross impositions be endured by the other; but the learning which then existed, was confined to churchmen, and they formed a body united together by the strongest and most indissoluble ties, while the individual members, separated from the mass of society, by rules of the most crafty policy, had no private interest to pursue; their every feeling and desire, being inseparably linked to the welfare of the church. Even the contentions which arose between different orders, and the animosities to which they gave birth, were sacrificed to the general prosperity of the body to which they belonged; all parties being well assured, that however they might differ as to the division of the spoil, it was necessary that all should confederate to obtain and secure it, hence through a long course of ages, the contest was not only that of learning against ignorance, but that of unanimity against division and discord; and the result was such as might have been expected.

To have given a faithful picture of the intrigues, corruptions, and violences of this warfare, so long and perseveringly maintained by those who called themselves the ministers of peace, against those to whose happiness they professed to devote themselves, would require a far more extended work than the one before us: but narrow as the limits are to which Dr. S. has confined himself, he sketches in a very clear and comprehensive manner, the leading facts of this attack on the liberties and happiness of mankind; and it must be gratifying to every Englishman to read that even in those days, the barons in parliament felt the necessity of opposing the encroachments of papal power; and in spite of open violence, or secret machination, enacted several salutary laws which lessened, if they did not prevent, the threatened evil. But corruption was so interwoven with

the doctrines of the papacy, that various measures were adopted to elude or nullify these regulations; and the operation of principles revolting to every mind retaining a sense of honesty or integrity, was rendered but too effectual in establishing clerical supremacy. These are stated with great perspicuity and correctness, in a chapter appropriated to the consideration of the papal system.

The character of Henry the Eighth, to whose agency we are indebted for our deliverance from this galling yoke, is faithfully portrayed. His unsubdued temper, frequently hurried him on, to acts consistent neither with the dignity of the monarch, nor the penetration of the politician; yet it is evident, that to both these he could have maintained no common claim, had he only known how to rule himself, a lesson which all men dislike to learn, and which few are desirous of teaching princes. Cranmer became the object of the hatred and persecution of the Catholic faction; his candour and love of truth, naturally excited the jealousy and animosity of those who were engaged in supporting a system of fraud and oppression; but Henry felt too powerfully the influence of the Archbishop, to yield to their plans for his destruction; and they were equally sensible, that to remove him from the royal presence, was essential to the success of their scheme for effecting his ruin: they therefore requested Henry's permission to confine him in the Tower, before they proceeded on the examination of charges against him; the king, while apparently yielding to the artifice, acted with his characteristic energy.

"Such, however, was his inward conviction of Cranmer's worth, that he, who without remorse had sent two wives to the scaffold, could not sleep upon this resolution; but a little before midnight sent privately to Lambeth, and called him from his bed. The Archbishop immediately obeyed this untimely summons, and hastened to Whitehall, where Henry told him what the council had advised concerning him, and that he had granted their request; 'but whether I have done well or no,' he added, 'what say you my lord?' Cranmer thanked him for giving him this warning beforehand, and said he was well content to be committed to the Tower for the trial of his doctrine, so he might be fairly heard, and not doubting that his Majesty would see him so to be used. Upon this the king exclaimed, 'O Lord God, what fond simplicity have you, so to permit yourself to be imprisoned that every enemy may have you at advantage! Do you not know that when they have you once in prison, three or four false knaves will soon be procured to witness against you, and condemn you, which else dare not open their lips or appear before your face? No, not so, my lord, I have better regard unto you, than to permit your enemies so to overthrow you!' It is less to Henry's honour that in this instance he should have interfered to protect a faithful servant, than it is to his reproach, that understanding thus perfectly the villainy of such proceedings, he should have availed himself of it in some cases, and permitted it in so many others. He then told the Archbishop, that when he appeared before the council, he should require of them as being one of their body, the same favour which they would have themselves, that is, to have his accusers brought before him; if they refused this, and were for committing him forthwith, 'then,' said he, 'appeal you from them to our person, and give to them this my ring, by which they shall understand that I have taken your cause from them into my own hands.'

"Accordingly Cranmer was summoned by eight o'clock on the following morning, and the council, as if by that indecency they meant to give him a foretaste of what should follow, kept him standing nearly an hour at the council chamber-door, among serving-men and lacqueys. This was reported to the king by a friend of the Archbishop's. 'Have they served him so?' said Henry, 'it is well; I shall talk with them by-and-by.' At length Cranmer was called in, and informed that seeing he and others by his permission, had infected the whole realm with heresy, it was the king's pleasure he should be committed to the

Tower, and examined for his trial. In vain did Cranmer solicit that, before they proceeded to any farther extremity, his accusers might there be confronted with him. The council acted as Henry had foreseen, and Cranmer then produced the ring: 'I am sorry, my lords,' said he, 'that you drive me to this exigency to appeal from you to the king's majesty, who, by this token hath resumed this matter into his own hand, and dischargeth you thereof. There was no time for recovering from their astonishment and confusion: they were compelled without delay, to go before the king, who received them sternly as they had well deserved. 'Ah, my lords,' said he, 'I thought I had had a discreet and wise council, but now I perceive that I am deceived. How have you handled here my lord of Canterbury! What make ye of him?—a slave? shutting him out of the council-chamber among serving-men? Would ye be so handled yourselves? I would you should well understand, that I account my lord of Canterbury as faithful a man toward me, as ever was prelate in this realm, and one to whom I am many ways beholden, by the faith I owe unto God.' He laid his hand upon his heart as he spoke, and telling them, that they who loved him, would upon that account regard the Archbishop, advised them to put away all malice against him, and made them in his presence, submit to the forms of reconciliation. And from that time, as long as Henry lived, no man dared whisper against Cranmer."

The great events of this and the following reign, so important in their consequences to our national character and happiness, the blind bigotry and unrelenting cruelty which degraded that of Mary, the sound practical wisdom and moderation which marked that of Elizabeth, are reviewed in succession, and gratifying it would be to our readers and ourselves to accompany Dr. S. through this interesting portion of his work, our limits permit us only to take a very brief notice of that part of his work relating to the middle of the seventeenth century, and particularly to Archbishop Laud.

The ability and impartiality of the Doctor are employed with the happiest effect until this period, but here a feeling seems to arise which interferes with the neutrality of the historian, and through this portion of the history a prejudice manifests itself favourable to one party, and most hostile to the other. History uniformly proves that every great change either in politics or religion, is followed by divisions among those individuals who are of the prevailing party, and the spirits of each are usually too much heated to yield to calm reasoning, or to seek for moderate measures. Had the Reformation (which though dated from the reign of Henry the Eighth, was virtually in progress during many subsequent years), been carried into effect without such consequences, it would have been most desirable, but certainly most extraordinary. Unhappily, however, the infatuated Charles gave himself up to the guidance of Laud, whose arbitrary and violent temper, was evident in the relentless severity with which he pursued the unfortunate victims of his anger. A hasty or an inadvertent expression, or one quite innocent, unless by a most unfair and illegitimate interpretation, was sufficient to draw down the vengeance of the Court of High Commission at which Laud presided, and to involve the unhappy speaker in trouble and destruction. Dr. S. defends the Archbishop on the ground of his sincere belief in the truth of his opinions, and the equity of his proceedings. Few men believe themselves erroneous or unjust; and on the same principle we may excuse, if not justify, the barbarities of Queen Mary; whose apologist the author might have become with equal reason and propriety.

In point of style, this work discovers the purity, smoothness, and elegance, characteristic of Dr. Southey's former productions;—characteristics which entitle him to a high station amongst the best prose writers of the day.

HAVOC AMONG THE TOMBS.

(A LETTER.)

To the very Reverend the Dean of Westminster.

REVEREND SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have the honour of being personally acquainted with you, I prefer on this occasion, to relinquish the advantages of that circumstance, and to address you through the medium of a public paper. I earnestly solicit your attention to the subject of this letter. Some part of the public will, I know, take an interest in it; their pride and their pleasure are equally concerned in the objects of my solicitude. I speak with the voice of complaint: but I have suffered no wrongs which I ask you to redress, I demand no personal favour in the eye of the public, which your private bounty would withhold; but in the name of good taste, good feeling, and propriety, I appear as the advocate of the injured antiquarian treasures in your Abbey Church; and I beg your patience while I make the following observations.

In the sacred edifice of which you are the chief guardian, repose the ashes of some of the most illustrious characters which this country ever gave birth to. There lie the mortal remains of kings, heroes, and divines; of poets and statesmen: and there too stand the monuments that record the dignity and worth of these once honoured personages. Many ages have passed away since the greater number of the illustrious dead, to whom, and to whose sepulchral effigies, and marble tombs, I now refer, took their allotted part in the government, the regulation, and the improvement of their country. Many events have occurred to transfer their venerable names, and their monumental trophies, from the respect, to the malice, of the public. To those who entertained the former feeling, they are indebted for their preservation, and to those who harboured the latter, for the injury they have sustained. If the one class were guided by blind devotion, or superstitious reverence, the others were prompted by a brutal ferocity, which could only be sated by the entire destruction, or the partial injury of the objects which excited their hatred and contempt. If any thing could add to the interest felt in these days, for such remains of antiquity as crowd around the aisles of Westminster Abbey, it is the recollection that they have escaped the excessive zeal of the reformers, and the still more destructive spirit of the revolutionists. To you, Reverend Sir, who are the appointed guardian of a collection of these precious relics, more numerous, more costly, and on many accounts, more interesting than any other in the kingdom, I appeal for the justification of these sentiments, which unless I am very much mistaken, or am to discredit the evidence I have so often, and with infinite pleasure, heard repeated by your own mouth, are closely allied to those you entertain on antiquarian subjects. It must have shocked you, no less than it has astonished me, to know that the sentence of destruction has been passed upon two of the finest monuments in Westminster Abbey. I hope I am misinformed, but I can at present no more doubt the accuracy of my information, than I can suppose that you are unacquainted with the fact. Believe me, Reverend Sir, I am not upbraiding you for acquiescing in this sentence: if you have allowed its expediency, I fear your good taste

has been overruled by an erroneous statement; either it has been reported to you, that the superb canopies of Aylmer de Valence's, and Crouchbach's tombs are irreparable, or that they do not merit the expense they would require to render them perfect and secure. I will not for a moment suppose that these, or some other excuses equally plausible, have not been framed for their destruction, because I would not credit that such a cruel demolition was suggested without any excuse at all. So far from my information being dubious, I am desired by high authority to believe, that but for the interference of a gentleman of rank,—a member of parliament, a distinguished traveller, and a man of refined and extensive taste,—the ornamental parts of the above-named monuments would not now have been in existence, and that a respite, not a free pardon, was all his exertions could obtain. It is right that the public should know these facts, and I will now endeavour in a few words to explain to them the value of these elegant specimens of architectural design. In the first place, the tombs would be mere wrecks without their superstructures; in the next, they screen the high altar (which in their absence would have had a defence of another kind), contiguous to which they stand on its North side; and lastly, I would urge the beauty of their forms, and the delicacy of their sculpture, in both which respects they are not inferior to the celebrated Percy monument in Beverly Minster, while they far excel all the other monuments in this church.

I am at a loss to know by what authority we can even threaten to remove or mutilate the sacred monuments of our ancestors. Surely those who built, or promoted the building of our churches, have a right to occupy a small space within their consecrated walls; as they had a right to expect the reverence of future ages for their tombs: and surely if those spacious aisles, with all their useful and ornamental accompaniments, afforded ample room for the frequent and stately processions of the Roman Catholic religion, we cannot reasonably demand the removal of screens or tombs on the plea of their being impediments or incumbrances. But no such excuse that I can hear, has been offered in palliation of the threatened destruction at Westminster Abbey. It is boldly declared that the fabrics of the tombs in question, are insecure, and must therefore be taken down to prevent their falling. Repair is unthought of, or untalked of, as if a few pounds were begrudged upon two of those objects which have brought many hundreds into the coffers of the church. Let me entreat you, Sir, to pause a little longer before you give your sanction to such an instance of wanton and unjustifiable havoc. Economy will deduct but little from the load of censure, which must inevitably light upon the advocates of this measure. If your funds are exhausted, appeal to the bounty of the public; I for one, will subscribe towards the repair of your ancient monuments, and I am sure your lists could not long remain unfilled. But surely the overplus of the sum which was appropriated to the restoration of the altar screen, would have proved more than sufficient to reinstate the adjoining tombs in their ancient beauty. Those tombs are the chief ornaments of the choir, they do honour to the names they record, and to the luxuriant architecture of Edward the Third's reign. Let me, let the public, then hope, that all fear for their preservation is needless, and that neither expense nor trouble will be spared in their restitution.

I have the honour to remain,

Reverend Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. L.

COURTSHIP.

It would perhaps be one of the most difficult tasks that could be required of any person, to lay down precise rules for the guidance of another, as to the mode of conduct to be pursued during the period of courtship, as a prelude to entering the holy precincts of matrimony. For as the insidious little urchin, love, finds innumerable avenues to the human heart, so must the mode of courtship be guided, governed, and carried on, by an equal variety of ways, suited at once to the impressions made on the mind of the wooer, and to the temper and dispositions, propensities and qualifications of the wooed. In spite of the general opinion that our affections are for the most part, placed upon persons of congenial feelings, sentiments, tastes, and inclinations, with our own, it frequently happens that the tormentor of mankind plants his envenomed sting in bosoms of directly opposite natures, and daily experience teaches us the difficulty we have to encounter, when once the fatal shaft is let fly. This important fact may be established by reference to both sexes; for although it is most natural for courtship to be commenced by the male part of the creation towards the female, it is equally certain that it is frequently commenced by the latter. Nay, oftentimes without determination or intention (by a thousand nameless kindnesses and solitudes) for some time even without discovery. Nor can I find in my heart to cast blame upon the wooer, even under such circumstances, though I would willingly warn my fair countrywomen against a too hasty attachment to any object, however apparently desirable: notwithstanding it has been very justly observed that

“Of all the passions giv’n us from above,
The noblest, softest, and the best is love.”

It is of the utmost importance for them to be thoroughly convinced of the sincerity of the professions, as well as acquainted with the general bent of the mind, of the man to whom they pay any thing like marked attention—before they suffer themselves to be drawn into situations which may probably blight their early hopes of happiness, and render the latter part of their lives burdensome. I am inclined to think that hasty marriages are seldom happy ones—love at first sight may have been strongly impressed upon the heart, but it should be mellowed and softened by time and scrutinizing observation.

It is important to both parties, that by frequent association, the sentiments and dispositions, should, if possible, be ascertained, in order to discover whether in the state of matrimony, they can combine, compare, establish, or remove, opinions founded in prejudice, or in error, from which association alone, mutual happiness in wedded life can be anticipated.

The embarrassments, the hopes, the doubts, the fears of young lovers are not to be described, no one can know, but those who have felt them; and it is more than probable, that if the attempt were made, no two persons would describe similar feelings, under similar impressions. The grand difficulty, however, I apprehend to be, in making the declaration. The time—the place—the manner, of conveying this important piece of information to a sincerely beloved object, require due consideration. The delightful anticipations of its being received with a smile of appro-

bation, and rewarded with a return, are checked by the apprehensions of an indifferent reply, or a negative to all hope, which renders the situation truly difficult.

How many tedious days, and sleepless nights, are consumed in anxieties unimaginable, till this desirable object is accomplished! so many circumstances are to be taken into consideration, that it is not easy to arrive at any decision: added to which, secrecy appears to be a necessary precaution.

Some convey their sentiments of esteem and adoration in books, lent or given to the beloved object, by scraps of poetry, alluding particularly to some part or passage they contain, and assimilating the circumstances related, to their own situation, and the sentiments expressed, to those which they entertain; others, for the sake of gain, make overtures to relations and friends. The bold and fearless openly avow themselves lovers, but neither of the latter can justly be said to feel the real ardour of the sublime passion of love.

“ But—happy they: the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
’Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship, full exerts her softer powers,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul.
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.”

The truly disinterested lover, however, who entertains a pure and affectionate regard for the object of his adoration, and for that object alone, will, in spite of all obstacles that can be placed in the way, find means to convey the sentiments of the heart, of which the following among others is a remarkable instance:

A country swain had long felt the sympathetic movements of affection and regard for the rustic daughter of an elderly matron, who resided in the same village with himself, and although he had frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with her upon ordinary occasions and subjects, his diffidence was so great, that at every meeting he found new obstacles to the declaration he intended to make, so that at each interview his embarrassment increased; nor could he possibly divine a method of decreasing them without a confession of his ardent attachment, but how this consummation so devoutly to be wished, was to be accomplished, he knew not.

He, however, at length hit upon an expedient of a novel, but certainly moving nature, to acquaint his dulcinea with his sentiments in a short and impressive manner. The language of the eyes may be read, and understood in the more enlightened and polished circles of society; but he was determined at once to put her in possession of the unalterable feelings of his heart. For this important purpose he called to his aid, his constant companion and friend, whose faithful and unremitting assiduities for his safety and welfare, had been manifested upon many difficult and trying occasions; one to whom he could confide the inmost secrets of his soul

without fear of being ridiculed or betrayed. It was no other than his faithful dog Cæsar, who was also well known to the object of his regard. To this unbiassed friend was deputed the power of conveying to his beloved, the most important secret to his future peace and happiness.

Having arranged his plan of proceeding, he arose early one morning, and stationed himself, in company with Cæsar, under the chamber window of his *inamorata*, and waiting till the window was opened, he affixed a short *billet*, to a true blue ribbon, which he tied round the dog's neck, containing the following emphatic words—"I wish *my* dog was *your* dog;" then taking his companion in his arms, he threw him into the maiden's chamber, with a shout of "Go along Cæsar," and immediately disappeared.

Say, ye learned and refined who study looks of love, and read the language of the eyes, whether a more candid and impressive declaration could have been made by the most cultivated mind. It was, in fact, the "*multum in parvo*," the explicit and unequivocal testimony of true devotion. The love-lorn youth was spared the embarrassment of a verbal communication, and the maiden, the blushes so natural upon such occasions. So delicate a declaration of his unalterable feelings, could hardly fail to have a suitable effect on the fair one to whom it was imparted. Suffice it to say, that it was productive of the desired results—the happy union of the parties. Whether the success of this scheme ought to induce others to try a similar experiment or not, is a question which can only be decided by those who may be similarly situated: for, it must be confessed, there is a probability that the quadruped may in some cases prove more acceptable than the biped; and then the mortification must be inconceivable. J.

LOVE DESPISED.

"Can any length of years gone by
Love's bliss destroy, or ardour tame?
No, no; the passion that can die
Has ne'er deserv'd that blessed name.

Can brighter beauties e'er persuade
The lover from his fair to rove?
No, no; if any other maid
Seems fair to him, he does not love.

Can want, can woe, can mis'ry blight
Sincere affection's impulse warm?
No; Love is as the beacon's light,
Priz'd ever most amid the storm."

ON A YOUTH AGED 17.

O when the grave receiv'd this patient guest,
How strain'd the eye; how heav'd the tortur'd breast.
But tho' he sleeps—his memory shall live,
And pleasing comfort to the mourners give.
No private interests did his soul invade,
No foe he injur'd, no kind friend betray'd.
He looked to virtue as his surest guide,
Lived like a Christian, like a Christian died.

QUACK EXTRAORDINARY.

THE following abridged advertisement which must have been originally put forth upwards of a century ago, abundantly proves that the arts of quackery and puffing, now brought to such perfection, had made some progress even at that period:

"In King-street, Westminster, at the Queen's-arms and Corn-cutter, liveth Thomas Smith, who by experience and ingenuity, has learnt the art of taking out and curing all manner of corns, without pain or drawing blood. He likewise takes out all manner of nails, which cause any disaster, trouble, or pain, which no man in England can do the like. He can on several occasions help persons afflicted, as killing the scurvy in the gums; though they be eaten away never so much, he can raise them up again. He cures the tooth-ache in half an hour, let the pain be never so great, and cleanses and preserves the teeth. He can with God's assistance, perform the same in a little time. I wear a silver badge, with three verses, the first in english, the second in dutch, the third in french, with the states of Holland's crownnet on the top which was gave me as a present by the States-general of Holland, for the many cures, &c. My name on the badge underwritten, Thomas Smith, who will not fail, God willing, to make out every particular in this Bill, &c. &c.

"The famousest ware in England, which never fails to cure the tooth-ache in half an hour, price 1s. the bottle. Likewise a powder for cleansing the teeth, which makes them as ivory without wearing them, and without prejudice to the gums, 1s. the box. Also two sorts of water for curing the scurvy in the gums, though they are eaten away to the bottom, it will heal them, and cause them to grow as firm as ever, very safe, without mercury, or any unwholesome spirit. To avoid counterfeits, they are only sold at his own house &c. price of each bottle half a crown or more, according to the bigness, with directions." Harl. MSS.

Smith is mentioned in the Tatler. He used to go out every day in quest of customers, and made a periodical call at all the coffee-houses then in London.

PARISIAN ON DITS.

"WE never had so many balls at Paris as this winter," writes a fair correspondent. "Marshal Suchet, has given a most splendid *fete*. M. Chateaubriand will soon give one to which three thousand persons are invited; and Rothschild, the banker, is preparing one on a scale of great magnificence and liberality, that will cost 100,000 francs. Talma is about to appear in two characters in one tragedy; the first character ends with the second act, and the last begins with the third act."

We are likewise informed, that M. Paillet de Varcey has lately published "The Life and Writings of Voltaire;" wherein he represents him as a bad son, bad brother, and bad Frenchman; as ungrateful, lying, avaricious, and above all, ignorant of orthography.

Horace Vernet has nearly completed a picture for the gallery of the Duke of Orleans, the subject of which is the "Bataille d'Hanau."

The taking of the Trocadero has just appeared at the Diorama.

The exhibition of French paintings, of which the greater part are said to be representations of late events, will open in April.

The academy of fine arts has lately elected the following foreign associates:—Alvares and Thorwaldsen, sculptors; Lunghi, engraver; Rossini and Zingarelli, musical composers; and Schinckel, architect.

THE LEARNED SON.

(A LETTER.)

To Mr. Merton.

SIR,

If you stand in need of a clever contributor, one that shall set all the town upon buying your paper, my son Jack is your man. He left Cambridge University only three months ago, where I placed him as per advice of Parson Dixon, the head master of the grammar school where the boy got his rudimentals in learning. It cost me a mint of money over and above the school allowance for scholarship to support him at College, and now all is done, to tell you the truth, I don't see what he is the better for it, unless he can find a market for his talents in your Magnet. Sir, I have given him possession of the best room in my house for a study, in hopes that he would write some learned book, and publish it, so as to make his fortune at once, and bring honour upon his name (and mine) for ever. But no such good luck seems likely to visit us. He has brought together a parcel of the oddest looking things you can conceive, if they are not conjuring instruments I only hope they are nothing worse. With the help of them he brings blue sparks out of a black tin case, and at the same time produces a smell which according to my nose is very like sulphur; he sets spirits on fire with a lump of ice, makes a piece of bladder rend into tatters with a report like a pistol, to the alarm of all my household; who, till they got used to such diabolical explosions, used to flock to his room, and peep through the key-hole, afraid to enter lest he should be found to have made away with himself. Once I saw him with my own eyes, put two different-coloured liquors into two glasses, and make them change places without either seeming to leave the bottles which he poured them into at first. I had the boldness to put my finger on one of his machines the other day, and received, as I deserved for meddling with such things, a shock through my whole frame, which you must know is pure weakly, which seemed to put all my bones out of joint, besides shaking my inside as if it would never be still again. Sir, I wouldn't suffer the like a second time for the best note in the Bank of England.

His mother, whom he sometimes has the impudence to nickname *pie-a-ma-ta*, for her skill in pastry I presume, was trying to persuade him to act like other folks, but in the midst of her advice, Mr. Philosopher takes the poker in his hand, knocks it violently against one of the bars of the stove, and desires the good woman to mark how the dust collects itself into little heaps by the powers of attraction. Upon which she very wisely remarked, that the dust collected fast enough without attracting it, and told him he would do better to take the hearth-broom and sweep up the litter he had made upon her bright bars.

He is visited by some of his college friends, who, between ourselves, do not appear to have gained much by going there. I'm sure I never saw a set of persons that seemed less likely to get on in the world. I treat them with civility, though in my heart I cannot like them, and when one of them thought to please me by telling me of the honour Jack had gained as a wrangler, I couldn't help saying, it's a pity the heads of houses don't keep the young gentlemen to their books, instead of encouraging them to wrangle and dispute with one another. They ought to

be ashamed of themselves for allowing such goings on in an English university.

Now Mr. Editor the question is this: What is to be done with the young man? That he is a genius is beyond a doubt, for none but a genius would commit such mistakes as he commits every day of his life. I must say it would be a pity for one of his education, that knows so well how to measure Latin and Greek verses, to stand behind a counter measuring silks and satins, which he would most likely do by far too well for his own profit. He only seems fit for two things, one is to set up for a Conjuror, which would bring disgrace upon his honest and industrious family, and would break his poor mother's heart. The other is to turn Author, by which I am told as much can be earned as will find him in books, clothes, and washing, and as for his board and lodging, it shall go hard but I will provide them in my life-time; and after my decease, between ourselves, he will have no great occasion to fag, for I shall leave him whole and sole, &c.

Yours to command.

THE TEAR OF JOY.

'Tis not when idle mirth has led
The wanton mind, and thought is fled,
That ever from the eye is shed
The Tear of Joy.

When rising from the couch of pain,
A long lov'd friend shall health regain,
What feeling heart can then restrain
The Tear of Joy?

To those who pine in deep despair,
Should fate a milder aspect wear,
With what delight the mourners share
The Tear of Joy.

Ye exiles from your native land
When you approach the welcome strand,
Will not the long wish'd sight demand
The Tear of Joy?

Then friendship's dearest ties are found
Renew'd, as kindest greetings sound,
And from each glist'ning eye goes round
The Tear of Joy.

If 'mid the sailor's anxious fears
From the dark heavens the tempest clears,
Then on each grateful face appears
The Tear of Joy.

When the soft bliss the bosom knows
That unexpected hope bestows,
Then from the eye unbidden flows
The Tear of Joy.

ON GRAY'S ELEGY, WITH ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

THE following stanzas originally formed part of "The Elegy," and appeared in the first copy. As they are not generally known, and have been omitted in nearly every succeeding copy of that beautiful poem, they may perhaps prove new to some of its numerous readers. In pathos, elegance, and placid beauty, they are by no means inferior to those which the poet afterward composed and substituted.

After the verse

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way,

followed

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the great, and idolize success,
But more, to innocence their safety owe
Than pow'r, or genius, e'er conspired to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in those notes their artless tale relate,
By night, and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In *still small* accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequestered vale of life,
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

Here the author originally intended the poem to conclude, before the felicitous idea of the "hoary headed swain," suggested itself to his imagination. The third stanza excites in the mind that peculiar and pensive pleasure which can only be truly felt at the scene, and at the hour which the poet has chosen for the subject of his moral song. The "sacred calm," entrances the imagination, and the "*still small accents*," even yet vibrate in our ears. The close of day heightens the beauty of the scene, and the solemn lesson which imparts itself to every mind in the silence which reigns in these chambers of death, is worth many long homilies. Of the two following stanzas, the first, describing the evening, would have been properly inserted in the poem, as morning and noon are mentioned. For after

To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

originally followed

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done;
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

After the line

Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn,

the following beautiful stanza was originally inserted, but afterward omitted, as it made the parenthesis too long :-

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

In the "Relics of Literature," an American writer observes, that "the celebrated Elegy in a Church-yard, by Gray, is well known, and justly admired by every one who has the least pretensions to taste. But with all its polish, and deep poetic beauty and feeling, it always appeared to me to be defective, and I have met with a remark in Cecil's Remains, to the same effect. Amid a scene so well calculated to awaken in a pious mind, reflections on the sublime truths and inspiring hopes of Christianity, Gray, with the exception of two or three somewhat equivocal expressions, says scarcely a word which might not have been said by one who believed that death was an eternal sleep, and who was disposed to regard the humble tenants of those tombs as indeed 'Each in his narrow cell for ever laid.' With these views I have regretted, that sentiments similar to the following had not sprung up in the heart, and received the exquisite touches of the classic pen of Gray. I do not offer them to *supply* the deficiency. This would be as presumptuous and hopeless an attempt as that of the English artists to repair the mutilations which time or accident had occasioned among the inimitable relics of Grecian genius. They might with great propriety have followed the stanza, beginning

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,"

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame ;
But truth divine, sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer,
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charm'd the evening air.

Though they,—each tome of human lore unknown—
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters, day by day ;
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly passed
The heavy hand of all-destroying time,
Through whose low mouldering aisles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb ;

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy sabbath shone,
The mingled tribute of their prayer and praise,
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

Here from those honoured lips, which sacred fire
From heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

When life flowed by, and like an angel, death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still, on each expiring breath
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their 'dust to dust' consign;
With quiet tears the simple rites are said,
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine
The earth and ocean render up their dead."

The remarks are in general just, and the poetry is elegant and pathetic ; but it may be observed, that Gray, in the line " Each in his narrow cell for ever laid," did not obviously mean to inculcate a doctrine of " eternal sleep," but rather to notice the calm and peaceful life of a village peasant, and the cessation of its duties, its pleasures, and its hopes, as regarded a mortal existence, in the sleep of death. Thus Warton,

And when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar
As studious still, calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

THE HAMLET.

Poets have in every age amused themselves in depicting that forgetfulness of ills to be found in the grave.

Ἄλλὰ με τεθνεῶτα χυτὴ καταγαῖα καλύπτει,
Πρὶν γ' ἐτι σῆς τε βοῆς σου θ' ἐλκηθμοῖο πυθεσθαι.

HOM. II. Z. 464.

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay,
Thy Hector wrapt in *everlasting sleep*,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

POPE.

Yet the Greeks of that age believed in futurity ; in Elysium and in Tartarus, nor did the father of poetry mean to teach the doctrine of eternal forgetfulness.

Φ.

HEARNE'S PRAYER.

THE following curious prayer by that celebrated Antiquary, is a singular instance of the power of the ruling passion.

" O most gracious and worshipful Lord God, wonderful in thy providence, I return all possible thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with signal instances of this thy providence, and one act yesterday when I unexpectedly met *with three old MSS.*; for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake."—*Letters from the Bodleian*. vol. i. p. 118.

FREDERIC MORLAND. 2 vols. 12mo. G & W. B. Whittaker.

"The circumstances which he" (the author of these volumes) "has detailed are, almost in every particular, such as have occurred in real life; and the sketches of human manners and pursuits, which are mixed with the events of the narrative, will be recognised by many as of characters still figuring on the stage of life, and that they are not mere fanciful delineations of the state of society in this country and on the continent."—PREFACE.

It has been remarked, and truly, that the Preface, though placed first, is usually the last written portion of every work. The author has, therefore, no excuse if he fails of giving a correct account of his labours. His book is finished; and as he, of all men, ought best to know the contents of it, so he ought to be careful in exhibiting them correctly.

Applying this rule to the above extract from the Preface to Frederic Morland, we anticipated sketches of some of our public men, drawn so faithfully as to be readily acknowledged by the reader; and, as interesting scenes copied from real life, possess a truth and force rarely to be found in those of mere fiction, we expected a gratification of the highest kind in perusing these volumes.

That the scenes are taken from real life we can readily believe, because, with the exception of some anomalies, which a very little attention to the nature of the circumstances narrated would have prevented, they are such as occur every day. A worthy and learned minister of the kirk of Scotland fails of obtaining a parish, but succeeds to the mastership of the parochial school: his talents and acquirements, accompanied by that modesty which is generally attendant on real merit, gain him the esteem of his neighbours; and he receives among his pupils a few boarders of a higher rank in life than are often found in such seminaries. Frederic Morland, the *protégé* of Sir Hector Holdfast, of Steckit Park, is of the number,—a lively, intelligent, and, upon the whole, a promising youth. After passing some years with the Rev. Mr. Drinkwater, he receives Sir H. Holdfast's orders to repair to the university of Edinburgh, there to prosecute his studies, and the sum of fifty pounds to defray the expenses of his journey thither. With this sum, which seems far too great for such a purpose, especially from the purse of a miser, such as Sir Hector is represented to be, he is suffered to leave the worthy schoolmaster to *walk* to the university. Thus an inexperienced youth is literally turned adrift on the world, without any guide, and with a sum in his pocket to which he must have been quite unused, and which he is of course quite unprepared to manage. As might be expected, he becomes a dupe, and meets with adventures, the most interesting of which is that of saving a young lady of great beauty from being drowned. This lady's name he cannot discover; we expected to find her the heroine of the tale; but though he afterward catches a glimpse of her, she immediately disappears to be seen no more.

He passes his time at the university very advantageously: he diligently pursues his studies, and makes great literary improvement, until he receives his protector's commands to travel, and letters of introduction to foreign houses, with credit to "*a very large amount.*" This seems very inconsistent with the injunction given him when he first repaired to

Edinburgh, to live there with *great economy*, though quite in unison with the extravagant sum remitted to defray his travelling expenses to that seat of learning. With similar inconsistency this youth, who is distressed to learn who are his kindred, and why Sir Hector takes an interest in his behalf, sets off on the tour of Europe, with a valet, in his own travelling equipage, but without any tutor. Accident provides him with one in the person of Dangerfield, a smuggler, who, by offering him a passage to Rotterdam on board his ship, induces him to embark with him. A storm, and an engagement with a revenue cutter, in which the smuggler is captured, follow; and this is by far the most interesting part of the whole work.

"There was little need of eloquence on the part of the leader to inspirit his men for the approaching rencontre; besides the uncommon confidence they reposed in him, their situation and habits of life had endowed them with an ample sufficiency of physical courage. They had all likewise an interest more or less in the present adventure, and though like their commander, they would have preferred the unmolested possession of their property, like him too they were fully determined not to sacrifice it without a desperate struggle. Dutchmen too are generally good sailors, and most of the party in the present instance had not neglected to fortify themselves for their anticipated exertions, with moderate drafts of spirit-stirring beverage, of which they had on board a copious supply. Dangerfield, immediately after his short address to his crew, went down into the cabin to Morland, whom he had not banished from his recollection; and for whom, notwithstanding the deception he had practised upon him in the first instance, it is probable he really entertained as much regard as could be expected from a man of such a character. He stated to our hero the exact circumstances in which they were placed, but assured him at the same time, that he himself entertained no apprehensions respecting the event, and that he had no doubt all would yet be well. He did not wait for Frederic's reply, but saying that the present circumstances made it impossible for him to be absent for a moment, he left the youth, and went to rejoin his crew. In the mean time, the cutter had arrived within reach of the guns of the smuggler, which, under the directions of her commander, who had expressly ordered no discharges to be made, till they should be capable of doing execution, instantly began to return with great briskness the fire of her antagonist, so that the action might be considered as commenced. The cannonade was maintained with great spirit on both sides, but the superiority in guns, and complement of men on the side of the cutter, as well as her lightness and greater facility of manœuvring, gave her a decided advantage in this part of the attack over the comparatively unwieldy brig, and enabled her gradually to keep nearing her approaches till the long guns of the latter had become nearly useless. It was evidently the design of the revenue vessel to attempt boarding, as the superior weight of the brig rendered it next to impossible to make an impression upon her in any other manner, sufficient to ensure complete success. This plan Dangerfield had calculated upon, and his arrangements for counteracting it were admirable; indeed the judicious dispositions he had made for baffling the efforts of the enemy, seemed almost to divest his confidence as to the result, of any tinge of presumption. He had distributed his hands in the best manner possible, in three divisions, under himself, the mate and the boatswain, and had stationed them respectively at the stern, midship, and ahead, armed with the musketry and handspikes; and in this position they awaited the impending onset of their adversaries. The cutter meanwhile put up her helm, and bore boldly down upon the smuggler, continuing to pour in a most destructive fire as she advanced, by which the mizenmast of her opponent went by the board, and at length lay his broadside to, right under the heavy quarters of the brig. A number of her crew, some on the side of the cutter, some in the chains and rigging, then threw out the grappling-irons, which they held ready for the purpose, and succeeded in making the two vessels fast to each other. The combat now changed its nature, and became desperate in the extreme. The crew of the cutter strained every nerve to board the smuggler, whose towering quarters and appalling height were rendered still

more formidable by the manner in which the bales had been piled along her quarter railing. The first who attempted the daring feat of climbing up were sent down almost instantly by a volley of musketry, and two of the number killed. This failure did not, however, retard the prosecution of the attack; on the contrary, it served rather to exasperate than to daunt the assailants. They well knew their superior numbers, as well as the advantage this circumstance would give them in protracting the present slaughterous contest, and felt confident of ultimate success; but their recent check had both taught them to estimate the opposition they were to expect, and the necessity of caution and a judicious application of their means to enable them to overcome it. The boarding party were therefore formed into three detachments, one of whom scrambled round to the stern windows; but here they found all surprise effectually guarded against by the dead-lights being put up, and were consequently obliged, though a most perilous endeavour, to attempt climbing up her quarter. A second division from the foremast boldly scaled the bows, in spite of the manner in which every entrance was fortified; while the third, led by the captain of the cutter himself, pushed their way up the main chains to the scene of action. By means of these arrangements, though the boarders sustained immense loss before they could obtain a firm footing, they finally succeeded in rendering the deck of the brig the arena of the conflict, which raged with terrible fury, and for a long time with nearly equal success. The smugglers seemed to compensate by their determined ferocity for their inferior numbers, and might have rendered the issue of the engagement doubtful, had not Dangerfield, while performing prodigies of valour, received a pistol shot in the knee, and immediately falling on his back, his crew in the confusion of the fight imagined him to be killed. The supposed fate of their leader struck a panic into the whole band, and, for the moment, paralyzed their efforts. Their adversaries perceived their advantage, and availing themselves of it, pressed their success with such vigour, that in a short time victory crowned their exertions, and three loud cheers announced the good fortune of the cutter and the surrender of her antagonist."

Morland is then sent to prison, but upon examination before a magistrate, he so far exculpates himself from any guilty connexion with those in whose company he had been captured, that he is sent to Rotterdam, with a recommendation to the magistrate there, to set him at liberty. This person, Von Essendorf, is disposed to treat him with great severity, but on examining his papers, finds amongst them a letter addressed to himself. On opening it he discovers it to be an introduction from his old friend, Sir Hector Holdfast. He immediately releases him from captivity, and inviting him to his own house, treats him very hospitably during his stay in Rotterdam. Morland resolves to visit the Rhine before he enters France: he is overtaken by a storm, and in seeking shelter from it, enters a cave occupied by conspirators, who treat him respectfully, and dismiss him very frankly. He goes to Paris, where, in the house and at the *coterie* of a lady of the *haut ton* there, he is plundered of fifty Louis. His conduct in this vortex of gaiety and dissipation is marked by a degree of caution and prudence far beyond his years and experience; yet through some channel, which is never explained, Sir Hector receives an unfavourable report of his conduct, and orders his steward to remit him one hundred pounds, and inform him that it is the last supply he will receive from that quarter, and that in future he must provide his own resources. Morland returns to London, and tries to obtain the means of support by writing for the stage and the press. He fails in both; and when reduced to the last extremity, he receives a letter from Sir Hector's steward, announcing the death of his master, who in his last will and testament declares Morland to be his legitimate son, and heir to all his property, amounting to ten thousand pounds a year in land, besides large sums in the funds.

Several other characters are introduced, but it would be difficult to assign any other reason for their appearance, than that they are needful to extend the tale to the customary length; they are in no respect essential either to involve or unfold the plot, if plot indeed can be said to exist. Morland's curiosity induces him to make a visit in disguise to Steckit Park, before he quits Scotland to enter on his tour. We cannot discover any motive for this incident, except it be to shew that the smuggler, Dangerfield, was occasionally a visitant there, but for what purpose we are equally unable to comprehend.

The author carefully avoids all common names, always resorting to the childish and ridiculous plan of making the name suit the person. The poor schoolmaster is Mr. Drinkwater; the fat incumbent, Mr. Thumpitwell; the smuggler, Dangerfield; the gambler, Roguwell; the poet, Anapæst; and so on throughout the characters.

FERALIA.

The Feralia was a festival in honour of the dead, observed at Rome the 17th or 21st of February. It continued for eleven days, during which time presents were carried to the graves of the deceased, marriages were forbidden, and the temples of the gods were shut. It was universally believed, that the manes of their departed friends came and hovered over their graves, and feasted upon the provisions that the hand of piety and affection had procured for them. Their punishments, it was believed, were also suspended, and during that time they enjoyed rest and liberty. Lucian, in his accustomed manner, ridicules these ceremonies of the religion of his age. See Magnet, No. 2, p. 26.

NEWTONIAN MSS.

It is perhaps not generally known, that Sir Isaac Newton left an immense number of MSS. for publication, of which the family of the Earl of Portsmouth have the care, and not one of which have been published. "It is astonishing," says Dr. Charles Hutton, in his Mathematical Dictionary, "what care and industry Sir Isaac had employed on the papers relating to chronology, church history, &c.; as, on examining the papers themselves (MSS.), which are in the possession of the family of the Earl of Portsmouth, it appears that many of them are copies over and over again, often with little or no variation; the whole number being upwards of four thousand sheets in folio, or eight reams of folio paper." In the Relics of Literature a catalogue is given of these MSS., which is in many parts incorrect.

ETYMOLOGY OF AUGURY.

"Must not a man be very thoroughly possessed by the demon of etymology (observes a witty writer) to say with Pezron and others, that the Roman word *augurium* came from the Celtic words *au* and *gur*? According to these learned men, *au* must, among the Basques and Bas-Bretons, have signified the liver; because *asu*, which (say they) signified left, doubtless stood for the liver, which is on the right side; and *gur* meant man, or yellow or red, in that Celtic tongue of which we have not one memorial. Truly this is powerful reasoning."

POMPEII.

NUMEROUS as are the tribe of rival *oramas* which now obtrude themselves upon the notice of the public, the Panorama still holds a decided superiority. The Panorama, in my humble opinion, is more full of beauty and interest, than any other exhibition of the same class: *there*, in imagination, you may witness the confusion and strife of battle;—travel through the frozen regions of the north;—mingle among the gay, fantastic groups of the Venetian Carnival,—and revel beneath the warm skies, and amidst the romantic scenery of the south. The impressions received from the Panorama of Pompeii are of a more melancholy cast: the prevailing air of desolation is completely infectious: and memory heightens the gloom, by calling to mind the grandeur of the Grecian and Roman empires, now, alas! faded and obscured for ever.

The remains of a triumphal arch, with fragments of its former splendour still adhering to it, and the shade cast from the broken columns in the adjoining temple of Jupiter, are extremely natural. After dwelling on the ruins of the Forum, with its temples and public edifices, the eye is relieved by gazing on the grand encircling range of mountains, among which towers Vesuvius, in eruption. A few specimens of painting may be seen still clinging to the dilapidated walls: that of Bacchus and Silenus is amazingly perfect, and the colours extraordinarily vivid. The site of Stabia, with the spot where the elder Pliny fell a victim to his generous exertions for the relief of the wretched Pompeians, cannot fail of exciting particular interest in the eyes of every classical observer. Mr. Barker has very judiciously guarded against introducing too many figures; they would have been incompatible with the general tenor of the scene. We have, however, one of our favourite groups; peasants celebrating a festival;—the air seems to recede from the figures, as they wheel round in the dance; the sun is breaking through the light foliage of the vines, from which the ripe grapes hang in tempting clusters. It would be needless here to give an account of the history of Pompeii, and of the benefits which have resulted to modern science from its important discovery: a full account of those matters is given in the explanatory book: I shall only remark, that but one-eighth of the ruins has hitherto been excavated; the observer may from hence form an idea of the once flourishing condition of this ill-fated city.

B.

JEALOUSY.

To doubt's an injury; to suspect a friend
Is breach of friendship. Jealousy's a seed
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive.

OLD PLAY.

Jealousy's a noble crime,
'Tis the high pulse of passion in a fever;
A sickly drought, but shews a burning thirst.

Do.—AMPHITRION.

TWENTY-FOUR EXERCISES FOR ONE OR TWO FLUTES, in all the Sharp and Flat Keys.—By Alexander Howship, Professor of the Flute. The Author, 12, Denzell Street, Clare Market.

THESE exercises are constructed upon a novel and improved plan, and the practice of them is better calculated to promote a perfect knowledge of the German flute, than that of any other set of Exercises that we ever met with. They are arranged in all the different sharp and flat, major, and relative minor keys, commencing with the most easy, and gradually proceeding to the more difficult. The exercises in each of the several keys are preceded by a key note, gamut, and a short prelude, which greatly assist the student in "fingering," before he proceeds to practise the exercises themselves.

Unlike the common run of musical exercises, those before us do not consist of "flat, stale, and unprofitable" studies; but all of them are compositions of such merit and beauty, as cannot fail to cultivate the taste of the pupil, at the same time that they conduce to a mechanical knowledge and mastery of the German flute. It is evident that the Author is practically acquainted with the powers and susceptibilities of the delightful instrument which he professes to teach: and he has obviously bestowed great attention in composing and arranging the present publication. It will, we doubt not, prove of essential service to those who wish to excel in the agreeable recreation and accomplishment of performing on the flute.

INTERNAL GREATNESS OF ATHENS UNDER PERICLES.

TRAGEDY, but lately a rude ceremonial, had been elevated by Æschylus to the most heroic dignity, and softened by Sophocles into the most harmonious sweetness. Painters, who had attained the noblest purity in design, and the freest grace in outline, were employed to adorn the places of assembly with the forms of illustrious heroes. Sculpture had sprung to life at the magic touch of Phidias, and rendered every part of the city august and venerable by the breathing shapes of warriors and deities. At the head of a number of consummate artists, whom his noble works had excited to excellence, Phidias was engaged by Pericles in rearing and adorning temples, of which the smallest portions still excite the utmost delight and wonder. The imagination can conceive nothing more glorious than this city—its halls and temples, all of the most beautiful materials, and most exquisite workmanship—the dazzling whiteness of its buildings, relieved by trees of the freshest green—the multitude of statues, disposed with the finest taste, each limb and feature of which might hold the gazer in breathless delight;—and all its far-outstretching crowd of domes and columns, overhung by a sky of the deepest blue, and connected by a noble line of fortresses, with the free and sparkling ocean! Yet still more worthy of admiration were the actors on this gorgeous scene—Poets almost the inventors as well as the perfectors of their art. Orators endowed with power to sway the passions at will—and a race of freemen, fresh from a triumph over millions! Unhappily, corruption was insensibly making way amidst this throng of noble spirits; too soon to destroy the energies which they lived to inspire. But we cannot dwell on the short-lived greatness of Athens, without feeling a triumph that earth has known a grandeur so stately, and a beauty so exquisite, even when those principles of truth and virtue, by which alone they could be rendered lasting, were but imperfectly understood.

W.

THE GERMAN IN ITALY.

SOME years ago, a German Prince making the tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was at the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women full of those delicious spirits, that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by this illustrious stranger, to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city; and every night to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning drew nigh, it was the custom to return from the water, to sup at some of the houses of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but as his intimacy increased, he could not help observing the lurking vanity of the Italians. One of its most frequent exhibitions, was in the little dramas that wound up their stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast between the Italian and the German, some slight aspersion on Teutonic rudeness, or some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of southern manners. As the sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humour, it was obvious that the only retaliation must be a good-natured and humorous one. When the Prince was on the point of taking leave, he invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italians, and above all of the Venetians, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity, upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my Lords," said he, rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours must not be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give you one of our country; if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid *suite* of a Venetian villa: to the hall which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced at first universal surprise, and next a universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up—the surprise rose into loud laughter, even amongst the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched irregular street, scarcely lighted by a single lamp, and looking the fit haunt for robbery and assassination. On a narrower view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own city. But the play was on a German story, and they were under a German roof. The street, notwithstanding its similitude, was of course German. The street was for a time unpeopled; but at length a traveller, a German, with pistols in his belt, and apparently exhausted with fatigue, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down upon the fragment of a monument, and thus soliloquized:—"Well, here I have come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety.

Well, it can't be helped. A German does not much care, campaigning has hardened effeminacy amongst us. Loneliness is not so well unless a man can labour or read. Read, that's true, come out Zimmerman." He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had been till now the only actor. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A tall light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment at his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned, they were lifted up to Heaven, with the strongest expressions of astonishment. The German was weary, his head soon drooped over his book, and he closed it. "What," said he, rising and stretching himself, "is there no one stirring yet in this comfortless place—is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly, the repeater was eyed in its turn; but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled his pale, intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German; "in my country half the world would be going to their day's-work by this time; in another hour it will be sun-rise. Well then, you nation of sleepers, I'll do you a service, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols and fired it. The attendant form still hovering behind him, had looked curiously on the pistol; but on its going off, it started back in terror, and uttered a loud cry, that made the traveller start. "Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder. "I will not hurt you," was the answer. "Who care's about that?" was the retort, and he pulled out the other pistol. "My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot hurt me now; but if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers." "Well then," said the German, in a gentler tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you all the information in my power: it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love or learn." The former sighed deeply, and murmured, "And yet you are a German; but you were just reading a case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?" "No, it was a printed book?" "Printing, what is printing? I never heard but of writing." "It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness and beauty; by which, books are universal, and literature eternal." "Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer, "who was its illustrious inventor?" "A German!" "But, another question, I saw you look at a most curious instrument, traced with figures, it sparkled with diamonds; but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the sounds were followed with tones superior to the sweetest music of my day." "That was a repeater!" "How! when I had the luxuries of the world at my command, I had nothing better to tell the hour with, than a clepsydra, or a sun-dial. But this must be invaluable, from its facility of being carried about. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? he must be more than human." "He was a German!" "What, still a barba-

rian! I remember his nation: I once saw a legion of them marching towards Rome—they were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop—the whole city poured out to see them; but we looked on them as so many gallant savages. I have only one more question to ask you. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were those thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come at your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre, commanding the elements? Are you a god?" The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually, as his feelings rose. His curiosity was now turned into solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upwards, in an attitude expressive of mingled awe and astonishment. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself, as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale grey in the East that tinged the stranger's visage, with a chill light; the moon resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind, and the figure seemed as if standing in the orb; its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through between them, with the mild splendour of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of the miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, either for good or ill," said the form. "How it must change the nature of war! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon earth?" "A German." The form seemed suddenly to enlarge—its feebleness of voice was gone—its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command; its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged in a deep border of purple; a slight wreath, like laurel, of a dazzling green, was on its brow; it looked like the Genius of Eloquence. "Stranger," said he, pointing to the Appenines, which were beginning to be marked with twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. I was then triumphant, and was honored as the great leading mind of the intellectual empire of the world: but I knew nothing of these things; I was a child to you. Has not Italy been still the mistress of the mind? Shew me *her* noble inventions. I must soon sink into the earth—let me learn still to love my country." The listener started back, exclaiming, "Who, and what are you?" "I am the spirit of an ancient Roman. Shew me by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind." The German looked embarrassed; but, in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from whence the interruption came; a ragged figure tottered out, with a barrel-organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. The spirit uttered, with a sigh, "Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against the wall! Fine, Madam Catalani dance upon de ground. Who come for de galantee show?" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. The spirit raised his broad gaze to Heaven—"These the

men of my country! these the poets, the orators, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse has fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; a sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood; a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone.

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The Prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and were beyond the Venetian territory before sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

HISTORICAL FABLES.

THE Laplanders have been represented by some authors as being overgrown with shaggy hair like wild beasts. Others have given them but one eye; but these are fables which those authors seem to have borrowed from Herodotus and Pliny, and in no way applicable to the Laplanders, or any race of people upon the face of the earth. The origin of this story of people overgrown with hair, who had but one eye, like the Cyclops, is as old or older than the time when Herodotus wrote his history. He speaks of certain Cyclops called Anmaspi, inhabiting the northern parts, who waged perpetual war with dragons or griffins, in possession of mines of gold.* The notion of these Cyclops is supposed to have arisen from the interpretation of the Scythian word *Anmaspos*, which signifies one eye. It has been thought by some, that the Anmaspi were a Tartar nation, into whose country the Chinese (whose ensign is a dragon or griffin) made frequent inroads for the purpose of seeking for gold, which they carried away with them. As to the peculiarity of the natives of Lapponia in respect to hairiness, it has been supposed to allude to their wearing furs in the winter for an outer garment. Herodotus likewise speaks of men, who, at particular seasons, were changed into wolves. This certainly had no other foundation than in the depraved fancies or impositions of sorcerers, who pretend to a power of transforming themselves into wolves, and perhaps to carry on the deception, disguised themselves in the skins of those animals. This belief has remained to later ages, and has left its name behind it, being called *werewolf*, by the Germans *währwolf*, and by the French *loup garou*.

ACERBI'S TRAVELS.

* Thus Milton, who accommodates the word to the metre:

As when a griffin through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspi, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold.

PAR. LOST, b. II

THE ENVIRONS OF GENEVA.

FROM the summit of the Jura, a height of some thousand feet, is seen as a garden, the heavenly country that surrounds Geneva and its silver lake; with the gigantic Alps rearing their heads in the distance.

The view opens to the traveller on a sudden, and there is not in the world a grander *coup d'œil*. It is like being suspended in the air, looking down on the garden of Eden, which never in my most extravagant fancy seemed more enchanting. I exclaimed at once—"If there's a heaven on earth, I see it now." The recollection of Milton's Satan when he first viewed our little world forcibly struck me.

The lake is beautifully clear and transparent; it reflects as a faithful mirror the surrounding scenery; the Rhone which traverses it from east to west, full fifty miles, may be traced in its whole course by the different hue of its waters. The town of Geneva is delightfully situated on the western extremity of the lake, and through it the Rhone gushes in two clear streams, and resumes its rapid course towards the Mediterranean.

What can excel the delight afforded by a sailing excursion on the tranquil surface of the lake, in the oblique rays of a declining sun! the cloudless sky, the pure unruffled air, the verdant bank, sloping to the water's edge, the vineyards that ornament the rising ground, the innumerable villas, their flowery gardens, which seem stolen from the lake, the rich appearance of the country around, even to the tremendous mountains that form a barrier designed by nature to shut in this little paradise from the rest of the world, their heads covered, with snows during the greater part of the summer, as if to shew an agreeable freshness on the glowing bosom of the valley, the hoary crest of Mount Blanc, grey with eternal snows, standing like a venerable patriarch amidst his numerous offspring of many generations—all these combine in finishing a picture, which none but the pencil of nature could design.

VEDO.

PARISIAN ON DITS.

THERE is nothing new at our great theatres; the people are too busy at the elections to attend to other things.

An interesting volume, composed during a residence of some years at Rome, has made its appearance, under the title of *Tablettes Romaines*. It contains many amusing anecdotes. The author appears to be both a wit and a philosopher. The following is one of the anecdotes:—

"After Napoleon had married Marie Louise, he appeared dissatisfied that Canova (who was very intimate with him) did not compliment him; "*Puis je vous feliciter* (rejoined Canova), *d'avoir fait divorce avec la fortune?*"

A new Romance from the pen of a lady, of which report speaks highly, will soon appear, entitled "*Le Mulatre*."

Lady Morgan's *Life of Salvator Rosa* has been translated and published here.

The last picture at the Diorama is painted by Mr. Da Guerre: it represents the ruins of the chapel at Holyrood-house, of which it affords a very favourable idea. The picture is full of spirit; the effect is natural, and altogether it is very much admired.



A DISSERTATION ON CLOAKS.

(For the benefit of the hoodwinked.)

SURELY the goddess of fashion was in one of her most accommodating and most economical moods when she sanctioned the importation of the roquelaure, and the revival of cloaks for walking gentlemen. It is rather surprising, that she who delights in disguises, and performs such wonders by means of concealment, should ever have suffered an age to pass by unmuffled and uncloaked. That she who, in Rome, presided over the ample draperies of senators, and arranged the folds of the imperial purple, should, in England, have connived at such scanty and pitiful mantles, as half-covered and half-revealed the lank figures of the bare-boned Puritans. At a subsequent period, however, even when the garment had dwindled still less, she did well to abolish it altogether, on discovering to what base uses it might be prostituted by such malignant spirits as Guy Faux and his confederates, in cloaks and combustibles. But a quarantine of some ages duration having, in a manner, bleached out the shade cast upon it, by the dark lantern, so nefariously concealed under it, a license seems to have been recently issued for its restoration, and accordingly, cloaks of all sorts have, for the last two or three winters, been spreading far and wide, until they have obtained that happy universality which renders them come-at-able by persons of all conditions: from him who can order one with linings of fur and scarlet, and gorgeous trappings, in St. James's-street, to him who is at his wits' end to muster a sum sufficient to pay for one, without lining or trappings, in the purlieus of Monmouth-street, or Rosemary-lane.

The best of it is, that the most shabby-genteel gentleman in town is able, when enveloped in his roquelaure—which, like gentle charity, covereth a multitude of defects—to keep pace with those of most exquisite apparel: the one wearing it to conceal, the other to preserve, their under garments. Mr. Wilkins declares, that if the cloaks had not come into vogue, just at the critical season they did, he should long since have been left without a single acquaintance, and have been turned away from the doors of that public office at which he has been dancing attendance for the last two seasons, for the purpose of ascertaining, if the post, which he has been a long time expecting, is yet vacant. Far distant is the day since I beheld the poor applicant without a cloak, or

could discover what he wears beneath it. The collar is carefully closed, and raised as high as his cheek-bones; for poor Mr. W. is troubled with a perpetual face-ache; the cape is never unbuttoned; as his lungs are exceedingly delicate—and the skirt is prevented from flying open, by a trusty hook and eye, a little below the knee; the wearer being, according to his own account, of a temper so irritable and furious, that when he formerly suffered his train to flow behind him, and it was constantly getting entangled with the trains of other passengers, he as constantly got embroiled in quarrels and affrays.

The shapes and species of cloaks are multiplied beyond enumeration, and multiform beyond description. The most general favourite seems to be the *cloak martial*. This very nearly resembles that comprehensive habiliment which, at once, protects the armour of the life guards, and the loins of their horses, from the effects of wet weather. It is a close imitation of this warlike covering, that has so taken the fancy of the city clerks and shopmen, as to give the bridges over which they pass, and the suburban roads along which they march, in their daily progress to and from their peaceful desks and counters,—the appearance of military stations, visited and inspected at stated periods of the day, by so many warriors and chieftains in disguise. And then the sudden and rapid advance of some, who, in the midst of their stateliness hear the town clocks announce the hour which their punctual principals consider high time for all diligent young men to be mounted on a stool, with a pen in their hand—and the precipitate retreat of others in the evening, who have been detained at business, by some curmudgeonly cit, till after the period fixed for the assembly of the “Pancras’ free and easy,” or the “Shacklewell pic-nic”—are movements which must have inspired not a little alarm and agitation, in the breasts of those, whose locality compels them to witness such marchings and counter-marchings, and whose property lies in the vicinity of these redoubtable operations. For my part, I have no danger to apprehend, living in a corner, far remote from the seat of war, and having little cause to be alarmed for the security of my possessions. Still I must take the liberty of requesting, that the officers of this *corps*, when despatched with Christmas accounts, or commissioned on the *dunning* service, will deport themselves as gently as their dignity will permit, and so as not to increase the horrors of the disagreeable duty in which they are engaged, by any gratuitous impertinence, or wanton cruelty of their own. The other day, just as I was sitting down to dinner in a coffee-room, its two swinging doors were thrown open with a bounce, and there entered a tall figure, enveloped in the cloak martial, accoutred with Wellington boots and clanking spurs, holding in his hand a fearful bludgeon, and wearing on his head a fur travelling cap with a glittering gold tassel.* The waiters seemed petrified—a *gourmand* who sat before me, and who had, up to that awful moment, eaten with such laborious avidity, as to produce a perspiration on his forehead, arrested his uplifted fork, charged with a morsel of savoury venison, and without closing his expectant mouth, paused to gaze upon the mysterious stranger. Reckless of the commotion he had excited, that haughty personage made his way to the bar, at the farther end of the room, and there, in an effeminate tone, which must have been inaudible, but for the silence which his appearance had obtained, was heard to inform mine host, that Messieurs Pipe and Sloe would feel particularly obliged by the immediate settlement of their last account. As soon as this notable

* See Vignette, p. 113.

message was pronounced, the *gourmand* knit his brows, and consigned the suspended morsel to its destination—the general business of refec-tion was resumed—and the intruder either departed, or remained in peace, though it was not worth any body's while to notice what really did become of him.

The *cloak pedantic* is remarkable for the number of its plaits and the amplitude of its cape, which descends upon the arms of the wearer, in a form closely resembling the gowns of clergymen and lawyers; besides serving, at the same time, to conceal the natural insignificance of the wearer. This is a great favourite with those gentlemen of grave aspect, and solemn carriage, who seem at every step to solve a problem; and who, disdaining to notice the vulgar people and objects through which they pass, possess just as many *sensible* ideas when they first set out, as they do at the conclusion of their perambulations. Sometimes they pause to collect their wandering thoughts and flowing draperies, and to ensconce themselves still more securely. Anon, they quicken their pace, swing their arms about most emphatically, and produce as much rustling as a high wind in a forest. I cannot charge them with any overt in-stances of fraud or folly; since, if ever they pass for wise men in the esti-mation of the simple, or are mistaken for bishops and judges, by rustics and children, the imposition is harmless, and chiefly attributable to the shallowness of the dupe.

The *cloak romantic* is long and flowing, and is more susceptible of varied and picturesque disposition than any other habit of modern adop-tion: allowing, as it does, one shoulder to be bare, and the other to be invested with a manifold covering, it effectually secures the latter from every inclemency of the weather; though it must be conceded, that the former is rather unfairly dealt with, by its entire exposure. One corner of the cloak may be carried in the hand, and from time to time, may be flung behind the back, whenever it becomes expedient to assume a con-sequential air, or a striking attitude—to overawe the insignificant, or to captivate a leering fair one. For these and many other good reasons, this species of cloak is decidedly the best, for lovers, authors, theatrical candidates, subjects of portrait painters, and all who desire to exhibit an elegant slovenliness, or a dignified eccentricity.

The *cloak serviceable* is an article of female apparel. It is that com-fortable garb which benevolence wraps round the cold and naked, form-ing a portable shelter for “the houseless child of want,” and a covert to the palsied and decrepit, from the piercing winter wind. This is the cloak which when new, is the holiday pride, and when old, the every-day wear, of the rustic matron; which the Irish peasant girls contrive to render one of the most becoming, and bewitching dresses in the world; and in the capacious hood of which is “scope and verge enough” for the infant progeny of beggars, gypsies, wanderers, and haymakers.

The *cloak irresistible* belongs to the ladies, by whom it has been worn, on and off, for many generations; notwithstanding, it has been latterly revived, with fresh lustre, under the title of the new French silk cloak. The effects produced by its graceful folds, when negligently falling upon the shoulders of a beauty, at the opera; or, when closed at the throat, it guards the neck of some fashionable fair as she takes her morning drive, are truly triumphant. The Marquis of G—— was taken captive by, he knows not whom, as she sat in a peach-blossom, at Catalani's first re-ap-

pearance; and Sir T. F—— was totally overcome by a little brunette in a puce, of whom he only caught a glimpse, as her victorious chariot whirled into Hanover-square. But while I admit the wonderful success of this elegant habiliment, it is but fair to say, that I have no reason to owe it any remarkably good will, but rather the contrary. My second cousin, Miss Barbara Merton, was tenant for life to some estates which were bequeathed to her, and the heirs of her body, or in default thereof, to that branch of the family to which I have the honour to belong. Now, in her youthful days, Barbara was desirous of marrying for her own gratification; and to bring about her wishes, she left no device untried: but my grandmother wishing to secure the property for her own posterity, was equally active and intriguing, to thwart my cousin in her matrimonial enterprises. In this she succeeded so far as to keep her unmarried, not only in the heyday of her youthful blood, but long after she had passed the grand climactic. Whether my maternal ancestor, thinking the danger was over, grew remiss in her pursuit, or whether Barbara, stirred up by spite and desperation, resolved to be no longer counteracted, I am not certain. But, in her fifty-ninth year, she ventured upon the following experiment:—She attired herself in a geranium coloured silk cloak, of the same fashion as the present; through the arm-holes of which, her withering arms were thrust, encompassed with a pair of most costly and exquisite poyntz lace ruffles, which had, time out of mind, been a sort of heirloom to the estate in question: underneath this accommodating envelope, she revealed a stomacher, richly studded with precious stones—and on her head, she fantastically placed a straw-hat, turned up both before and behind, with a lining of maiden's blush, and liberally trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons—and from beneath this again, there crept out a profusion of auburn ringlets. Thus apparelled and adorned, she betook herself to an eminent painter—Gainsborough, I think—who was equally skilful in landscape, and the figure. To him she sat for her portrait, giving him to understand, by no very obscure intimation, that she should not think the worse of his art, if he imparted a little of the hue of her cloak to her complexion, which was by nature, the colour of her straw-hat. For a back-ground, she directed the manor-house to be delineated, in the most advantageous perspective. When the picture was finished, she most condescendingly *permitted* it to be exhibited at the new rooms of the Royal Academy; where it had not been many days, before it attracted the notice of a London attorney, of some respectability, who shrewdly guessed that the lady and her estate were both to be disposed of. Finding, after a little inquiry, that his supposition was correct, he lost no time in throwing himself in the way of Miss Barbara, to whom he declared the anxietude he had experienced ever since he had caught a glimpse of her interesting picture. As no time was to be lost, the match was concluded; and he soon had the felicity of leading to the hymeneal altar, a maiden who stood confessed in all the charms of blooming sixty. They lived together in a very harmonious and friendly manner for five years, when, as there appeared but little prospect of an heir to cut off the entail, the lawyer took care to cut it off himself, by means of a common recovery; whereby the estates departed as completely from our side of the house, as if Barbara had been the mother of endless generations. And since all this mischief may be traced to the effects of the geranium silk cloak, it is not to be wondered at, if I look upon all

cloaks of the same make and material, with a little prejudice. Hitherto, however, I have seen nothing to find fault with; but, if in the course of this season, or the next, I detect either cloak or hood departing from the bounds of elegance and moderation, I shall not hesitate to cut it up, without fear or favour, pity or remorse.

COCKNEY.

THE *Description of Cockayne*, a rude, satirical poem, probably written about the year 1200, in ridicule of the monastic life, is curious, as affording the etymology of the modern term *cockney*. From the Latin, *coquina*, a kitchen, came the French words *coquin* and *cocagne*. *Coquin* was originally *coquinus*, an attendant in the kitchen, a turnspit; and thence came to signify any other mean, worthless person. *Cocagne* was the luxury of the kitchen. Hence, to this day, among the amusements of the common people in France, at public feasts and rejoicings, it is usual to erect a mast called the *Mât de cocagne*, at the top of which are placed roast meats, and other delicacies, as prizes for those who can most quickly reach them by climbing. The land of *Cocagne*, therefore, is an imaginary land of luxury, which the author of the abovenamed poem places "*far in see bi west Spaynge*," i. e. "far in the sea to the westward of Spain"—the supposed situation of the great island Atlantis, the Hesperian gardens, and other fancied scenes of happiness, beyond the reach of navigation, as then practised. The metropolis of England being considered, by the rude inhabitants of the country parts, as a seat of mere luxury and idleness, afterward received, in contempt, this name of *cokayné*, corrupted by them into *cockney*, as appears by a scoffing rhyme of one of the old barons—

Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Beside the river of Waveney,
I would not care for the king *Cockeney*.

And it is somewhat amusing to trace in the satirical description of *cockayne*, the origin of the puerile story of roasted pigs running about the streets of London, crying, "come, eat me."

The gees irostid on the spitte,
Fleegh to that abbai God hit wot,
And gred ith gees, al hote, al hot.

W.

CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.

"How doth your lady—worthy peer,"
My lord's companions said—
"I left her dying, Sir, and fear,
By this time she is dead."
"A hundred on it"—"Done"—the watch
Is set, the stakes they lay,
The messenger's enjoined dispatch,
The bucks impatient stay.

Soon he returns with brow of woe,
"Your loss, my lord, is great:"
"What loss?" "Your wife, my lord." "Oho!
I feared I'd lost my bet."

Cog.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL. A Comedy in 5 Acts, with Songs, 1824.
Hurst, Robinson, & Co.

THOUGH we usually intend to devote the pages of the Literary Magnet, to the more stable pursuits of literature—and to avoid noticing the ephemeral productions of the drama, yet as a new comedy has appeared, which has excited some attention, by the propriety of its incidents, and by the spirit of its passages, we must briefly regard that anomaly in modern literature—a successful comedy. The author, the Rev. George Croly, is known as the writer of the pleasing poems of “Paris, in 1815;” the “Angel of the world,” &c.; and he has now produced a play, spirited and dramatic, interspersed with allusions and descriptions, which will remind the reader and the audience of that peculiar *mannerism* of comedy which distinguishes our great dramatic bard. The play is dedicated to Mr. Canning, in a style of elegant compliment, equally creditable to the minister and to the man.

“As a tribute to public and private excellence—to the great and popular Minister, by whose firmness, temperance and ability, Peace has been preserved to the Empire—and to the Man, eminent for those virtues and accomplishments which give Peace its highest dignity and splendour.”

The plot of this piece, which is not very complicated, resembles the *Precieuses Ridicules* of Moliere. Lorenzo, an officer of hussars, returns from Morocco to Palermo, in the opening of the play, expecting to be married to *Victoria*, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, *Ventoso*.—During the absence of the captain, the merchant has been ennobled; and the fair one, is assailed by her parents, to reject the captain. In revenge, Lorenzo and his brother-officers, impose a person, whom they conceive to be of mean birth, on the family, as a man of rank and fortune. This is *Torrento*, a young extravagant, and who is in love with *Victoria*'s sister, *Leonora*. He is introduced to the family as a *Prince Pindemonte*, the title adopted by the conspirators, after rejecting the more familiar ones of *Duke of Monté-Pulciano*, *Sauterne*, *Cotéroti*, or *Vinde-grave*. Lorenzo not wishing to carry the joke too far, hastens to *Ventoso*, and relates the whole affair; and *Torrento* is surprised at being introduced to *Victoria*, believing the lady involved in the plot to be his *Leonora*, not knowing that there were two sisters in the family. Some amusing incidents occur at the count's house, in which a quarrel ensues, between Lorenzo and *Torrento*, in which the latter asserts, that he is a person of real rank; and, after some unaccountable adventures, Lorenzo and *Torrento* are finally united to the two sisters. The former turning out to be the son of the viceroy of Sicily; and the latter, the heir of the estate and title, unlawfully assumed by his apparent father-in-law, *Count Ventoso*. Great wit and spirit exist in this comedy; and whatever may be the simplicity of the plot, the action of the drama never ceases. The puns are perhaps too numerous. The *license* of Shakspeare is not an authority in this respect. In the succeeding extracts, however, there are evident Shaksperian touches and allusions, in the accustomed manner of the writers of the age of Elizabeth.

HONEST PRIDE.

— The man who gave me
being, tho' no Lord,
Was nature's nobleman, an honest man!

And prouder am I, at this hour to stand,
Unpedestall'd, but on his lowly grave,
Than if I tower'd upon a monument
High as the clouds with rotten infamy.

HOPE AND BEAUTY.

Till hope and beauty like twin flowers decay,
For want of cherishing.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

The maddening hour when first we met,
The glance, the smile, the vow you gave:
The last wild moments haunt me yet;
I feel they'll haunt me to the grave!
Down, wayward heart, no longer heave;
Thou idle tear, no longer flow:
And may that heav'n he dar'd deceive,
Forgive, as I forgive him now.
Too lovely, oh, too lov'd, farewell!
Though parting rends my bosom strings,
This hour we part! the grave shall tell
The thought that to my spirit clings.
Thou pain, above all other pain!
Thou joy, all other joys above!
Again, again, I feel thy chain,
And die thy weeping martyr, Love.

MOON.

How lovely thro' those vapours soars the moon!
Like a pale spirit casting off the shroud,
As it ascends to heaven!

The imitation of Mercutio and his queen Mab, is evident in the following lines on Curiosity!

CURIOSITY.

True, lady, by the roses in those lips,
Both man and woman would find life;
But for the cunning of—curiosity! a waste,
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masquer underneath the moon!
To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandal's smuggled lace,
The hundredth novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.
She comes to ancient dames—and stiff as steel
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes her rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctor's Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stockings frailties, cards, and ratafia;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.
She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back:
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies,

(Born in the writer's brain ;) of spots in the sun,
 Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
 And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn :
 And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
 Bow down to sovereign Curiosity.

We are glad to see the spirit of the ancient drama revive in a modern comedy. The undisguised emotions of the heart, "with nature's feelings warm," the language of passion and of truth, are surely better than the frigid civilities, and the vapid movements of fashionable life—a life spent in artifice and masquerade.

DEMOSTHENES.

BEFORE the time of Demosthenes, there existed three distinct styles of eloquence; that of Lysias, mild and persuasive, quietly engaged the attention and won the assent of an audience: that of Thucydides, bold and animated, awakened the feelings, and powerfully forced conviction on the mind; while that of Isocrates, was, as it were, a combination of the two former. Demosthenes can scarcely be said to have proposed any individual as a model; he rather culled all that was valuable from the various styles of his great predecessors, working them up, and blending them into one harmonious whole: not however that there is such a uniformity or mannerism in his works, as prevents him from applying himself with versatility to a variety of subjects; on the contrary, he seems to have had the power of carrying each individual style to perfection, and of adapting himself with equal excellence to each successive topic. In the general structure of many of his sentences, he very much resembles Thucydides; but is more simple and perspicuous, and better calculated to be quickly comprehended by an audience. His clearness in narration; his elegance and purity of diction; and (to borrow a metaphor from a sister art) his correct keeping, remind the reader of Lysias.

The general tone of his oratory was admirably adapted to an Athenian audience, constituted as it was of those whose habits of life were mechanical, and of those whom ambition or taste had led to the cultivation of literature. The former were captivated by sheer sense, urged with masculine force and inextinguishable spirit, and by the forcible application of plain truths; and yet there was enough of grace and variety to please more learned and fastidious auditors.

The indefatigable industry of Demosthenes gave his enemies an opportunity of denying his natural talents: this malicious opinion would easily find credit; and in fact, a similar mistake is very frequently made; for since it is acknowledged on all hands, that all successful men who are naturally dull, must be industrious; the converse of the proposition grows into repute, and it is inferred that men who are industrious must necessarily be dull. The accusation against Demosthenes seems to have rested chiefly on his known reluctance to speak without preparation; the fact is, that though he could exert the talent of extemporaneous speaking, he avoided, rather than sought such occasions, partly from deference to his audience, and partly from apprehending the possibility of a failure. Plutarch, who mentions this reluctance of the Orator, mentions at the same time the great merit of his extemporaneous speeches.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn.

"To do as people say, and not as they do," is a rule that we have often heard prescribed, but to which we could never assent, because we have uniformly felt, that he who gives prudent counsel, is above all others bound to exhibit in practice, what he advances in doctrine.

The Author whose Work is now before us, reverses the order observed in his title—His doings are not dependent on his sayings, but his sayings are made to chime in with his doings. Not that there is any necessary connexion between them; on the contrary, they are generally introduced unnecessarily, and rather spoil than improve the effect of those pieces which would appear to much greater advantage without them.

The contents of these volumes are four tales, which are related with considerable ease and spirit, displaying a close observation of life and manners, and a shrewd penetration into the motives which commonly influence mankind. As the minute examination of the whole series, would far exceed the limits to which the plan of our publication confines us, we shall consider the first more particularly, which is a fair specimen of the whole; and from that our readers may form a tolerably correct opinion of the style, talents, and design of the Author.

Burton, the hero of the tale, after leaving Oxford, where his studies have been pursued with the greatest success, enters himself a member of the Temple, and in due time is called to the bar. Possessed of more taste than perseverance, his attention is diverted to many objects more agreeable than Blackstone or Comyns. An appointment luckily obtained in his twenty-eighth year, puts him in possession of twenty thousand pounds per annum for life. He resolves to marry, and singular to relate, this learned man, and member of a learned profession, excludes most determinedly, every well-educated girl from his choice. He finds one of good family and connexions, endued with a most amiable disposition, very affectionate, and courteous, and possessed of thirty thousand pounds. Their union is productive of great happiness, which suffers a temporary interruption from the unreasonable conduct of Mrs. Burton's uncle, an old bachelor of seventy-four, whose long life has been successfully devoted to the acquisition of wealth. Returning from the east with a shattered constitution, more anxious to determine on whom he shall bestow his fortune than he had been to acquire it; hasty, impetuous, and suspicious, he forms a striking contrast to Burton, whose mild virtues, and peaceful habits, are broken in upon by the arrival of a couple of adjutants, a rattle-snake, seven Cashmere goats, a Cape jackass, four monkeys, and a couple of parrots, "with shrill voices, and excellent lungs," all favourites of the old uncle, Mr. Danvers, and intended as presents to his niece.

A company of such visitors is sufficient to destroy the order and comfort of any well-regulated family. One of the monkeys, on his first arrival, escapes from his keeper, and long displays his agility to the annoyance of all the household. One of the adjutants breaks the gardener's leg the same evening. The following morning the rattle-snake makes a private retreat into the flower garden, the varied beauties of which are destroyed in the attempt to re-take him; the eldest child is rescued from becoming his prey by the maternal courage of Mrs. Burton, but the exertion is attended by the premature birth and death of a son and heir, and the imminent danger of the mother. She recovers, and when restored to her husband and family, old Danvers condescends to favour them with his company.

The arrival of a stranger nearly related, but never before seen, is naturally anticipated with much curiosity; the events which had already occurred in connexion with Danvers had raised this to a high pitch; at length

She (Mrs. Burton) beheld an old man, considerably bent by years, with yellow cheeks, white lips, and black teeth;—a few gray hairs strayed around his head, having escaped the confinement of a minute pig-tail, which stuck over his shoulder just under his left ear. He was dressed in a blue coat, with a bilious looking double-breasted calico waistcoat, pale nankeen breeches, saffron coloured silk stockings, professing to be white, and a pair of little nankeen gaiters over shoes, with buckles in them; he was, in short, a very fair specimen of that class of returned *Qui-hi's*; individuals of which may be seen any fine spring day, trying to weather the windy corner of Cavendish Square; but as completely different from what Mary had fancied, as his manner was from what she had hoped.

"Well, Ma'am," said the old gentleman, gently pushing her away from him, she having, in the ardour of her feelings, rushed into his arms; "well ma'am, and how d'ye do, eh—pretty well?—Deucedly altered since I saw you last—not so tall as I expected—your mother sent me your picture—cursed humbugs those painting fellows are—eh?"

Mary recollected the picture of the *beau* with the *bouquet*, and felt half inclined to join in the censure which the old gentleman levelled at the artists.

"So ma'am," said he, "you did not like my snake I hear, eh? nor those beautiful birds I sent you."

Unprepared for an attack at the moment of his arrival, Mary hesitated for an answer.

"I don't care Ma'am, you need not try to make a speech: I did not want you to have 'em; I hope my people paid for their keep; it shews what fools there are in the world; I meant them to have been *yours*; now I've given 'em away to somebody else; it don't matter, I dare say, to you; some people don't like snakes; there's no accounting for taste, eh?"

"My mother, Sir," said Mary—

"Oh, your mother was a fool, and I dare say you're not much better! I always told her so;—she had a very great respect for my opinions."

"Why Sir," said Burton—

"Oh don't make a fuss, Sir; when you know me longer you'll know me better, perhaps; I don't care a covie for the snakes—never did—did not know what to do with 'em, or I shouldn't have thought of giving them to you—there's an end of that. Well—isn't your name Mary, eh?"

"It is, Sir."

"So you have had a dead child Mary, eh?—great nonsense that Ma'am—Rice told me a great rigmarole about my snake; what had *my* snake to do with *your* child, eh?"

Mary was overcome with the extraordinary abruptness of Mr. Danvers; and Burton seeing that she was so, caught up the conversation, by remarking that one of his children had nearly been destroyed by it.

"Stuff!—I don't believe a syllable of it; all trash—gammon—like the story of the squirrel in the Gentleman's Magazine, or the lie of Nic Scull the Surveyor—"

"Dr. Mead believed in the power, Sir, and I—"

"And who the devil, Sir, was Dr. Mead? and, why the devil, Sir, should Dr. Mead know more about the matter than you or I? What does it signify? Don't let us talk about it—eh? Snug house you have got;—cursed bad, all these jigamaree ornaments, eh?—hired it so, I suppose, eh?"

"No, Sir, my own taste, I—"

"Oh, my! you've got a taste—eh? and a genius, I suppose, eh, Miss Minikin?" patting Mrs. Burton under the chin.

"We are satisfied, Sir," said Mary, "and contentment is itself a treasure."

"So it is, my little preacher," said Danvers; "but how do you pass your time, eh? I don't see any card tables: have you got a billiard room, eh?"

"No," said Burton, "Sir, we play no cards."

"No cards! then I'm off—I'm off; I meant to have stayed six weeks with you, but I could as soon live without smoking as without cards."

"Smoking!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Burton.

I use this expression, because I have found it in every novel which has been published for the last ten years, barring those splendid exceptions to all modern novels, Sir Walter Scott's;—I do not profess to understand it, but I imagine it to mean an ejaculation which is not intended to be ejaculated, and which, therefore, is no ejaculation at all.

"Oh!" replied the master of the house, "we can easily make up a party for you at whist, Sir."

"That will do," said Danvers, "that will do; then I'm your man for a month, at least; however, I'll just change my dress—what time did you dine to-day, eh?"

"We have not dined yet, Sir," said Mary.

"Yet! why its near six o'clock, woman, Ma'am, eh?"

"What hour, then, do you prefer, Sir?" said Mary,

"I always dine at three, Ma'am, or not at all. I never eat tiffin; and nothing will induce me to alter my dinner hour: I don't care a fig for fashion—they spoiled Calcutta, by dining at night; night, Ma'am, is meant for playing cards—not for eating."

"Oh, we shall regulate our hours by your wishes, Sir," said Burton, "and I have no doubt, when we know your habits, you will find every thing smooth and comfortable."

"You are very kind, Sir," said Danvers. "Pray, Mr. Burton, who was your father, eh?"

"He held an office under government, in Scotland, Sir."

"What, one of their infernal jobs, eh? He was a respectable man, wasn't he, eh?"

"He was an excellent man—a man of—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir, don't bore me with his goodness, all son's fathers are excellent: gammon—trash—can't humbug me—I don't care what he was. I suppose he's dead, isn't he, eh?"

"He is, Sir."

"Any more of ye?"

"I had a sister, Sir, who married an officer in the army: he was killed at Waterloo."

"Serve him right," said the old gentleman; "stupid ass, he must have been, to have gone there. What became of his widow, eh?"

"She died, Sir—about four years since," said Burton, with tears in his eyes.

"I'm glad of it, poor body! out of her misery, eh? Did she get her husband's medal, eh?"

"I really don't know, Sir,"

"She ought to have got it, you know, according to regulation: isn't your name Tom, eh?"

"It is, Sir."

"I'm glad of it, eh? Now come, shew me my room. I'll just change my clothes, and be down again; and go you, Miss Polly," added the old gentleman, addressing his niece, "and get cards ready, eh? You'll find me out by and by, eh, Polly?"

From the above extract our readers will be prepared to expect the line of conduct pursued by old Danvers in the remainder of the narrative. Too testy to be endurable by any worthy person of either sex, he becomes enamoured of Miss Sally Podgers, the artful daughter of an old slop-seller, who having amassed a large sum of money by selling slops, at Plymouth, has retired into that part of the country, and is invited by Burton to make up a party of whist for the old gentleman's amusement. The latter soon leaves Swandown Cottage in high dudgeon, perverting

every kind action and intention of his niece and her husband, with the most malignant ingenuity, and declaring that they shall never inherit a farthing of his property. He marries Sally Podgers; we do not learn how this measure affected his happiness, but from the circumstance of his leaving his widow only five hundred pounds a year for life, while he bequeaths all his immense wealth to Mrs. Burton, we conclude that the union was as unhappy as might have been expected, and that before he died he became sensible of his unkindness to his relations.

The bequest produces an effect by no means corresponding with the character which Burton had supported previously to this addition to their fortune. He becomes vain, ostentatious, and profuse. All his former prudence, good habits, and discernment, are destroyed. He spends large sums in articles of *virtu*; buys estates at more than double their value; contracts enormous debts in the most thoughtless manner; is flattered by ministers, and cajoled into two contested elections. These and other follies, dissipate his immense wealth, and when compelled to look into his affairs, he finds them in a situation truly appalling; he is obliged to sacrifice every thing: his wife acts the part of a real help-meet; and after the final settlement of all claims upon him, he remains possessed of about the same portion of wealth and comfort, as in the early stage of their union.

Unexpected riches have often produced the most ruinous effects upon the young, the uneducated, or the inexperienced, but we have never yet found within the limits of our own observation, a man, who having been brought up in easy circumstances, having passed through his early years with steadiness, having acquired moderate wealth, and shewn an aptitude to enjoy it with propriety, did not bear an accession to his income, with moderation. To such a man an increase or reverse of fortune is not productive of any mighty change. He has imbibed the principles, and gained the experience necessary to support the one, or contend with the other; and we must conclude, that had Burton really been the weak, vain, thoughtless man, represented in one part of his history, it would have displayed itself in fickleness, and levity, during his early years, and in acts of vanity, folly, and dissipation, during those immediately following, and it is really difficult to believe that any man who could relish the expensive fooleries which marked his days of affluence, could immediately return to comparative poverty and seclusion, not only without regret, but with pleasure and satisfaction.

The style of the Author is, for the most part, clear and unaffected, but occasionally there is a redundancy of expression, a superfluity of words and phrases, which is far from pleasing, and which seems to indicate a desire to extend his matter to the utmost, rather than contract it within that compass, which would be judicious in the writer, and agreeable to the reader.

THE APPORTIONMENT OF MEANS TO ENDS.

IN contemplating the works of nature we are at a loss whether to admire most the grandeur and harmony of her plans, or the aptitude of the means employed to carry them into execution. How admirably adapted is each of the seasons to be the precursor of that which immediately succeeds it! and with what skill are they all combined, to promote by the most infallible means, the final object in view,—the well-being of the earth and its inhabitants. In direct contrast to this wisdom of nature, is the thoughtlessness of mankind in general, as evinced in the measures which they adopt for the prosecution of their designs. "There are many," observes Lord Bacon, "the logical part of whose minds is very good, but the mathematical, most unsound;" they can deduce consequences logically enough, but are unable to form a correct estimate of the value of those consequences, in relation to an end proposed. In every department of life we may find instances of this error of judgment; the ignorant and the learned, the high and the low, are liable in a greater or less degree to conceive wrong notions of the value of things, "preferring those of show and sense, before those of substance and effect." It not unfrequently happens therefore, that expecting the consummation of their intentions, they not only encounter disappointment, but perceive the object of their desires retarded, rather than advanced.

The accession of strength, which Francis the First of France, in his contest with Charles the Fifth, derived from the alliance of the Turkish Sultan, was infinitely counterbalanced by the odium which that measure drew upon him from all the nations of Christendom. Now the judgment of the same Francis was shewn to much greater advantage, in his introducing the custom of ladies appearing at court: to which circumstance is partly owing the elegance and politeness of French manners and conversation: and no doubt the imitation of the practice by other princes has contributed to produce that gallantry towards the sex, which distinguishes modern society from that of the ancients.

The experience of every one in private life must furnish illustrations of the kind of character in question. How often do impolitic admirers,—eager to extend the reputation of a friend,—frustrate by their inapt eulogiums, the object of their well-meant zeal; and for a trifling addition of praise, create doubts in the minds of sensible men, of the justness of their commendations, and at the same time excite envy in the malevolent.

Elegant accomplishments have their value; but without the more solid acquirements of learning, and the useful arts, they conduce but little to our advancement in life. But parents oftentimes, especially in the present day, instruct their children solely in the ornamental branches of education, permitting them to remain in woful ignorance of what might be really beneficial. Their showy girls, in consequence become elegant and helpless women, whilst their sons puffed up with those mistaken notions which are the natural effect of such an education, continue through life in a miserable state betwixt beggary and gentility.

But persons of this cast commit no less faults from rating some things below their real worth, than by attaching to others an undue degree of importance. Spenser, to recommend himself to the court, devoted his time and talents to the composition of the "Fairy Queen;" but Raleigh by a trifling yet politic act of courtesy, sought a readier access to the notice of his Sove-

reign. The poet still continued in indigence, whilst Raleigh dated from this circumstance the first steps of his advancement.*

Perhaps our modern orators have erred in this particular, by not addicting themselves more sedulously to the practice of those arts which sway the imagination and passions of the generality of hearers. Though this objection is not so applicable to the character of our eloquence during the last thirty years, as to that of the preceding age; but notwithstanding the improvements which have been introduced in this respect, there still remains a wide field for judicious innovation. Vehemence of tone and gesture, and the use of certain artifices which were employed by the great orators of antiquity, are almost disregarded, or certainly regarded as very subordinate considerations. And whether in the Senate, at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, our eloquence relies too much upon the force of mere unadorned argument; a circumstance which, in some degree, accounts for our seldom witnessing in the present day, those prodigious effects, which always accompanied the pleadings of a Cicero or Demosthenes.

The progress of philosophy in former times, was not more obstructed by the defect of mechanical auxiliaries, than by the mode in which philosophers prosecuted their inquiries. From Aristotle to Des Cartes, nearly all disdaining the humble process of observation and experiment, pretended to account for the phenomena of the universe by hypothesis and conjecture. The beautiful theories which resulted from their visionary speculations, obtained applause in their day, but proved them to be ill qualified for "interpreters of nature."

In order to form a just estimate of the worth of things, there seems requisite a mind enlarged by study and reflection, and confirmed by experience. Good sense and common observation are in the ordinary transactions of life, sufficient to ensure success to our undertakings. But in more weighty affairs, a wider range of thought, a knowledge of the times, intercourse with men of business, and a profound insight into the human heart, are the uncommon, but necessary qualifications. Historians will instruct us in the measures most desirable to be pursued, but only a knowledge of present circumstances and necessities can inform us which are most suitable to the end we have in view. The Emperor Charles V. and Queen Elizabeth possessed these qualifications in an eminent degree; and by a prudent choice of ministers and a wise adoption of measures, they seldom failed in the execution of their designs.

TOPOGRAPHY.

We announce with pleasure, the speedy publication of the second part of "Modern Wiltshire," by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. The first part contained the History of the Hundred of Mere, comprising the parishes of Mere, Stourton, West Knoyle, Maiden, Bradley, and Kingston Deverill. It is handsomely printed in folio, and illustrated with seven finely engraved portraits, including one of the Author, by Meyer; six plates of various Antiquarian subjects; several of heraldry, a map, and other interesting topographical remains. The forthcoming number will comprise the Hundred of Heytsbury, but we will not anticipate its contents, which we know are of the most interesting description.

* I allude to the anecdote of his spreading his cloak in the mire, to prevent Elizabeth from soiling her feet.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

WE are pleased when we have an opportunity of commending the works of living architects; though we confess, that our observations on subjects of this description, are rather fastidious. The truth is, that our present architects, with all their merit, are deficient in taste rather than in skill. Formerly, these acquirements were more equally balanced, hence in the monuments which the piety and zeal of our forefathers raised, and of which the chief towns of our country still preserve many fine specimens, we observe correct proportions, beautiful but chaste enrichment, elegant sculpture, ingenuity of construction, and solidity of materials, and are charmed with the combination of so much excellence. Without making any invidious comparison, or detracting from the applause justly due to the taste and talent of the present age, it may be observed, that our imitations of ancient architecture in general, fall far beneath their originals. We shall not now stop to inquire into the cause of this inferiority; the fact is evident; at the same time, however, it must be acknowledged, that improvements are daily taking place. Our architects are at length persuaded, that to arrive at perfection, they must closely imitate the models of antiquity. Invention is unnecessary in what is called the "gothic" style. Unless the character of new *gothic* buildings resembles that of the old, it cannot be approved by good taste; it becomes, in short, a mongrel; or new order, without rules, proportions, or positive beauty.

The architect of St. James's Palace was controlled, and willingly controlled, in the new design, by that of the original fabric, which was, and still is, in some respects, remarkable for its simplicity. He was called upon to repair, not to improve; to increase the accommodation of the mansion, not to raise towers, turrets, and gateways, to shame the character of the ancient pile. What has been done has improved the palace, both in its external appearance, and its internal elegance and convenience, far beyond the hopes which mere observers like ourselves could have entertained of the project. The tower and cloister on the north-east side are in strict unison with the ancient building. Where restoration was practicable, it has been effected; and, where restitutions or additions were necessary, they have been performed with strict regard to the surrounding features. What greatly adds to the effect of the new buildings, is, that they are constructed of materials closely corresponding in colour with the venerable fabric; time has neither to tinge the brick-work of a dusky hue, nor the masonry of a silver grey, before they can appear agreeable to the sight. On the south-west side of the great tower gateway, facing St. James's-street, much has been done, and much still remains to be effected. The repairs in this part, are mostly in excellent taste; one portion with a slender octagonal turret at each angle, is very handsome; but we regret that the adjoining building, and the arcade, are in the Italian style. We are at a loss to discover the reason for this innovation; pointed arches and windows would have proved full as convenient, and since they would have been more in character with their associate buildings, it is wonderful that they were not preferred. This is the only defect we have to point out, and if we may judge from other alterations now in progress, it will be the only one to merit censure.

We have been permitted to pass through the apartments now under renovation; they are chiefly confined to the most ancient parts of the Palace, and are now only distinguished for their curious stone chimney-

pieces. There are, or were, three of large dimensions and handsome design. On a frieze over the arch of each, and within lozenge-shaped pannels, appeared the badges and initials of King Henry the Eighth, in the following order: Six roses, fleur-de-lis, and portcullis's between two H's, the last surmounted by the royal crown. In another place the date 1538. One of these fine chimney-pieces was accidentally discovered two years ago; it remains in perfect preservation, and its spandrels are richly carved with scroll foliage. Another, exactly similar in form and ornament was uncovered last month, but its entire demolition was witnessed by the writer. The new staircases are handsome, and very ingeniously contrived; they are entirely separated on the ground floor, but are not parted above, excepting by two pillars, whose intervening spaces admit of an uninterrupted view from each to the other.

With all its defects and deformities, St. James's Palace remains a curious specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century. The octagonal staircase turrets of the great gateway, rest on square basements, the angles of which are flanked by small turrets, whose dome tops were renewed some years ago. On the new work in the quadrangle already noticed, the proper and elegant character has been given to these appendages, of which a fine original example occurs among the ruins of Rycot House, in Oxfordshire. Each turret of the gate-house of St. James's palace has a door-way, whose spandrels or corners, are carved with peculiar elegance. The dust and dirt of ages having nearly concealed their handsome ornaments, the experiment of cleansing them was tried, and their sculpture now appears in all its original freshness. The public are no less benefited, than the Palace is improved, by the late alterations. In the room of a narrow, crooked passage, leading from the Park into Pall Mall, a broad avenue has been formed. The entrance from the street is guarded by neat iron rails. There is one gateway for the use of foot passengers, and two for the ingress and egress of horses and carriages. The gloomy character of St. James's Palace is now entirely dispelled, and there are few buildings in the metropolis more deserving the attention of the artist. K.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.—The "Biographie des Contemporains," volume 13, contains a number of interesting articles and anecdotes. The following is one of the latter:—"During the revolution, Maury escaped several times, by the wit with which he replied to the fury of his enemies. Once when the mob pursued him, crying, "*L'abbé Maury à la lanterne.*" He set them laughing, by asking, "*Y verrez vous plus clair?*" Humility did not predominate with him, but he sometimes shewed a noble pride. A minister once said to him, in a pet—" *Vous croyez donc valoir beaucoup.*" He answered, "*Très peu quand je me considère, beaucoup quand je me compare.*" The 14th vol. is to contain the biography of Napoleon, and is to appear in about a month.

The senior Italian performer, at Paris, Mr. Barilli, broke his leg, a few days ago, by falling down stairs.

In 1822, there were 5822 new works produced in France.

In 1823, there were 6007, being 185 more than in 1822.

In 1822, there were 229 new musical pieces; last year, there were 365.

LITERARY IMITATION AND PLAGIARISM.

MR. MERTON,

THE judicious observations of your correspondent C——,* have very likely created the same feeling in many of your readers as they have in me—one of regret, that a subject of so interesting a nature should have been treated so briefly. I will therefore “take up the thread of his discourse,” though not exactly in continuation of the subject, as taking a different view of it, in endeavouring to draw the line where an author may imitate more from accident than design.

With the exception of plagiarism, there is no crime in the *literary* code more atrocious than that of charging an author with it undeservedly. A strong resemblance may exist between one or more authors, and yet the priority of the idea may be as justly awarded to the last as the first. In treating of a particular quality, sentiment, or passion, the same thought is likely to occur to all who treat of it; for this reason, every natural cause will have its effect; an author therefore cannot, perhaps, in many instances, wander out of the path of those who have gone before him; indeed the luxuriance of his fancy, or his experience in mankind, may afford a greater variety of images, and enable him to give different bearings to the question; yet a strong resemblance will generally be found in the observations of men of talent, who have speculated on the same subject. It would therefore be as unjust to charge one author with imitating another, when both are expatiating on the same subject, as it would be to say, that one artist copies another, who paints the same face that the latter is exerting his skill upon, on account of some resemblance between two features. There is, in both subjects, the most ample room for the display of a *variety* of talent; the author, like the artist, may not depart from the same features; but he has power to put into them a different expression; he can throw grace and beauty into the picture, where before it was wanting; the variation of light and shade are at his disposal; and he can harmonize the whole by a richness of colouring, and a grandeur of effect, which perhaps his predecessor had not genius to prompt, or power to execute.

An inference which may be drawn from the sense of a celebrated French critic, poet, and philosopher,† is very much to our purpose; it is, that if any one conceives a new or extraordinary thought, it by no means follows, that such a thought had never entered into the conception of another individual: the more reasonable way of judging would be, that every man of sense and education, when placed in a similar situation, would think alike; as we see it a law throughout nature, that when men are influenced by the same passion, they generally act alike, although it must be admitted, that the same cause may have different operations, on different individuals, according to their education, or the formation of their minds.

There are many instances, where a man may very innocently appear as a

* No. 5. p. 72.

† Ils croiraient s'abaisser dans leurs vers monstrueux,
S'ils pensaient ce qu'un autre a pu penser comme eux.
Evitons ces excès.

La raison, pour marcher, n'a souvent qu'une voie.

BOILEAU, Art. poét. chant. 1^{er}.

plagiarist: by that word I understand, one who uses the words and sentiments of another (knowing them to be such), as his own. The human mind has different methods of acquiring knowledge; among the foremost are those of reading, observation, and precept. Whatever it thus acquires, is legitimately its own. Where does knowledge spring from? is it natural or acquired? A man may have higher powers than the rest of mankind, but still if they are not cultivated, he may be said to know nothing. If it were possible, that the source of the thoughts and sentiments of every individual could be examined, we should, perhaps, find them not to spring from the impulses of his own mind, but rather from impressions received from the opinions of others. A bold and striking image; a singular, or beautiful thought; is the most likely to impress itself on the imagination; and there it will remain, long after the author and book are forgotten. Is it therefore possible, that when his own thoughts become blended with others, that an author can precisely distinguish what are really his own notions, and what he has imbibed from the works of another? If he adopts them, as his own, and they are in unison with his ideas, and agree with the sentiments he has on the subject, they are unquestionably *his*; and it would be both absurd and unjust, to deny him that merit, although the claim of priority may be due to another.

Direct plagiarism has, perhaps, existed more in the latter ages than formerly. High as we must acknowledge the capabilities of the authors of antiquity, from the proofs which are handed down to us, yet we are not to suppose that they were above that species of fraud. Vida, in his art of poetry, indeed, bears our argument out, in justifying an occasional resemblance of two authors on the same subject—

*Aspice ut exuvias veterumque insignia nobis
Aptemus; verum accipimus nunc clara repertum.
Nunc seriem atque animum verborum quoque ipsa
Nec pudet interdum alterius nos ore locutos.*

Terence, who has been accused of many depredations, says, “*Nihil est dictum quod non sit dictum prius.*” Solomon indeed says, “there is nothing new under the sun;” “*perænt qui ante nos, nostra dixerunt.*”

That there was not such a frequent recurrence, we may more justly attribute to policy; when we recollect, that before the art of printing was discovered, literature was confined within so small a sphere, as to give but little chance of any depredation remaining undiscovered.

In one of the sonnets of Petrarch, there is the following beautiful thought;—

*Zrefiro torna; é 'l bel tempo ramena:
E i fiori, e 'l herbe sua dolce famiglia.*

Which has met with more coincidence of ideas, or perhaps more imitators, than any gem in the wreath of poetry. Milton, who soared into the heavens for fit subjects to display his powers, and whose soul was above the common objects of the world, has condescended to borrow, as the analogy is too close to admit of a supposed coincidence of thought—

*Seasons return, but not to me return,
Day or the sweet approach of eve or morn.*

PAR. LOST.

Lord Lyttleton, Waller, Gray, Bruce, Savage, Russell, and many others of less note, have adopted the same image.

There is an instance, however, more in favour of a similarity of thought in the works of one of Genius's most favoured sons, whose early muse

indicated as much originality as any of our most celebrated bards. I allude to the ill-fated Kirk White.

Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
Yon landscape smile—yon golden harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more.

No! while nature possesses a charm, the memory of her favoured child will be linked with it. While Genius looks up with admiration, or Pity possesses a tear, she will not refuse to drop it over the grave of youth, and hope "withered in their first spring"—White will not be forgotten. Peace to his manes. β.

BYRSA.

The French word *bourse*, signifying a purse, or exchange, is derived from the Carthaginian Byrsa, which was a citadel in the middle of Carthage, on which was the temple of Æsculapius. Asdrubal's wife burnt it when the city was taken by the Romans: when Dido, the celebrated and unfortunate queen of Carthage, came to Africa, she bought of the inhabitants as much land as could be encompassed by a bull's hide. After the agreement, she cut the hide in small thongs, and enclosed a large piece of territory, which she called Byrsa (Βυρσα), a hide. Virg. Strab. 17.

MAXI .

Solicitude in hiding failings, makes them appear the greater. It is a safer and easier course frankly to acknowledge them. A man owns that he is ignorant and unlearned—we admire his modesty. He says that he is old—we scarce think him so. He declares himself poor—we do not believe him.

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of angels are:
Or like the fresh springs' gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafe's the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past, and man forgot.

DR. KING.

Dr. Henry King was born 1591, and died 1669; he was chaplain to James I. and Bishop of Chichester.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO FAYS.

Time—Midnight.

Now the silver lamp of night,
 O'er the wilds diffusing light,
 Bids the fairy tribes advance,
 Leading up their mazy dance :
 'Mid an abbey's fallen pride,
 Near a murm'ring rivulet's side :
 Bland and Lupin (generous souls)
 Quaffed their acorn midnight bowls ;
 Free from deep corroding care,
 Jocund were the Elfin pair.
 And as cups to freedom tend,
 Lupin thus addressed his friend :—
 From what scenes of tragic woes,
 From what base invet'rate foes,
 We, poor mortals, oft have freed,
 Let us now relate.

BLAND.

Agreed.

LUPIN.

When glad autumn's genial hand
 Crown'd the produce of the land,
 A farmer's crop was seen to blaze,
 In air, the curling smoke to raise,—
 Colin struck with poignant grief,
 Sought in vain the wish'd relief :—
 Thought he saw his hopes expire
 'Mid the fatal crackling fire.
 Seated on the mountain's height,
 I from far beheld the sight,
 And descending in a shower,
 Quickly quenched the flaming power,
 Happy Colin feared no more,
 Safe he saw his little store.

BLAND.

O'er Silvano's aged head
 Time its hoary frost had shed,
 Whilst his lovely daughter's praise
 Blest the swain's declining days—
 Near her father's rural seat,
 In a cool and mild retreat,
 Stood a lucid sheety lake,
 Hidden by a fragile brake.—
 Thither in an evil hour,
 Led by some malignant power,
 Fair Florella (hapless maid)
 Through meandering paths had strayed.
 Hanging o'er the wat'ry space,
 Long she view'd the finny race ;
 When the faithless brink gave way,
 Quick betrayed to foaming spray,
 Her sweet form and radiant bloom,
 Had been a victim to the tomb,

Had not I, benignant fay,
Clad in form of faithful Tray,
Dragg'd the sinking maid ashore
And preserv'd a parent's store.

LUPIN.

On a joyous festive night
By the glow-worm's splendid light,
Our elfin choir was brisk and gay,
Jocund rang the roundelay,
Suddenly shrill plaintive cries,
Reached our ears, and rent the skies,
Skimming o'er the verdant mead,
Soon I viewed the place of need;
Saw the cruel murderer's knife
Raised against a mortal's life—
Shouting loudly from behind
I appalled the coward's mind,
Struck with terror and dismay
Swift the villain fled away.

BLAND.

For Dorinda, peerless dame!
Strephon felt and own'd a flame,
Happy swain! his suit's approved,
Which the purest passion moved:—
But in vain, the tender pair,
Wished through life their joys to share,
Gray haired av'rice stepped between,
Stern forbade the nuptial scene.
Joyless Strephon's pensive breast
Ne'er had felt its wonted rest,
Had not I beside his door
Dropt the miser's hidden store.
Soon the marriage knot was tied
Happy swain! and happy bride!

LUPIN.

Where the rock's indented form,
Braves the fury of the storm,
A fond couple free from care,
Came to breathe the evening air.
Riding on a furious blast
O'er the blooming nymph I cast,
Bore her head-dress far away,
Fixed it on the hawthorn spray;
Quick the sympathizing swain
With the fair, sped o'er the plain,
Soon restored her loss again,
But the rock was seen no more
Where they joyous stood before,
Falling from its awful steep
It was buried in the deep.

BLAND.

Hark, the village cock from far
Hails Aurora's radiant car;
Haste ye elfin tribes away,
Quickly flee th' approach of day,
Nature's laws forbid our stay.

THE PUBLIC—ALL THE WORLD—AND EVERY BODY.

SIR,

As you appear to listen to the applications of correspondents, who have no other view of appearing in print, than that they may acquire knowledge, I consider your magazine as particularly useful to men, who, like myself, have but little intercourse with the world, and yet would fain be thought to live in it. In defiance of all our endeavours our ignorance shews itself, and we betray ourselves by a want of what may be of little use any where else, but in the gay circles is indispensable. Happy therefore is it that in repositories like yours, we may confide our questions with a certainty, that they will be received without reproach, and answered without the haughtiness of superiority. It is this consoling thought which inclines me to lay before you certain words and phrases for explanation, which are often repeated in my hearing without being defined, and which I am as often obliged to repeat without understanding. Now, although the politeness of good company screens every man from giving the meaning of his expressions, and although asking a man for the sense of his words be tantamount to *calling him out* ; yet as I am frequently in dread lest some rude visitant should take such a liberty with me, I am very desirous of your kind assistance for the purpose of being prepared for the trying moment.

The first of these unexplained phrases which occurs is, THE PUBLIC. I am obliged, in common with my fellow-subjects, to make use of this phrase, but have never been able to attain any precise meaning for it. And, by the by, my chief reason for proposing this and other difficulties to you is, that I strongly suspect this proceeds from my own ignorance, as I find that other people, not my superiors in some things, use this phrase upon every occasion, and with great ease and fluency. But you will allow that my ignorance may admit of some apology, when I tell you in what various shapes this *public* appears. Sometimes "*the public*" are extremely averse to a new tax, and at other times have bestowed their approbation upon a new fashion. Now that the public are here one and the same aggregate of individuals appears to me extremely doubtful, because the grievous tax proposed is a farthing upon a pint of beer, and the fashion universally adopted is a velvet collar to the coat. It is evident, from this instance only, that there are two *publics*, one of which attends to the necessities, and the other to the luxuries of life. But again, the public, although in its etymology, indicating a being of great extent, has been, to my knowledge, contained in the small space of a coffee-room, from whence I have known a politician depart, and on visiting his patron in power, inform him of what the public said of his lordship's measures. On another occasion I have known a projector, who had some grand scheme in agitation, go no farther than the distance of three or four streets before he returned, quite satisfied that it would take with "*the public*." Nay, I have known an author stop the press, which was about to finish his work, until he should consult a friend "*as to how the public would like it,*" and yet when the work appeared a few days afterward, the public condemned it. But if I have been puzzled to understand who or what the public is, I have been still more at a loss to comprehend the meaning of three little words, which apparently are far more intelligible : *all the world*. Ask what these mean, of a simple-taught man like myself, and he will tell you—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, in-

cluding Terra Incognita, &c. or to save himself that trouble, he will hold up Guthries' Grammar, and hum the first line of the old 100th psalm, and aver that *all the world* must mean "All people that on earth do dwell." Alas! what gothic stupidity would such a man display! Sir, I have known, in the course of the present winter, *all the world* inclosed in a *suite* of rooms not a hundred feet long by twenty-five broad. A little more extended, I have *seen all the world* in a theatre, and I can remember the last year; for several weeks all the world went every night to see Tom and Jerry. So mighty a thing does *all the world* appear in sound, and so little a thing is it in reality—nay, it was but the other day *all the world* went to hear a certain preacher, and next day *all the world* witnessed a boxing match near Worcester; so that we have as many worlds as publics, and a very good treatise might be written on the *plurality of such worlds*.

There is another phrase which comes near this, and perhaps originally was the same, I mean EVERY BODY. Every body, though as undefinable and invisible as the former, has great power and influence, and what he says must be true; yet, like the former, so various are *every body's* employments, that it is not easy to conceive what he is, unless he be a universal genius and can assume the gentleman, and the clown, the man of learning, and the ignoramus at pleasure. Sometimes *every body* goes out of town, and yet, if there be any exhibition in town we find *every body* there in the twinkling of an eye. This moment *every body* is in the park, and the next *every body* is on the Steyne at Brighton. Such locomotive powers are wonderful. Not less the curiosity with which he prys into the secrets of families. Some times *every body* is talking of Miss Jenkin's marriage, and at other times *every body* blames Miss Tomkins for parting with her maid. Among persons concerned in furnishing the externals of fashion, *every body*, of course, must be a personage of some consequence. If you consult your tailor or mantua-maker, you are sure to have recommended to you what *every body* wears. But here again is a strange exercise of caprice, and the authority of *every body* is turned against a fashion as quickly as for it. A few nights ago a lady of the first quality, declared in public company that she could have ordered such a dress, but that her woman dissuaded her, because *every body* had it. To artists, *every body* must be allowed to have some weight. A gentleman sits for his picture, it is brought home, shewn to half a dozen friends, and immediately *every body* says it is a great likeness. On the markets, likewise, *every body* has a great influence, and my butcher made an apology for an extraordinary charge for a particular joint, because *every body* ran upon it, which appeared to me the more remarkable, because I had been told not an hour before, by an eminent banker, that *every body* was distressed for want of money. This is one of those contradictions which perplex me much, and you will suppose I am not greatly relieved by hearing that *every body* complains of the scarcity of provisions, while my physician tells me that *every body* eats too much.

Now, Sir, repeated experience has convinced me, that if *the Public—all the world—and every body*, are to be taken in their literal meaning, one of two things must follow, either that I am often concerned in matters which *never entered into my thoughts*, or that I am a kind of nonentity, making no portion, either of the *public—all the world—or every body*; but I trust the resolving of these paradoxes to your more able correspondents, who, I hope, will be able to shew whether, in most cases, *every body* is even so much as—ANY BODY.

AUREAS, OR THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF A SOVEREIGN. Written by Himself. 12mo. G. Wightman.

IN this age, which has been productive of so many royal authors, it is probable that some, into whose hands this book may fall, will take it up with eagerness, expecting it to be the work of a mighty monarch, perhaps a member of the holy alliance. If such are mistaken, it is not a necessary consequence that they must be disappointed. The sovereign is not a prince, but the legal representative of twenty shillings; and if he does not treat of the fate of empires, nor expose the secrets of cabinets, he makes many shrewd remarks, and supplies amusement combined with instruction, whilst relating "the life, character, and behaviour," of those amongst whom he circulates.

The connexion subsisting between the successive owners of a piece of money, is so slight, that it must exclude any thing like a plot, whose intricacies are to be unravelled. A succession of events, quite independent of each other, and frequently of a sort to have eluded the observation of every less privileged spectator, is the only kind of narrative that could be produced under such circumstances. Such is the nature of the work before us, which is strictly moral, and carefully represses bad and inculcates good principles.

We may take our extracts from almost any part of such a book. For the first we will present the picture of a wealthy tradesman, long habituated to gaming, but whose heart has not lost all the kindlier feelings of nature, returning home at a late hour from one of those sinks of perdition, so fitly called HELLS, he found a poor woman sitting on some steps near his own door, whose weeping infant loudly proclaimed its own and parent's wants. Moved at their distresses, he gave her a piece of money, and directed her to a neighbouring public house, where she might obtain protection for the night. On her arrival there, she found the piece which she had supposed a shilling, to be a sovereign. Though poor, she was honest, and resolved to suffer rather than avail herself of the mistake of her benefactor. Her integrity procured her the charitable assistance of the landlady, and permission to sit by the fire with her baby till morning, when she went to the house where she had seen Mr. Gizzard enter. As he made his appearance in his working dress, he was so much altered by it, that she did not recollect him, but addressed him in broad Scotch—

"I'll be muckle obleeged til you, Sir, and you'll tell the gentleman of the hoose I'se want a word wi' him."

"Well, my good woman, I am the owner of the house."

"O, ma conscience! that canna be fac, Sir: the gentleman who cam in at this door lat yester-night, had on a braw blue coat, and buttons as bright as gold, and you have on a blue gingham frock and white brat."

"Well, well, notwithstanding that, I am the identical person; so what have you got to say?"

"Only, Sir, that you should be more carefu' o' your siller; for when you in your gudeness intended to gie me a shelling, ye mad a mistak, ye ken, and gied me a bit gold; and if ye will exchange it for a shilling now, I'se be muckle obleeged til you, Sir! Whist, whist, my bonnie Charlie! what are ye greeting for, bairn?"

Jeremiah drew the back of his hand across his eyes, as she offered him the coin, my metallic body, on which he had engraved, with the point of a penknife, the figure of a pigeon, for poulterers never deal in doves. On seeing this token, he said, "Little did I think, when I amused myself with sketching this dove, that

it would so quickly have come back to me after I had parted from it. But I shall regard it as a happy omen, a harbinger of peace and comfort to my heart."

Gentle reader, if ever you should meet with this piece of money, with the figure of a dove engraven upon the face of it, consider it as the habitation of the spirit who now addresses you. There is no deed performed by the person into whose possession I may come, about which I feel indifferent. Let it, therefore, be a part of your solicitude to employ me aright, lest I hereafter publish some circumstances that will not redound to your honour. In my frequent and rapid passage from the hands of one person into those of another, it has been my lot to note the greedy gaze of the miser, fixed upon me with an earnestness which has made me shudder, lest I should have been seized and immured for ages in his coffers. When the gloating eye of the libidinous has been rivetted upon me, I have felt a sense of disgust lest even his touch should have contaminated the purity of my nature, and left a vicious tarnish behind. With grief I have observed the careless glance of the giddy and thoughtless, as it passed quickly over my surface: I have pitied them, and trembled lest I might unwillingly become one of the excitements or instruments of leading them into error. I have also seen the gladdened eye of benevolence beaming full of joy upon me, while I was bestowed for the relief of the wretched. I have seen the mild and gentle eye of Christian charity, "moistened with pity's dew," as I was silently given to the unfortunate; and as the withered hand of the poor suppliant has been tremblingly extended to accept me, the receiver has almost fainted with ecstasy on beholding me as a stranger, yet not unwelcome; and I rejoiced in spirit at being the medium of such exquisite gratification between donor and receiver.

This digression being finished, I now proceed with the narrative. When the honest creature had presented me to Mr. Gizzard, and he had recognized his own handy work upon me, he said:

"Indeed, my good woman, you shall not go unrewarded, for your honesty surprises me."

"Gude guide us! Is there ony thing surprising in honesty? I want naething but the shelling; sae if you'll please to gie it me, Sir, I'll be weel enough rewarded."

"Sit down, sit down; and let me have a little conversation with you. Come, be candid, and tell me your story. I am anxious to know your history, and what brought you to London; for by your discourse you cannot have been long from the north."

"Deed, Sir, I have been a gude bit in England; but somehow or anither the broad Scotch sticks to the roof o' my mouth, and I maun tell my ane story in my ane mither tongue."

"You maun ken, then, Sir, I was yance a servant-lassie in Edinbro', and about tan years ago I war married upon my Sandie, who was a soger, and, when we became acquaint, was quartered in the Pierce Hill Barracks at Porto Bello. He was as bra' a lad as ony ye'll see in a simmer's day, and was sent wi' his regiment to Spain; but they would na let me gang wi' him, you see. So I went awa hame to my mither, and bided there till Sandie cam back. She was a puir frail body, and stayed at Kinghorn. It has lately pleased the Lord to tak her to himsel."

"I went down to see my aged parent in her last illness; I gied her a decent burial; and came up to join Sandie at the barracks at Rumford. But, aweel awa! I thought I war nae to haud nor to bind, when I find he war dead, and buried twa days before I arrived. His camrades tauld me, he war nae himsel for days thegither, and he did naething but rave for his Jeannie baith night and day. When I heard this, I thought I would hae gane distract a' thegither; for I fancied if I could hae nursed him mysel, I might hae saved his life—puir dear Sandie! You dinna ken, Sir, you canna imagine what a tinder heart he had, though he war a soger: and mony a bludy battle had he been in beside Waterloo; and the tear would start in his bonny blue een, when he wad tell me o' the sufferings of the wounded and the dying. And my heart is ready to brak when I think I war nae wi' him in his last moments, puir fellow! O, Sir, you maun excuse my sobbing sae; but ye dinna ken what it is to lose the

lad you loo sae weel! But the Lord's will be done! we munna repine. He's gane til a better place.

"I hae twa childer, ye ken, and my eldest son, who is named after his father, war wi' him when he died; and the puir callant has scarcely lifted up his head sin. He war an ailing bairn, a stunted, wee bit body, amaisht nine year auld; but he's an auld farrant chiel, and a tinder-hearted laddie, like his father. I left him at the Spread Eagle i' Romford; but he'll larn nae gude there.

"I war going yestreen to ca' upon Mistress Euphemia Mac Alister, who is housekeeper's servant-lassie at the Dutchess of B.'s. Femmy is a discreet body; mayhap ye may ken her, Sir. Her mither's gude sister was first cousin to my father's grandmither; and as we are sae near akin, and united thegither by natural blude, I thought she might speak to the dutchess about my lad Sandie.

"I see you smile, Sir, at my mention o' the dutchess; but she has a kind heart for a' the folks, muckle and sma', frae Scotland: the vary beasts o' the field, and the birds o' the air, wull come at her bidding, and feed out o' her ain hand as she walks through the policy o' the palace o' D. And when ony o' the puir folk dee in her neighbourhood, this noble lady will be at their bedside her ainsel, and do a' she can to soften the pangs of affliction at that awsome moment. She has the blessings o' the puir wharever she gaes; and her gude deeds will live in their breasts lang after she is gane to heaven.

"Weel, weel, as I war saying, Sir, I had walked mony a mile upon the broad stanes till my feet began to blister. I could na mak mysel weel understood, and I lost my road. I war unco weary, and felt mysel faint and overcome; and I sat mysel down on the stair and fell asleep; but the greeting o' the bairn wakened me. I was heart-siek and very despairing-like; but 'tis wrong to despair,—for the Lord befriended me in his mercy: I met wi' you, Sir,—and that's the whale o' Jeannie Mackenzie's waeful story, you ken."

"I believe every word of it to be true, Mrs. Mackenzie," said Jeremiah; "if you'll send for your son Sandie, I'll take him into my service, and if he turn out well, I'll make a man of him."

"The Lord will reward you, Sir! I'se be bound my Sandie will never disgrace his mother."

"Well, instead of this sovereign, for which I have some regard, take that *Five Pound Note*, and after you have had your breakfast, my man William shall go and seek a lodging for you in the neighbourhood. When your son arrives, you shall assist him in his duties. I'll employ you both, and allow you so much a week for his education; for it is a pity that he should be parted from so good a mother. Neither you nor your children shall ever want a shilling whilst you deserve one. Step down into my kitchen, where my servants will give you and your Charlie your breakfast.—So good morning to you Mrs. Mackenzie!"

Jeannie Mackenzie lifted up her eyes and hands in astonishment and thankfulness to God, who provides for the widow and the fatherless; and Mr. Jeremiah Gizzard went to his avocations with greater satisfaction than he ever experienced in winning *the odd trick*. From that day he ceased to derive any amusement from games of chance, and never afterward would engage in play to gratify the best friend with whom he associated. He found such exquisite and superlative gratification in acts of beneficence, that he resolved to devote a great portion of his property to charitable purposes.

Perhaps we have already presented our readers with a sufficient specimen of the author's style and manner; but the anecdote of Sir Osmyn Morland (we believe founded in fact) is so honourable and consonant to the British military character, that we cannot forbear extracting it:

Sir Osmyn had fainted on falling from his horse, and he had lain a long time insensible, till the blood from his wounds had coagulated and ceased to flow. The moon shone with splendour at intervals during the night; and the first moment when he again became conscious of existence, his thirst was intolerable, and he felt as if his vitals were burning coals within him. On casting his eyes

around, he saw, at a little distance, a young woman kneeling by the side of a wounded soldier, and applying a canteen to his mouth: he called out as loud as his faintness would allow,—“For the love of God, spare me a single drop of water!” The soldier made a motion with his hand, and the woman immediately hastened to Sir Osmyn, and lifted the liquid to his parched lips, and it operated as a renovating cordial to his exhausted frame.

This female was young and handsome, though then pale and in tears, she had an infant about fourteen months old, who was strapped like a knapsack upon her back. Her husband was a serjeant, and she had followed him from Brussels, to the field of battle. From the report of one of his comrades, who saw him fall during one of the many charges of that fearful day, she found out the spot where he lay, had staunched his wounds, and was then administering to his comfort as well as she was able. She covered Sir Osmyn with a military cloak, and placed a great coat under his head for a pillow: but he would not attempt to stir for fear of opening his wounds afresh; and he was so much revived by the refreshing liquid, with which she frequently supplied him, as to be determined to wait patiently till daylight, when he knew parties would be sent out to the assistance of the wounded, and to bury the dead. The woman made every possible signal to attract attention, and the morning had scarcely dawned, before a party of men arrived upon that part of the field, and with the utmost expedition constructed a sort of litter, in which they intended to bear away Sir Osmyn on their shoulders. They were about to place the serjeant in a common cart with many others, who were in the same pitiable condition, when the poor man entreated them to “let him alone, for the jolting of the vehicle would certainly kill him, and he could but die where he was.” On hearing this, Sir Osmyn assumed his right to command, and desired the men to place the serjeant on the same litter with himself: for he declared that he should be carried with himself, and should be lodged in the same apartment which he was to occupy, that he might see him furnished with proper and comfortable attendance.

The poor serjeant lived only a few days; a locked jaw took place, and he expired in the arms of his faithful and affectionate wife. These are the scenes in which the patience, the fidelity, and the heroism of woman are tried to the utmost, and seldom are they found to be defective.

After her husband's death, she threw herself on his body in speechless agony for some minutes; then, starting up and clasping her infant in her arms, she dropped down on her knees by the bed side, and with streaming eyes cast a look of humble piety to heaven, while she exclaimed,—“God's will be done! I must still live for my child.”

She had never been in bed since the day of the battle, but had watched alternately her husband and Sir Osmyn, the latter of whom, after the death of her husband, requested her to take some rest. But the next morning she was again in attendance upon him, and begged that she might be allowed to minister to his wants, till he should no longer require a nurse; and she did not leave him night or day for a week, whilst he remained in the delirium of a fever without hopes of recovery. When he approached to something like a state of convalescence, this faithful creature, overcome with sorrow, fatigue, and anxiety, sickened and fell into a nervous fever, which appeared slow in its progress at first, but soon took a decided and fatal turn.

Sir Osmyn felt the utmost anxiety respecting her fate: after an absence of some days she sent to request to see him. The first visit which his strength allowed him to make, was to her lodgings, where he found her languid and weak, with her little smiling boy reclining by her side. She stretched out her feeble hand to him, and grasped his with a faint pressure: “Pray, pardon me, Sir,” said she, “but I could not die satisfied without seeing you—my child!”

“I will be a father to your child,” said Sir Osmyn, and he snatched the boy into his arms and kissed him with eagerness.

“Thank God! then I have no longer any wish to live.”

“O yes, you must not talk of dying. Be comforted; you will yet revive.”

“No, I know it cannot be! but since my child will not be lost, I die in peace.”

—God bless you, Sir! Be, be a father to my helpless"—*babe*, she would have said, but her maternal feelings were too poignant for her strength; she fell back with exhaustion, and spoke no more. The scene was too much for the shattered nerves of Sir Osmyn, weak as he was: he felt a choaking in his throat, amounting almost to suffocation, as he hastily withdrew to his own apartment.

The next morning, he was told that this excellent woman had breathed her last, during the night. He caused her to be buried by the side of her husband, attended the funeral as chief mourner, with the orphan in his arms, and shed tears of manly sorrow over her grave. He hired a nurse for the infant, and brought them both over to England as soon as he was able to travel; and the child is now under this woman's care at Hampstead. He has had him christened Osmyn Tomkins, which was the name of the serjeant. Sir Osmyn's *protegé* is a fine blooming little fellow, and he intends to train him up for the army. The good baronet says, he does not think it possible for him ever to feel for a child of his own a stronger attachment, than that which he indulges towards this orphan boy; for he considers that the mother of the child, not only saved his life, but sacrificed her own by her assiduous attentions.

GREGORIO LETI.

GREGORIO LETI, an Italian writer, came to England soon after the Restoration. Charles II. seeing him at his levee one day, said, "Leti, I hear you are writing the history of my court." To this Leti answered: "Sire, I am collecting materials for such a work." "Take care," said the King, "that your history does not give offence." "Sire," replied Leti, "I will do what I can; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would hardly be able to avoid giving some offence." "Why then," retorted Charles, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs and let history alone." Leti, however, did not take this advice. The history appeared under the title of "*Teatro Britannico*," and the author was ordered to quit the kingdom. This fanciful writer composed, *The life of Sextus V.*; *The Life of Charles V.*; *The Life of Queen Elizabeth*; *History of Oliver Cromwell*; *The History of Geneva*; *History of the Cardinals*. These histories are nothing more than amusing romances. The celebrated Le Clerc married the daughter of Leti.

TERZETTO.

Grey twilight from her shadowy hill
Discolours nature's vernal bloom,
And sheds on grove, and stream, and rill,
One placid tint of deepening gloom.
The sailor sighs 'mid shoreless seas,
Touch'd by the thoughts of friends afar,
As fann'd by ocean's flowing breeze,
He gazes on the western star.
The wanderer hears in pensive dream
The accents of the last farewell;
As passing by the mountain stream
He listens to the evening bell.

THE ODES OF ANACREON OF TEOS. Translated by William Richardson, Esq.; with Notes, 12mo. G. and B. W. Whittaker, 1824.

AGAIN the Odes of Anacreon appear in English,—of Anacreon, the sprightly bard of Teos, whose voluptuous muse delighted to revel in scenes of pleasurable enchantment, slightly fettered by the iambic and trochaic measures of that beautiful and expressive language, which assisted, rather than restrained, her excursions. An easy, faithful, yet spirited translation of Anacreon, is, as every classical scholar well knows, no easy task. Fawkes has rendered some of the odes with sufficient accuracy, and with an easy elegance, but has failed in giving due effect to the spirited original. The talents of Moore, who was fully competent to do justice to the Greek author, are too well known to be commented on by us. Mr. Richardson has pursued the same arduous path, and his version is concise, and possesses considerable elegance. The notes are descriptive and judicious, and evidently the production of one who has critically considered and appreciated the merits of his author. What those merits are may be known from Rapin, who observes, that “the Odes of Anacreon are flowers, beauties, and perpetual graces; it is familiar to him to write what is natural, and to the life; having an air so delicate, so easy, and so graceful, that, amongst all the ancients, there is nothing comparable to him: he flows soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the temper of his soul.”

Mr. Richardson has observed, that the lines in Ode 24,

Oh! then dismiss me, grievous care;
Spread thy broad pinions to the air;
For thou hast not to do with me,
The son of mirth and revelry:

have evidently been the foundation of the well-known song, “Begone, dull care,” &c., the Greek being—*Οὐ δὲν ἐσί σοι τε κῆμοι*; i. e. there is no common concern between me and thee, *κοινον*, &c. being understood. Ode II. on Women, besides the usual versions of Anacreon, has raised a host of translators and imitators. The following is the version of Mr. Richardson:

ODE II. ON WOMEN.

Nature to bulls hath given horns,
The horse the circling hoof adorns;
Fleetness of foot she gave the hare;
To lions, teeth, and eyes that glare;
To fish ordained the liquid seas;
Birds wing the firmament at ease.
Courage she gave t' imperial man:
What, then, throughout her mighty plan
For women had she left to give?
Why, beauty!—it will more achieve
Than shields, than spears, or swords, or fires,
Or all the arms which man requires;
At beauty's shrine resistance flies—
She all subdues beneath the skies.

But what shall we say to Ode XXVIII.—*Ανε ζωνραφων αριστε,*

Best of painters, shew thy art,
Draw the mistress of my heart.

Of this Ode, which is so exquisitely beautiful in the Greek metre, the following extract from this translator's version, affords a favourable specimen:

Come, master of the art divine!
Delineate thou the glowing line;
O, master of the Rhodian art,
Thy peerless genius here impart;
Paint thou, as I describe my fair,—
My blooming maid demands thy care.
First let her jetty ringlets flow
In sweet suffusion round her brow;
Let them exhale the rich perfume,
If so thy pencil can presume;
Then paint her iv'ry forehead so,
And shade her cheeks' celestial glow
Beneath her silken, sable tresses,
That love may revel in caresses, &c.

Ode LII. "On the Wine Press," has the following beautiful lines:

Sweet to the swain at early morn,
Who wanders, near the glist'ning thorn;
The op'ning rose-bud, set in dew,
Arrests his course, and charms his view;
His fost'ring hand will gently move,
And lightly raise the flower of love.

CAMBYSES.

CAMBYSES was a king of Persia, and the son of Cyrus the Great. He conquered Egypt, and was so offended at the superstition of the Egyptians, that he killed their god Apis, and plundered their temples. When he wished to take Pelusium, he placed at the head of his army a number of cats and dogs; and the Egyptians refusing, in the attempt to defend themselves, to kill animals which they revered as divinities, became an easy prey to the enemy. Cambyzes afterward sent an army of 50,000 men to destroy the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and he resolved to attack the Carthaginians and Æthiopians. He killed his brother Smerdis from mere suspicion, and flayed alive a partial judge, whose skin he nailed on the judgment seat, and appointed his son to succeed him, telling him to remember where he sat. He died of a small wound which he had given himself with his sword, as he mounted on horseback; and the Egyptians observed that it was the same place on which he had wounded their god Apis, and that therefore he was visited by the hands of the gods. His death happened 521 years before Christ. He left no issue to succeed him, and his throne was usurped by the magi, and soon after ascended by Darius.—*Herodot. Justin.*

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.—VAULT AT BORDEAUX.

THE receptacles for the dead, prepared by the care and industry of our pious ancestors, may well arrest our attention. The mummies of Egypt, embalmed for many ages, present a solemn but a useful lesson to the mind. To contemplate the remains of a princess of the house of Pharaoh, while it carries us back to the most remote antiquity, and conjures up to us the shades of ancient Egypt, "Parent of arts and arms," will also furnish the understanding with a proper impression of the fallacy of earthly grandeur, and the instability of human pursuits. These reflections, apparently so trite, so often repeated, and so usually disregarded, may yet have their weight, and exert their influence, at due times and seasons. At no time does the human heart feel this influence more forcibly, than at the sight of the frail relics of mortality, preserved in charnel-houses or Catacombs, the retiring rooms of death. In England these collections are not so frequent. The French nation, greatly to their honour, and with a true classical taste, have preserved the remains of their ancestors for a succession of ages. "The *Caveau* of the tower of the church of St. Michael at Bordeaux, contains" says a recent intelligent traveller, "eighty-four remains of human forms in a state of curious preservation. They are not embalmed; they are not enclosed in cases; they are not even inhumed; but they are arranged all round the cave against the wall, and are supported in a gentle inclined position, merely by the natural limbs which are knit together with surprising facility. Some of them, as recorded by tradition, were 500 years old, none of them less than 150. They seem to have owed their preservation to the peculiar nature of the spot where they were deposited, and not to any auxiliary means whatever. They furnish an appalling scene; but it is one also which, if properly viewed, can scarcely fail to produce a useful effect. *The impression which it makes, after half an hour's contemplation, can never be forgot.*"—The Catacombs of Paris, for their singular construction, and for moral purposes, well deserve the attention of the curious stranger. They were originally formed from the stone quarries, which undermine Paris to a vast extent, and the collection was first made in the year 1786, when the bones found in the cemetery of the Innocents, and those in other religious houses that were suppressed, were brought hither, when the place was consecrated. At that time the bones were thrown in promiscuously through an aperture; but in 1811 the arrangement of them was undertaken by M. Hericart de Thury. An open staircase in the vicinity of the buildings in the barrier *d'Enfer*, on the west side of the road to Orleans, leads to these abodes of death; it descends ninety feet. On entrance, the stranger is struck with the appalling inscription on one side of *Arretez mortals! C'est l'Empire de la mort*, while on the other he beholds *Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes*. "Beyond these posts they rest, in a blessed expectation." The interior of these vaults presents a curious and awful spectacle. Long galleries and rooms present themselves in every direction, ornamented by bones, laid in geometrical order. Squares, parallelograms, and rhomboids are disposed at due distances, and altars appear of cross-bones, and skulls, piled together. Walls are also erected, some sixteen feet deep and ten high, arranged most curiously in rows of bones, with all the neatness of mason work; rows of skulls forming the intersections. Bodies, in number, equal to four times the population of Paris, are here

deposited. As they decay, they are closed up in vaults with monuments, and cleanliness and neatness of arrangement are every where observed. In another part there is a collection of deformed skulls and fractured limbs; and at the extremity of these vaults of death, there is a well of pure water, which contains fish of the trout species, that sport undisturbed by the remains of myriads of former lords of the creation. The moral lesson which this interesting spectacle reads to every mind, is sufficiently obvious and forcible. A recent observer of the Catacombs impressively remarks—"Who can view with indifference the assemblage of so many ages, as powerless and inanimate, as he himself will one day be. It is there that the true difference between life and death may be seen; it is there that man may be convinced how unimportant an object he is in the creation; and it is there that he may learn that his years are but as units, in the record of time." Φ

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS.—A mummy has recently arrived at Bruges, taken from one of the pyramids of Egypt. It appears to be that of a princess of the race of Pharaoh, who probably died about 3700 years ago. It is still in the case which contained it in the pyramid. The cover represents a female of extraordinary stature, in the Egyptian costume. The colours are vivid, and in good preservation. The same case also contained an embalmed cat—whose attendance indicates the high rank of the personage embalmed.

There has lately appeared a Poem by a Mr. Favry, called "*Caledonie*," ou "*La guerre Nationale*." The Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, in reviewing it, expresses his surprise that the author did not fix upon some event in the history of his own country to commemorate, rather than a foreign one.

One of our young poets, M. Victor Hugo, has published a volume of Odes, some of which are well written, but he seems to have an excessive fondness for strange words and phrases.

Sgricci, the Italian *improvisatore*, is to improvise publicly in a few evenings, a tragedy in five acts; and M. Eugene de Pradel, a young poet, will, it is said, improvise a tragedy in five acts first, and directly afterward an opera in three acts.

Young Lyst has given his first public concert at the Italian Theatre, which was crowded with spectators: the talent of this young lad is astonishing, and all the professors are delighted with him. He is only twelve years old, but his execution and composition are thought to surpass that of the greatest masters of the age.

M. Siennet, author of the tragedy of *Cloris*, and of some few other poems, has recently published a work called "*Trois Dialogues des morts*," et "*trois Epitres*."

Count Platoff, a rich Russian senator, and a great patron of the arts, has just published an account of a journey in some parts of France.

ROME.—The Chevalier Tambroni died last month; he was born at Bologna, and had been for some years intended for a place at the imperial picture gallery, at Vienna; but never received the decree of his appointment. The last summer, he discovered the ancient city of Bovilla. The *Giornale Accadico* loses, by his death, one of its chief contributors.

S. Salmanli has been invited to Dresden, for the purpose of cleaning the finest paintings in the gallery, which stand much in need of it. It is said, that he is to leave Rome early in the spring.



THE HOLLOW OAK—THE HAUNT OF DEMONS.

(A Welsh Legend.)

Who has not heard of the renowned *Sir Owen Glyndwr*, the son of *Gryffydd Fychan*, by the lady *Elena*, of royal blood? She was eldest daughter of *Thomas ap Llewelyn ap Owen*, by his wife *Elinor Goch*, or *Elinor* the red, daughter and heiress to *Catherine*, one of the daughters of *Llewelyn* last prince of Wales, and wife to *Philip ap Ivor of Iscoed*. And who has not heard how, on the night of his nativity, his father's horses were found standing in the stables up to their bellies in blood; and how the deathless bard *Jolo Goch* was wont to sing of a glorious star which appeared in the firmament, to mark the great deeds of *Glyndwr*?

The aforementioned bard, with others of his order, was invited by *Sir Owen* to make a sanctuary of *Sycharth*, the seat of that hospitable knight: and well was it for him that he courted the favour of *Jolo* and his companions in minstrelsy. For they celebrated the glories of *Sycharth*, the castle and seat of the chieftain; and full well did they sing of the grandeur of its apartments, and the thickness of its walls, and its towers, and its battlements. But for *Jolo*, who could know at this day that it had a gate-house without, and that it was surrounded by a moat; that within it there were nine halls, each furnished with a wardrobe filled with the suits of his retainers: that on a verdant bank near to the castle there stood a house all made of wood, supported on posts, and covered with tiles, containing four

apartments, and each apartment divided into two, for the lodgment and entertaining of the guests of the said *Sir Owen* : that there was a church in the form of a cross with divers chapels therein, and that in every chapel the relics of saints were kept ? And cheerily *Jolo Goch* did chant of the park, the warren, the pigeon-house, and of the heronry which supplied the knight and his noble guests with game for the sport of falconry : of the mill, the orchard, and the vineyard, and of the fishpond filled with pike and gwyniads. Nor did the bard forget the wine, the ale, the braget, and the white bread ; nor his good friends the cook and his helpers, the turnspits and serving-men ; nor that the house did need neither porter, nor locks, nor bolts, for the doors were always open, and no one could ever hunger or thirst in *Sycharth* : neither was he unmindful of the fair lady of the house, and her offspring ; for after that he had tuned his harp in praise of *Sir Owen*, and that which I have just above rehearsed, thus would he break forth :

A Gwraig orau o'r gwragedd,
Gwynn y myd, o'i Gwin a'i medd.
Merch eglur, Llin marchawglyw,
Urddol, hael, o reiwl ryw.
A'i blant, a ddeuant bob ddau
Nythod tég o bennaethau !*

Now ever since the reign of England's first Edward, Wales had been united unto that kingdom. But the Welsh accounted this a perfect slavery : for they were forced to receive laws and customs from a conquering nation, which they had long contended with for their freedom ; and whatever came from their conquerors they did look upon with suspicion, and they could not love the same. The reign of King *Henry* the Fourth did begin with a conspiracy, which shewed that the English were not contented with the revolution which had just before come to pass in their country : and in this reign did *Sir Owen* stir up his brave countrymen to shake off the yoke of their oppressors. He first declared his design in the year 1400, while *Henry* waged war against Scotland. The Welsh having such a commander, took arms on a sudden, and so firm a hold did *Glyndwr* obtain, on the hearts and confidence of his countrymen, that they called him their sovereign, and he took upon himself the title of Prince of Wales. The king being at that time in Scotland, the Earl of *March*, who sojourned at his seat at *Wigmore*, assembled the nobles about him, to oppose *Sir Owen* : then did that valiant chieftain not only guard against the attacks of the English, but he advanced to the borders of their own country, and defied them to come out, and give him battle ; and then the Earl of *March* seeking to repel him, was routed and taken prisoner. But *Glyndwr* maintained his daring, and often did he insult the English, and they durst not oppose him ; and his followers became the terror of all who refused to make common cause with them. Then in the year after, *Henry* entered Wales at the head of a great army, but the Welsh retired to their mountains, and he destroyed the abbey of *Ystrad Fflur* in *Cardiganshire*, and ravaged the country ; yet was

* His wife, the best of wives !
Happy am I in her wine and metheglin.
Eminent woman of a knightly family,
Honourable, beneficent, noble.
His children come in pairs ;
A beautiful nest of chieftains.

he obliged to make a disgraceful retreat, after his forces had been reduced by famine and fatigues.

In the year 1402, there was seen in the heavens a blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favourable to the cause of *Glyndwr*.^{*} Much did the conceit thereof renew the spirit of the Welsh people, and the next success of their chieftain did strengthen their confidence, and give new vigour to their acts. The Lord *Grey* was a noble peer and a good friend to *King Henry*. He raised a large army, and encountered *Glyndwr* on the banks of the *Fyrnwy*, in the county of *Montgomery*; but he was defeated and taken prisoner, and carried by *Sir Owen*, fast bound, into the wild fastnesses of the *Snowdon Hills*; but the name of the castle wherein he was kept I know not. Long did he remain in captivity, nor would he have gained his liberty till he had fully paid the sum of ten thousand marks; if *Henry*, whose favourite he was, had not pitied his hard fate, and issued out a special commission, whereby he did empower *Sir William de Roos*, and others, to treat with *Glyndwr* and his council, about the ransom. It was agreed to pay six thousand marks, on the day of *St. Martin* then ensuing, and to give as hostages for the payment of the residue, his eldest son, and some other persons. Whereupon he was set at liberty, and he and his tenants enjoyed their rights and possessions without molestation. And no sooner was he set free, than, for the security of him and his people, he sought to ally himself to *Glyndwr*, and therein he so well succeeded, that he obtained in marriage *Jane*, the third daughter of that mighty chieftain.

Now *Sir Owen* had a cousin, named *Howel Sele*, Lord of *Nanneu*, in *Meirioneddshire*; and, it is said, that they were bred up together, and that they lived under the same roof, in the time of their boyhood. Yet their dispositions were opposed the one to the other, and no good-will did ever subsist between them. In after life their dislike grew more grievous, as their pursuits became more manly. When *Glyndwr* strove to support the waning interests of *Richard*, *Sele* hastened with his vassals to rally round the standard of the usurper *Bolingbroke*, and ever afterward was he a firm friend to the house of *Lancaster*—that house which *Sir Owen* detested, and set at nought. Whilst the Lord *Grey* was the foe and prisoner of *Glyndwr*, it seemed as though *Howel Sele* would befriend him, but as soon as his fortunes did change for the better, and he was at peace with *Sir Owen*, and married to his daughter, then did *Howel Sele* turn again, and become his most inveterate enemy. 'Tis said, that the Abbot of *Cymmer*, thinking to reconcile these hostile kinsmen, brought them together, and, to outward appearance, did compass this good design.

Nanneu, the seat of *Howel Sele*, was situated not far from *Dolgelley*. The way to it was by a steep ascent, of two miles at the least, and all the sides of the dingles thereabout, were clad with woods and forests. Among the trees of that place, there stands, even at this day,[†] an oak, venerable

^{*} "And in the iiii yere of Kynge *Henric's* reigne, ther was a sterre seyn in the firmament, yt shewed him self thurgh all the world for di' use tokenynges yt should befall sone after; the which sterre was named and called by *Clargie*, *Stella Comata*."—*Caxton's Cronclis*.

[†] On the night of the 27th July, 1813, this aged tree fell to the ground; and it is remarkable, that the original sketch was taken from nature by *Sir Richard Colt Hoare*, Bart. on the previous day. It stood within the kitchen-garden walls of *Sir Robert William Vaughan*, Bart. the present proprietor of *Nanneu*, by whose ancient and estimable family the domain in which the scene of the above tale is laid, has long been possessed.

for its antiquity, and remarkable for its bigness, and the vast extent of land which its branches spread over; and the trunk thereof is well nigh thirty feet in girth, and, from the marvellous traditions concerning it, it is called *Derwen Ceubren yr Ellyll*—the Hollow Oak, the haunt of Demons.

Above *Nanneu* is a high rock, whose top is encircled with a dyke of loose stones. This had been a British post, and, it may be, the hold of some tyrant, for it was named *Moel Orthrwn*, or the Hill of Oppression. Now it was in the direction of this hill, that Sir *Owen* and *Howel Sele* one evening walked out. The pale beams of the moon did shine on the brows of the mountains, brightening every crag, and every spot of rising ground; also casting over the valleys a soft light, and leaving the forests in the deep gloom of shadiness. Many stars did glitter in the clear sky, and might be seen reflected, with the rays of the moon, in many a lake and rivulet, which appeared like molten silver, sprinkled upon the distant plains and valleys. All was still, and the chieftains were too much stricken with the scene before them, to break the silence which so well accorded therewith. On the sudden a doe bounded forth they knew not whence, and Sir *Owen* addressing himself to *Howel*, who was the best archer of his days, said, that there was now a fine mark before him. Then *Howel* drew an arrow, and fixed it, and bent his bow, and pretending to aim at the deer, he hastily turned, and discharged his arrow full at the breast of *Glyndwr*. But Sir *Owen* was clad in armour, beneath his garments, and so he received no hurt. At this act of treachery he was greatly enraged, and he drew his sword: whereupon *Sele* threw aside the bow, and drew his. They struggled long, and each fought right bravely, and soon was the clashing of their swords heard by the followers of Sir *Owen*, who hastened to the spot, and would have carried away *Howel Sele*. But just then his kinsman *Gryffydd ap Gwyn* rushed forward with his retinue, and attempted a rescue. Fierce was the engagement, and obstinately was it contested: and the moon became suddenly overclouded, and the combatants knew not upon whom their deadly blows might descend. Dire was the confusion: for the vassals turned about, and wavered, scarce daring to deal out their vengeance. But the chiefs, goaded on with a furious hate, fought with desperation, and each was determined to rid himself of the other. At length, *Howel* fell. *Gryffydd* was defeated with much loss of his men: and his houses of *Berthlwyd* and *Cefn Coch* were soon after reduced to ashes.

Howel Sele was never seen more amid the haunts of men, nor was his body discovered by any. 'Tis said that he lay for a long time weltering in his blood, at the foot of the hollow oak; and that Sir *Owen* compelled the Abbot of *Cymmer* to help him to raise the mangled corse, and place it within the hollow trunk of that same haunted tree. Certain it is, that after forty years from the time of that deadly struggle, the skeleton of a man whose stature was like unto that of *Howel Sele* was discovered immured therein; but farther I know not.

THE JOKE; OR, STROLLING PLAYERS.

By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find.—GREEN.

THERE was, some twenty years ago,
Belonging to a country show,
A certain dame, who once, 'tis said,
Was held for beauty much in dread
By envious maids, who e'en confess'd it---
No matter---now you'd ne'er have guess'd it;
For Time, that tyrant o'er old maids,
Had planted many streaky shades
Along her brow, in all directions;
And on her cheek, in numerous sections;
Her eye had lost its magic spark,
Which seem'd t' have left her face i' th' dark,---
Now she'd had, in her earlier age,
A strong prediction for the stage,
And once had cherish'd the idea
Of lighting the dramatic sphere
(Which, i' faith, a certain way,
She now might without falsehood say);
But she, alas! like many more,
Had been most scurvily look'd o'er;
Yet, like a faithful mistress, still
Stuck to it close though used most ill---
She was, in fact, a sort of mother,
Or some such relative or other,
To what th' opprobrious world declares,
A company of strolling players;
And was, indeed, to such a band,
A most invaluable hand:
She'd alter, patch, or mend, or make;
Cook all their victuals---then partake!
Or, were there none, cared nought about it,
But, quite contented, went without it.

But now that I her worth have shewn,
The truth to tell, it must be known,
She had one fault, the most denying,
A strong propensity for lying;
Indeed, so often did she shew't,
She almost seem'd to lie by rote:
And, all her wondrous tales to back,
She'd got a most unholy knack
Of proving every word she'd said,
By adding---' *May I drop down dead!*'
Though certain 'tis she had, of late,
Less willing, p'rhaps, to speak of fate,
Dropp'd the last word, content to crown
Her falsehoods with---' *May I drop down!*'

The world appears, I know not why,
To libel strolling players, I
Don't see the reason they can't be
As happy, if not more, than we;

For though to them dame Fortune deals
 Less cash, less splendour, and less meals,
 Though this I know, I fancy, yet,
 She deals more frolic and more wit.---
 This company two wags possess'd,
 The life and soul of all the rest,
 And they resolved, at least to try,
 Whether their wits could not supply
 Some subtle scheme, the which, by playing,
 Might cure her of her impious saying;
 And if they could---no harm in trying,
 At the same time repress her lying:-----

'I have it, Rover,' cries out Dick,
 The readiest knave to plan a trick;
 'I have it; come, give here your hand;
 And if shall fail what I have plann'd,
 Let an old woman be my portion,
 By day and---stop, a little caution---
 And I'm mistaken or 'twill throttle
 Her strong affection for the bottle!
 For, be it known, this worthy dame,---
 How many at her age the same!---
 Had got a notion, right or wrong,
 That *weakly* age needs *something strong*;
 And would involuntary stop,
 Whene'er she pass'd a corner shop;
 But, knowing that good sense forbid it,
 Always most resolutely hid it;
 But there were times her very eye
 Would prove, it was---'an odious lie.'

But to the plan---says Dick, 'Just go
 And smug the bottle from below,
 Then run and get it lined within'---
 'With water, Dick?'---'No, no, with gin:---
 But Rover, with o'erclouding brow,
 Said, turning out his pockets, 'How?'---
 Light hearts are not to be dismay'd
 With such a transitory shade
 As want of cash---and Dick, although
 He'd not a coin, resolved to go
 And pawn his shirt, but what he'd yoke
 The means to carry on the joke.

We all know, often at a dash,
 That ready wit is ready cash;
 Howbeit, Dick was soon return'd,
 Well pleased with what his wits had earn'd.
 'Twas soon within the cupboard placed,
 And back to Rover Dick made haste;
 Who, with the rest, was then rehearsing,
 Or in dramatic terms conversing
 Upon the stage. Now enter'd Dick,
 And feigning, on a sudden, sick,
 He cries, 'Dame Flora, prithee go,
 And in the cupboard, where, you know,
 You'll find the bottle;---go, make haste;
 And mind you do not stop to taste;---

'I stop!' she cried, with half a frown,
'No, if I do---may I drop down.'

She went, and much his comrades stare,
And wonder how that Dick should e'er
Become so soft as thus to trust
Her not to taste;---they knew she *must*!
But Dick to Rover loiter'd near,
And whisper'd softly in his ear,
Who with alacrity withdrew;
Cries Dick, 'Now mind; you know your cue.'

Flora return'd, and gave to Dick,
Whose solemn looks belied the trick,
The bottle; which, the truth to say,
Had been half emptied by the way;
He took it, and before her sight,
Holding it between the light,
Exclaim'd, 'Why surely there's not here
Half what I left; now dame I fear
That you---' 'Me! I drink it? no, may---'
But Dick repress'd her ardour---'Stay;
You, Flora, I've observed of late,
Oft in a most improper state,
For women of your years and sense;
In all a serious offence;
But now full resolute am I,
Unless you solemnly deny
The fact; and not by words alone,
But let the truth your actions own;
That you and I must quickly part;
Come, lay your hand upon your heart,
And swear you're guiltless of the sin,
Of drinking any of this gin.'
She was content---commenced her strain---
And thus, anon, concludes by saying
(By this time Dick had edged her o'er
The centre of a large trap door),
'If in my way to taste I stopp'd,
May I drop down!'---and down she dropp'd!

All was explain'd; and laughter rung
The walls, o'er which care lately hung:
But dame was in a wretched state,
Believing it the work of Fate;
And from that moment *dropp'd*, so thinking,
Her saying, lying, and her drinking!

H.

A FEATHER IN HIS CAP.

It was customary among the ancient warriors to honour such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather, to place in the cap they wore when not in armour; and no one was allowed that privilege who had not, at least, killed his man. In memory of this old compliment, we still say, when any person has effected a meritorious action, that it will be a feather in his cap.

THE CONTENTED VETERAN.

A Travelling Companion.

I RESOLVED, a few years since, to amuse myself with a tour through the West Riding of Yorkshire, that seat of manufactures, which contributes so largely to our domestic comfort, and the support of our foreign commerce. I had letters of introduction to several respectable families residing at different places on my proposed route. I had heard much of the hospitality of this part of the kingdom, and entertained no doubt but that the liberality of their sentiments kept pace with the hospitality of their tables; and that practical accommodation to the wishes and desires of the guest, would be found strictly to accord with the kindness of the host. I took the mail to York, where I found one friend absent; another, whom I had formerly met at a bathing-place, and who had invited me, if ever I came to York, to make his house my home, no sooner saw me, than eagerly running up to me, he inquired, at what inn I had taken up my quarters? I replied, at the Falcon, in Micklegate. "Ah," replied he, "good house. I'll come down after dinner, and take a glass of wine with you." So saying, he brushed off. He had left the Minster to my enjoyment, and as I had only my own taste to consult, I spent my time in surveying that beautiful fabric. The walls, the castle, and the new walks, engaged and gratified my attention, nor did my bathing-place friend forget to spend his evening in my service, and regret that he was obliged to leave York betimes the ensuing morning. I had no business to keep me there, and proceeded without delay to Leeds, where I found my letters of introduction procure me a reception of the heartiest kind. It seemed as if every one kept open house there; every table appeared to have a spare knife and fork for the stranger; and if I had had occasion to feel chagrin at the conduct of one inhabitant of York, it seemed as if all Leeds had united to counteract the impression I might have felt under it.

I had no hesitation in expressing my wish to see one of their extensive manufactories. The effect of this resembled an electric shock. Silence seized the whole company—they looked at each other, as if I had committed the most atrocious breach of decorum; at length one recovering himself, replied in an under tone, scarcely louder than a whisper, "I doubt,—I am afraid,—I think it will be impossible." Another replied, "I never heard of any one being admitted."—"I have known," observed a third, "I have known M—— these dozen years, but if I were to ask him, I should only be refused."—"And I," said a fourth, "am particularly intimate with the young G——, but I never could gain admission beyond the counting-house." In short, I found that the Leeds people were as jealous of their manufactories, as Spanish lords used to be of their ladies, and, as my York friend had been of the interior of his domicile. Vexed and disgusted at this unreasonable reserve, I retired from thence to try if I could succeed better at Bradford, Halifax, and elsewhere; but every where I found the same narrow spirit, to my no small mortification.

In all these places I heard of the spirit and liberality of the Liverpool people, and the magnificence of the town and port, and particularly of the display of it in their public buildings and institutions. I determined to hasten thither, expecting to find that gratification which I had not yet obtained.

Persons who have never seen London, may talk of the magnificence of Liverpool, but *those only* can speak of it. It is extensive, and has some buildings on a large and elegant scale; but the town itself is not well built. The streets are irregular and ill paved, and the houses inferior to those in several of our provincial towns.

I soon quitted Liverpool, and took my passage in the canal boat to Manchester. We had not proceeded far on our voyage, before a man came on board, whose appearance strongly attracted my notice. He had passed the noon of life, but seemed strong and vigorous, save where accidental injuries of time and wear had interfered with him. He had lost an eye, and bore the scars of several severe wounds on his face. He limped with his right leg, and carried his left arm in a sling; but the expression of his countenance was that of cheerfulness, and the tone of his voice was quite in unison with it. I felt curious to know his history, and drew him into a conversation for that purpose. I found that he had been a soldier; had seen much service; and that the injuries done to his person, had been suffered in the service of his country.

"How came you to be a soldier?" I inquired. "Sir," he replied, "I was young and thoughtless, and wanted to be married to a girl in my own village; the lass was good to look at, and had the merriest black eye of any one in the township. One day (it was the day they had been burning Bishop Blaize) I went to our Town House, where the young folks were to have a dance in the evening, and I expected to dance with her; but when she came, she danced with Jack Brighthouse, a young chap, whose father was thought to have some cash, and though I asked her again and again, to dance with me, nothing but Jack Brighthouse would suit her; so I went down into the tap, and whilst I was sitting there, and drinking to amuse myself, in comes a recruiting party. Well, thinks I, I'll ha' done wi' her, and Jack, and all, so I took the King's money, and marched off the next morning."

"And was that fortunate?" I asked.

"Oh yes, it was mickle better to serve the king than to serve her; and besides, she turned out such a vixen, that she drove poor Jack mad, and spent all the brass that his father had toiled so many years for."

"But you seem to have suffered much in the king's service," I observed.

"There are few but what do," he returned, "but then I have a pension; now if I had staid at home, I might have met with all these accidents and had no pension; so, d'ye see, here too I am fortunate."

"No," said I, "if you had staid at home, you would hardly have been wounded, and surely it's better to be sound in body than lame."

"Wounds are to be met with elsewhere than in the king's service," he replied, "and how fares it then? There was Squire Brain's gamekeeper had nearly lost his life, and quite lost his leg, while watching the poachers; and his master said, as he could not walk after the game as he did before, he should keep him no longer; so the poor fellow, as he had no pension, was obliged to go to the poorhouse. So you see, I have served a better master, and am better off, than he. And again, it was much better work to watch and fight the French than the poachers; and if we did undergo many hardships, we always made up for it when we had the opportunity, and there is nothing like hunger and want to get a good appetite, and make a man enjoy plenty."

"But your eye," I interrupted him.

"Oh my eye!—but that was a cold caught by laying abroad one rainy night at the siege of Bayonne. Several of my comrades lost both their eyes at that time, from sleeping upon the bare ground in their wet clothes. Now I have one left, so here too I have been fortunate."

"And why do you carry your arm in a sling?" I inquired.

"At the battle of Toulouse we were attacked by the French cavalry—a dragoon struck at my head—I was raising my musket to guard me, when by some accident it slipped from me, and I had no defence to make but by raising my hand, which was severely wounded; and it afterward inflamed so, that it has been stiff and useless ever since; but it saved my head, so that was fortunate again."

"And how came you lame in your leg?" I asked.

"In the same battle, after I was wounded in the arm, as I was sitting upon the ground, trying to stop the bleeding, for it bled sadly, and I was getting very faint, another French party came across us, and one of them had raised his sword to cut me down as he went by. Just then his horse slipped and fell, and came rolling upon me, and gave my leg a twist, from which it has never recovered: so here too was good fortune, for if his horse had not fallen, I should have been killed."

"And what do you intend to do when you get home?"

"Why marry to be sure! I have a pension, and I can do something yet towards getting an honest living; there are plenty of girls in the country; more lasses than lads I trow, after so many have been lost in the war. They all like a soldier: I can tell many a tale to move their pity, and if they begin to pity they'll soon begin to love. All the lasses are not like Nance Blackthorn, and I shall have a good home and cheerful fire-side after all my marchings and campaignings; so who can say that I'm not fortunate?"

Methought, If all had thy spirit, they would be fortunate too.

P.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Ask not of the breeze that blows,
Ask not of the stream that flows,
Both inconstant, neither knows
What is love.

Ask not cold and frigid age,
Other themes his thoughts engage,
Question not the bearded sage
What is love.

Trust not youth's impetuous fire,
Passion all his views inspire,
Of its victims ne'er inquire
What is love.

Ask the tear that fills the eye,
Ask the bosom's labour'd sigh,
These, and these alone, reply,
This is love.

ALASCO. A Tragedy, in 5 Acts, by M. A. Shee. 8vo. Sherwood, Jones and Co.

THIS tragedy has been excluded from the Stage, by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, under the revision of the new licenser, George Colman, Esq. With this we have no concern, nor with the author's justificatory preface, extending through fifty-six pages; we only estimate it as a literary production, and do not regard it for any political or party purposes. Considered as a *reading drama*, it undoubtedly possesses many noble expressions and just sentiments, clothed in elegant language, but it appears to us to be deficient in that spirit of incident, and that variation of character, which should constitute it a favourite acting play. Difficult, and almost impossible it is, in the solitude of the closet, to portray with fidelity, and depict with energy, the varying passions which actuate human life: with the great dramatist, "*to dip the pen in one's own heart.*" The language of passion lengthens into declamation, emotions of love, and grief, and pity, and revenge, are detailed, rather than ejaculated, or coldly expressed by stage directions, rather than in appeals to the heart.

What endowments of nature, and not of art or education, are necessary to form a great dramatic writer, are evident from the few that any country has produced. Italy can shew a Goldoni, and Spain a Lope de Vega. France, in her Racine and Corneille, has accomplished all that the drama of that country, fettered as it has ever been by the *sacred unities*, can be able to effect. And our own Shakspeare has both formed and completed English Tragedy. These remarks have been necessarily suggested to us by the production of a new tragedy. But *Alasco*, though destined to remain in the library, is not inferior to its contemporaries or predecessors in many respects. It contains patriotic expressions and elegant speeches, nor is it deficient in interest. The author has fixed the scene in Poland. A *chosen few* in that unhappy country, are conspiring against the destroyers of their liberty, amongst whom a Baron Hohendahl, the Prussian governor of a Polish province, appears conspicuous. Count *Alasco*, a young Polish nobleman, the *élève* of Colonel *Walsingham*, an English officer in the Prussian service, and privately married to his daughter *Amantha*, figures as a leader of the insurgents, in conjunction with his friend *Conrad*. *Hohendahl*, in love with *Amantha*, is informed by his spies of the meditated conspiracy; he admonishes *Walsingham* of this, and on expressing his fears for the safety of *Amantha*, procures her removal to his castle. *Walsingham* and *Alasco* meet, and the former severely reproaches the latter, to whom he had been a guardian and friend. Instead of contending with his benefactor, he throws himself into his arms, but is secured as a prisoner through the stern integrity of *Walsingham*, who, however, goes to solicit his pardon. *Hohendahl*, who had attempted the virtue of *Amantha*, encounters *Alasco*, and is slain. *Malinski*, a Polish conspirator, cherishing an enmity against *Alasco*, in the manner of the conspirator in *Venice Preserved*, attempts his life in the prison, while sleeping, but is surprised by *Conrad*, and killed. Finally, *Walsingham*, having procured the pardon of *Alasco*, hastens to communicate the intelligence, but finds that *Amantha*, despairing of the safety of her lord, had destroyed herself. Overcome by this melancholy intelligence, he faints, and is borne from the stage. *Alasco* destroys himself, while *Conrad* vainly endeavours to prevent him. And thus concludes the drama,

which is sufficiently tragie in its *denouement*. In pursuance of the plan which we adopted in reviewing Mr. Croly's comedy, we present the reader with extracts, selected from different parts, and which appear to us to possess poetical beauty, though their dramatic effect might be doubtful.

INNOCENCE.

He's on his guard, who knows his enemy,
And Innocence may safely trust her shield
Against an open foe; but who's so mailed,
That slander shall not reach him?---coward Calumny
Stabs in the dark.

FACTION.

The factious violence of thwarted pride,
And the low spleen that vulgar natures cherish,
Against the hopes and dignities of the world,
Too oft assume the mask of patriot zeal,
And cheat us, in the garb of public virtue.

PATRIOTISM.

Well, then, there's hope for Poland. As for me,
I hold my sword, my station, and my life,
But as a trust, devoted to my country;
And when she calls, I'm ready.

LONELINESS OF MIND.

A terror sure, beyond th' occasion, thrills
Through all my frame. I feel as one imprisoned---
As hope and safety were shut out these walls.
How still again!--no stir of life relieves
The dreary sense of loneliness that sinks me!
Would Bertha were come back! silence sleeps here,
As 'twere the death of sound, appalling more
Than uproar. Hark!--'twas my own motion startled me.
There is a gloom in grandeur which, methinks,
O'erclouds the cheerful spirit---frolie mirth,
The homely happiness of humbler life,
Retreats abashed before the solemn brow,
Of courtly pomp and grave-air'd ceremony.

RECTITUDE AND ERROR.

Could I distrust my cause, or waver in it,
This were a thing to shake me! Powers divine!
Shall right and wrong shift colours thus, and shew
In such discordant hues to honest optics!
Shall man still war with man, bewilder'd thus,
'Midst shadows and uncertainties of good,
In moral anarchy! Mysterious Providence!
What is it we call virtue! Why is it not
Clear as the light---as noonday palpable!
That all, as to the glorious sun, might bow,
In prompt, unerring homage. Why are we left
To wander in the puzzling maze of doubt,
Misled by vain chimeras from our course,
Or setting up some idol of the mind,
To triumph in the worship due to truth,
And rival the divinity of virtue!

DREAMS.

Aye,
I know what 'tis to dream;---to whirl and toss

In the wild chaos of distempered sleep;---
 To pant and suffocate, in horrid strife,
 Shaking the monster night-mare from the breast.
 I've been pursued by goblins,---hideous forms,
 Agape to swallow me;---have breathless hung
 Upon the slippery verge of some vast precipice,
 And sliding down, have grasped, in thrilling agony,
 Some slender twig, or crumbling fragment there,
 To save me from the yawning gulf below;
 But such a dream as this, I have not known---
 So stamp'd with truth---so certified to sense---
 So character'd in all that marks to man,
 Life's waking dreams, from sleep's close counterfeit.
 I tell thee, father, such a dream might well
 Disturb the tests of strong reality,---
 Confound the forms, and substances of things;---
 Astonish truth herself, with her own attributes,
 And shake the heart of daring incredulity.

AMANTHA'S BLESSING.

Curse thee, my father!

Hear, all ye sacred hosts of heaven! my prayer!
 Bless---bless my father!---on his reverend head,
 Pour this world's blessing---honour, health, and joy!
 Ye ministering angels, wait upon his age!---
 Chase from his couch the fiends of pain and care
 And let no thought of his unhappy child,
 Disturb his spirit, or molest his peace.

WOMAN.

No, thou shalt live, a model to thy sex,
 Of every grace and virtue; thou shalt prove
 That Heaven, in pity to the woes of man,
 Will sooth his spirit with celestial aid,
 And cast an angel in the mould of woman.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

O! had our lot been fix'd in calmer times,
 Or placed in scenes where no rude broils invade
 Life's tranquil course---where hearts might love at peace
 And homes be happy! Wilt thou not, just Heaven!
 Wilt thou not frustrate, in their impious ends,
 Those evil spirits that molest thy world!
 Who vex our days with war, and make this earth---
 This paradise of Nature's hand, endow'd
 With all things for our good---a howling waste
 Of woe and wickedness!

CONVERSION OF A JEW.

Boccaccio relates, that a Jew, named Abraham, on being pressed to become a Christian, answered the monk, who was endeavouring to convert him, that he would go to Rome, and see what was the conduct of the heads of the Catholic religion, and then decide. The monk, conscious of the profligacy of the Romish clergy, tried to dissuade him, but in vain. He went, and on his return thus addressed the friar: "Father, I am determined to embrace your religion, for if it were not true, the enormities committed by your clergy must have ruined it long since."

ANCIENT PAINTINGS.

(A Letter.)

MR. MERTON,

PERMIT me to offer your readers a description of the Ancient Paintings which adorn the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House. On the establishment of this learned and highly respectable body of gentlemen by King George the Second, his Majesty presented them four pictures, which he purposely removed from Windsor Castle, where they had been placed by Henry the Eighth, at whose command they were executed in commemoration of some of the most brilliant events of his reign. As works of art they possess very considerable merit, but as the utility and beauty of light and shade, and the harmony of colours, were not formerly so well understood as at present, it would be unfair to compare them with the productions of modern times. Still, however, if these pictures may be excelled in some respects, it should also be acknowledged that their merit in other particulars, will not yield to the most skilful pencil of any country or age.

Besides the deficiencies of the ancient artists already hinted at, it is equally certain, that their knowledge of perspective was very imperfect. They evidently knew that all objects were viewed under its influence, but it was a science not yet reduced to fixed rules ; and if we may judge from their performances, rules were to them unnecessary, since had any been followed, they would have diminished the interest, in proportion as they increased the accuracy, of their representations. The angle of sixty degrees would comprise but a small space in an ancient picture. If the subject were historical,—a procession, or a battle,—the movements which occupied many acres of ground were compressed into a comparatively small space, which space, however, far exceeded any reasonable limits, according to the rules of perspective ; or if the subject were an English landscape, the entire park and gardens were commonly placed before the eye, in one uninterrupted view. Labour and ingenuity were unsparingly bestowed on these performances ; in proof of which I need only observe, that excepting on the back of an eagle, or some other soaring bird, no situation could enable the ancient artists to view their objects as they delineated them in their paintings, and in the engraved works of Plott, Kip, and Buck. I hope to be pardoned this exordium, having for my object to declare the system under which the fine arts in this department were formerly practised, and to which I know of no exception. I shall only farther observe, that artists of the present day are too apt, in the exuberance of their fancy, to overstep truth and nature. Formerly, exact representation was the solecism of the painter ; no deformities were corrected, no deficiencies supplied. Gold and silver appeared in all their brilliancy, green trees and fields assumed nothing of the autumnal hue, and tiled houses shone in undiminished rubicundity.

The battle of Guinegate, or, as it is more commonly called, the battle of the Spurs, was fought in the year 1513. Henry the Eighth commanded the English army then in France, but it does not appear that he was engaged in this action. The French forces were commanded by the Duke of Longueville, who, together with Bussi d'Amboise, Clermont, Imbercourt, the Chevalier Bayard, and many other officers of distinction, were made prisoners.

The picture commemorating this remarkable engagement, is the first to be described. Its merits are numerous, and of so high a degree, that I despair of bringing them all within the narrow compass of this letter, so as to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the artist's invention in the design, and his skill in the execution of this piece. The centre part of the foreground exhibits all the horror and confusion of a battle; towards the left, we observe the approach of the warriors in regular order, mounted on horses, apparently no less eager than their riders to engage in the conflict: the men are clad in complete armour, they hold spears and banners, and their heads are crowned with plumes of feathers. Behind these are seen the trumpeters, whose banners display the royal arms of England, namely, France and England, quarterly. Towards the right appear the English in full pursuit of the enemy. The struggle in the foreground is of such a character, that had the entire field been contested in a similar manner, the name by which the battle has always been designated, could not with propriety have been applied. Immediately in the centre is a commander of rank, distinguished by the richness of his armour, the spreading plume in his helmet, and the superb dress of his horse, on which are displayed the royal arms of England, the crest, a lion *passant guardant*, being placed near the tail of the animal. The commander is apparently receiving the submission of a disarmed warrior, who is kneeling before him. Beyond, and towards the right of this figure, a warm contest is engaged in for the possession of the French standard. As it would be tedious and perplexing to point out the situation and action of every individual conspicuously engaged, I will only particularly notice two mounted warriors towards the left, and on the right hand, two veterans, whose horses have fallen beneath them, but who are still resting on their saddles, their feet on the ground, and their arms uplifted to oppose the menaces of their enemies. The first two figures are opposed to each other. Animation is no less characteristic of the horses than of their riders, who are closely engaged with the sword, and exhibit uncommon energy of attitude and expression. The other two figures command attention from the gallant spirit with which they resist the attacks of their opposers, although entangled with their dead horses. I have often dwelt with admiration on the easy elegance, the resolute air of self-defence, depicted in these warriors in particular, and I am bold to assert, that if their expression can be equalled, it cannot possibly be surpassed, by the most skilful artist of any age.* The landscape of this admirable picture is very interesting. In the middle distance appears the English camp; and beyond it, that of the enemy, whose soldiers are occasionally seen among the hollows of the hills. In the extreme distance is a fortified town, the principal feature of which is a magnificent church. The surrounding country is hilly and barren. It only remains to be observed farther of this picture, that its execution is masterly, and that it is in perfect preservation.

* The interest of this part of the picture is enhanced by a scene characteristic of a field of battle, namely, the removal of the wounded or dead of distinguished rank, from the immediate scene of action. A soldier, in complete armour, and a youth, are bearing away the lifeless body of a chieftain, whose helmet has fallen from his head. It is worthy of notice, that the head of the living soldier, the vizor of whose helmet is down, was cut out many years ago, for some purpose or other now incapable of being ascertained, and at a subsequent period was carefully replaced. As another of these pictures bears similar marks of violence, I shall not, at present, state the probable reason of this blemish.

The Duke of Longueville was taken prisoner by Sir John Clerk, who was rewarded for this act of his gallantry by an augmentation to his family arms. He lived in Oxfordshire, and lies buried in the chancel of Thame church, where a monument, consisting of a small, but beautifully engraved and enamelled brass, was placed to his memory. The warrior is represented in a kneeling posture, with his hands joined in prayer; he is clothed in armour, and wears his surcoat, on which are displayed his arms, with the augmentation, as follows :

Argent, on a Bend Gules, between three Pellets, as many Swans proper. On a Canton Sinister, azure, a demi Ram Saliant, argent, armed or, in chief two fleurs de lis of the last, over all a Baton dexter as the second in the Canton.

Beneath the figure, is this inscription: "~~Here~~ lyeth Sr John Clerk of Northe Weston knyght wyche toke Louys of Orleans Duk of Longueville and Marquis of Rotuelin prysoner at the journey of Borny by Terolane ye xvi day of August in the v yere of the reigne of the noble and victorious Kyng Henry ye VIII. wyche John decessyd the v day of Aprill Ao. Dni 1.5.3.9. whose soule God pdn."

Being unwilling to mar that variety, which forms so agreeable a feature of your entertaining miscellany, I will not now trespass farther upon its pages; in order that I may, with a better grace, resume this subject at an early opportunity.

Yours, &c.

U.

THE ABSENT MAN.

THE Chevalier de Brancas, gentleman usher to the Queen Dowager of France, mother of Louis the Fourteenth, was subject to the most extraordinary absence of mind. On one occasion, as he passed under a lustre in the queen's drawing-room, his wig caught, and remained hanging on the chandelier. The courtiers could not refrain from laughing; De Brancas perceived the wig, and laughed louder than the rest; nor was it till some time afterward that he discovered his loss.—It is reported of him, that, on leaving the palace one evening, he got, by mistake, into another person's carriage. The coachman, thinking it was his master, put his horses in motion, and drove home. The chevalier sprang from the carriage, traversed the court-yard, hall, and ante-room, and seated himself calmly in the principal saloon. The master of the house at length returns, and has no small difficulty in persuading the chevalier that he is not in his own apartment.

BARBARITY OF SYLLA.

IN the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, the greatest atrocities were alternately committed by both parties. On Sylla's return from the east, when undisputed master of Rome, he caused about four thousand soldiers of the opposite faction to be massacred near the temple of Jupiter Stator, where the senate was then assembled. Alarmed at the groans of the unhappy men, the senators sat silent and horrorstruck. "Proceed," said Sylla, "'tis but a few seditious who are punished by my orders."



THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THE tears dropp'd fast on armed breasts at the midmost hour of day,
The pealing volley shook the turf where the buried chieftain lay;
And the trumpets flourish'd loudly, as a vict'ry had been won,
And the banners waved full proudly, as a triumph had been done.

Sad were the eyes and dark the brows that march'd from thence away,
Where deep in blood the arm of strength and heart of valour lay:
But the martial train swept slowly on, far as the eye could see,
And the place was left in solitude, and lost to memory.

The setting sun look'd brightly forth, the pomp of war was gone,
When the light robe of a woman waved amid that place so lone;
And prone a female form did lie, upon that lowly grave,
And none were near to dry her tears—to comfort her—or save.

The sunbeam faded from the sky—the chilly night came on;
The owlet hooted as it heard the night-bird's mournful song—
A requiem to the parted soul, meet for a grave so drear,
But grievous to the mourner's heart, who linger'd panting near.

Morn rose in splendour o'er the woods—yet motionless she lay,
Nor head she raised, nor hand she stirr'd, throughout the livelong day;
And when the sunset died away, behind the shady hill,
The heavings of her breast had ceased:—her heart was cold and still.

Suns rose and set, and autumn's leaves were shed, and winter came—
And snow and storm defaced that form, and wrong'd that lovely frame;
And winter yielded then to spring, and spring to summer grew,
When small white bones, the hunter's eye, in wondering sorrow drew.

Those small white bones were scattered, about a hillock green,
Where tansies sprung around them, and where vi'lets grew between;
Lone was the place, and sad the sound, of th' lowly moaning breeze,
Yet sights and sounds are on the earth, e'en sadder still than these.

S.

M

A FRAGMENT.

— HER florid health was softened into a tint so delicate and tender, as to give to her transparent skin the loveliness of a blooming rose. Her bright and silken tresses were tastefully disposed beneath a head-dress most becoming. A silk robe was so shaped as to display the symmetry of her graceful and slender form to every advantage. Her swanlike neck, rivalling the snow in whiteness, was in part covered with a high boddice, partly thrown back, so as modestly to display the throat and bosom.

.... Her voice—soft and dulcet. The Duke could not resist her fascination—conceal the tender emotions she excited—nor restrain his admiration. His words were eloquence. She was essential to his happiness—she, the sole possessor of his heart—his affections. * * * *

Lydia was not unsusceptible. The gentle, persuasive accents of the Duke—his air, so *grand*, so *easy*—his actions, *noble*, *generous*, and *honourable*. * * * *

The heart—full, unutterably full—yielded entire acquiescence—tears of love, joy, and happiness, reciprocally flowed. * * * *

. . . Anthems—solemn and sublime—filled the temple with a richness and harmony—the most captivating—swelling—and then dying away in grand mellifluous celestial cadences.

They ascended the altar—their feelings of love and constancy were ratified.

She, the general attraction—the soft timidity, the most delightful bashfulness, the rosy blushes, that suffused her cheeks—the joy and tenderness that beamed in her downcast eyes, were, unitedly, divinely beautiful; while the manly dignity, gracefulness of carriage, and affability of deportment, of the Duke, were equally enviable.

The ceremony passed—state and grandeur, enchanting bliss, awaited them; peals of bells, bands of music, dancing, minstrelsy, and universal joy, closed the scene—all invoking blessings on the happy pair.—A jovial FRIAR retiring from the scene, in allusion to the Bride's laughter and its influence, rapturously and spontaneously exclaimed,

Elle ha très bien ceste gorge d'albastre,
Ce doux parler, ce cler tainct, ces beaux yeux;
Mais, en effect, ce petit ris follastre,
C'est à mon gre, ce qui lui sied le mieux:
Elle en pourroit les chemins et les lieux,
Où elle passe, à plaisir inciter:
Et si ennuy me venoit contrister,
Tant que par mort fust ma vie abbatuë,
Il ne faudroit, pour me resusciter,
Que ce ris là, duquel elle me tuë.

Yes, that white neck, too beautiful by half,
That voice, that tint, those eyes, all do her honour;
And yet, in truth, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her:
Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways,
Through which she passes, break into a pleasure.
Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh, with which she slays me.

W. C. W.

* * The admirers of our JOHNSONIAN PERIODS, will excuse this laconic sentimental incident.—ED.

THE MONK OF ST. BERNARD.

I WAS spending the winter at Paris in the year 17—, when I received letters from my family, who had retired into Italy, requiring my immediate presence there. With reluctance I prepared for this journey; it was one that would have afforded me the most pleasing gratification under any other circumstance, than that of quitting a metropolis, whose gaieties I had anticipated with much pleasure, and which I was just beginning to enjoy. Neither was the season of the year the best adapted for travelling, it being the depth of winter: the decree was altogether so much against my inclination, that I could not but think it a little savouring of the tyrannical.

The winter was remarkably severe, and our progress was most provokingly slow, owing to the badness of the roads, which the snow had rendered, in many places, impassable. However, we at length reached the foot of the Alps, over which the postillions were positive we might make our way.

I had determined to rest for the evening at the first house of accommodation that presented itself, and had been nearly two hours in momentary expectation of meeting with one. It was with some alarm that I perceived an expression of doubt lingering in the postillion's features, as we ascended, or rather attempted to ascend, a very difficult pass. Danger environed us on every side, and I was now perfectly aware that the postillion had mistaken the road. He was at last so completely benumbed with the cold, as to lose his station, and fall powerless in the snow. Having placed him within the carriage, every thing near convinced me of the horror of our situation. The moon, which, till then, had been shining brightly, was now enveloped by a passing cloud, which obscured the atmosphere. The horses had proceeded many miles beyond their intended stage, and, as I had perceived long before, were much wearied. The cold at length became so intense, that the limbs of one became so stiffened, as to be rendered nerveless. The other, on a sudden, made a desperate plunge; a tremendous crash ensued, followed by a rustling noise: the carriage undoubtedly fell from a considerable height: the last thing that I can call to my recollection was the severity of the cold, which thrilled through every vein till life seemed departing.

The first impression that lingers on my memory, is that of a warmth from some object, which I had neither power nor sense to discern. It lay on my breast, and, in my bewildered imagination, I hoped it was some compassionate spirit exerting its genial influence over me. When I came to myself, I found that I was extended, buried in the snow, with a gourd, containing a small quantity of liquor; from whence I was at a loss to imagine. I looked around for my carriage, but could discover no traces either of that or of the ill-fated postillion and horses. For a long time I endeavoured, in vain, to convey the liquor in the gourd to my mouth; for my hunger and thirst were most excruciating; and it was not without much perseverance that my frost-bitten fingers performed their office. I felt considerably revived by the dram, but my inclination to sleep was so predominant, that although I was aware death was the forfeit, I could not forego the temptation.

I remember nothing more till I found myself in a small room, more resembling a cell than a bed-chamber. The bed and the furniture were re-

markably plain, and, saving a picture of the crucifixion, there was nothing that approached to ornament. I remained in a state of stupid wonder for a length of time, endeavouring in vain to recall my scattered ideas; till a venerable old man, habited as a monk, entered the room. I attempted to speak, but found my tongue cleaved, as it were, to the roof of my mouth. I then made an essay to rise; but I seemed to have no command whatever over my limbs, which remained cold and torpid. Bewildered by the singularity of my situation, and my mind remaining much disordered, I conceived myself labouring under the spell of an enchantment: when the old man beckoned me to be quiet, and administered a cordial; at the same time gently chafing my limbs.

I remained in this state several days, visited constantly by this man and a younger one, of whom I shall speak hereafter. I was at length so far recovered, as to be able to inquire into the cause of my being there: the good father unravelled the mystery by informing me, that I had been found by one of the dogs of St. Bernard, and was then within the hallowed walls of its charitable monastery.

I slowly but gradually improved, and my observations became more inquisitive and acute; in particular they were directed towards the younger man, whom I before mentioned as having constantly attended on me. Never shall I forget the noble expression of his features, which told of high birth and exalted station. He was seemingly about five or six-and-thirty, and singularly handsome; his head would have made a fit model for a sculptor, who wanted the union of grace, beauty, and dignity. Shaven as it was in the crown, and enveloped in his cowl, it presented the appearance of a breathing Italian picture. He was rather above the middle height, and, although disfigured by his garb, seemed most exquisitely proportioned. But it was not these charms that threw so wild an air of romance around him; it was the settled thoughtfulness, the deep though subdued melancholy, which was visible in his countenance, that excited my sympathy. He attended me constantly, and treated me with the utmost tenderness; oftentimes he fell on his knees, and prayed with a fervour beyond expression, till large drops stole down his features. Then he lifted his imploring eyes towards heaven, and they seemed illuminated above mortality. "Virtue," says Virgil, "is more acceptable when it appears in a pleasing form;" and I thought it was not presumptuous in me to hope, that that Being who looks down upon us all with an equal and indulgent eye, would grant the supplications of one, who seemed born to command, and formed to reign over the rest of his species, now prostrate before him, in the utmost humility, invoking his mercy. My faith assured me his prayers were heard; for, by degrees, I completely recovered the use of my limbs, although I was left with but a small remnant of strength.

I had often made inquiries respecting my earthly saviour, as I called him, but could never obtain a satisfactory reply. At last I was informed he was the Count V——, the descendant of one of the noblest families in Italy, who had given up (in the holy father's words) his title, his spacious domains, all earthly ties, and all earthly vanities, for the love of God, and the good of the holy Mother Church. The cause they knew not, unless it were (as they believed) out of love of religion, and disgust of the world. Although previously accustomed to every indulgence that luxury, wealth, and rank could bestow, no brother was so severe on himself, and yet so benevolent towards the rest of mankind, as my extraordinary benefactor.

This was all the venerable father could inform me, and which, so far from abating my curiosity, inflamed it tenfold.

By degrees I was able to set up in my chamber, and was glad to make use of the books that the library of the monastery afforded. The Count, or, as he was called now, Father Eugene, to my great satisfaction, frequently took a share in my studies. The topics of conversation at first generally sprang from the books we had been perusing; but when we entered into more general subjects, I was amazed, as well as delighted, with the depth and penetration of his remarks; they were, at the same time, brilliant and comprehensive; and, although invariably tinged with a sorrowful complexion, they evidently sprang from a mind of extraordinary natural and acquired powers. I was then very young, and enthusiastic to a high degree; and although he appeared wedded to a monastic life, I had the vanity to suppose he was not less pleased than myself in shaking off some of its monotony.

The similarity in many respects of our tastes, dispositions, and sentiments, created a close sympathy in our breasts. I at length ventured to inquire of him the events of his past life, and the reasons of his forsaking a world, which would have held him as its brightest ornament. For a while he seemed agonized with what was passing in his mind, till at length, bursting from the cell with an extravagance that was unusual with him, he exclaimed, "To-morrow you shall know all."

The regret I felt for the distress I evidently had occasioned him, could not abate the tumult his promise had created. That night I did not rest. I had scarcely paid my morning orisons, before I found Father Eugene by my side. After he had affectionately inquired after my health, I reminded him of his promise. His countenance underwent a slight change, and he addressed me to the following effect:

"Your curiosity I observe is awakened, at the circumstance of an individual, so munificently endowed by fortune, cut off from the social haunts of man, and buried in the recesses of a monastery.

"I am a descendant of an ancient and noble family, and my parents thought themselves justified in entertaining the greatest expectations of me. At my father's death, which happened about my fifteenth year, I became the sole anxiety of a fond but ill-judging mother. She beheld, with enthusiastic delight, the advancement I made in every kind of knowledge and accomplishment, and felt fully satisfied that the name of V—— would not only descend untarnished, but would acquire greater fame from its inheritance by her son. How these bright hopes were blasted; how these fond desires remained ungratified, through one act of folly and crime, you shall hear.

"I had scarcely reached my five-and-twentieth year, before it was thought politic, on account of my family, rank, affluence, and—as all vanity now has fled—my personal accomplishments, that an alliance should take place between me and some distinguished female. The highest honours were within my grasp; a princess might have been mine, had I aspired so high. But my heart and affections had long been plighted to a more lowly individual, who at that time lived as an humble confidante with the Countess, my mother. She was the daughter of a deceased friend of my father's, of a noble though decayed family, and, at the death of her surviving parent, had consented to reside under my mother's roof, where our ill-fated intimacy was formed.—I will not speak of her beauty, although she was possessed of all that words can possibly convey. Flo-

rence—" Here his utterance became choked, but after some agitation he proceeded: " Pardon, signor, this weakness; 'tis for the first time these ten long years that that word has escaped these lips, and it brings with it a tide of regretful and agonizing recollections.

" With a mind as exalted as her person was beautiful, no wonder I became deeply enamoured; nor was I less esteemed; for the innocent girl loved me with all the enthusiastic ardour and boundless faith which inspire a woman's first affection. The time passed away like a dream to me, but not to others. It was the wonder of all, particularly of the Countess, that I did not avail myself of the flattering prospects that were open to me.

A year in this delusive rapture passed away, till the reason of my aversion to matrimony was whispered to my mother. She became alarmingly incensed with the innocent cause, whose charms had created in me so great an apathy towards the rest of her sex, and carried her resentment to its fullest extent by discarding her.

" The despised and insulted Florence took refuge in the house of a lady of distinction, who had been a friend of the family, though hitherto at enmity with mine; and she was received with exultation. Indignant at the cruelty of the Countess, I no longer was reserved, but told her my intention of making the innocent girl the future partner of my life and honours.

" I cannot describe the rage and disappointment of my mother when she heard of my determination. She was fully aware of the depth of my affection, and the firmness of my resolution when fixed on any particular point; she had immediate recourse to some fiendish advisers, and eventually obtained her end.

" They saw that my affection for Florence was the life-spring of my existence, and that nothing but the darkest treachery could abate it. Every means was taken—every artifice employed, to shake my confidence in my dearest hope, but for a while without effect: but at length I fell a dupe to the most horrid of machinations.

" It was at first darkly hinted to me, that Florence's conduct was not so circumspect as I imagined: the foul charge I spurned with indignation; it could never, I thought, remain for an instant in my breast. But there it lay darkly hid, unknown to me. I thought all that I harboured for her was the tenderest wish for her welfare, and when a feeling of doubt came over my mind, I imputed it to the lively feeling of my affection.

" Moved by the gross falsehoods that were invented at her expense, by degrees my belief in her purity began to be undermined; and although to suspect her of infidelity seemed to harrow my heart, it maddened me when I thought she was less reserved to others than she was to me: as my confidence in her virtue decreased, my desires became more tumultuous.

" Oh God! that the chastest and purest of feelings should be turned, by the machinations of the worst of mankind, to the most depraved and abandoned! Poor infatuated girl, innocent and pure as thou wast, with only the crime of loving a wretch beyond bounds, who was determined to betray thee, that thou shouldst become the victim of deceit and treachery!

" The impulses of an unrestrained passion completely mastered my reason. I could not bear the thought of sharing my name with one, of whose purity a doubt existed; nor yet could I be restrained from the possession of those charms which were not withheld from others. No, I had resolved it should not be so, and I made use of the affection she had for me, for so base a purpose,

"Tears and entreaties, which I regarded as hypocrisy, were at first bestowed on me; but after sacredly pledging my word, that I would, at the death of my mother, do her that justice which, while she was living, I could not, without incurring her implacable resentment, the innocent Florence became the victim of my duplicity.

"I will not dwell on a narrative so fraught with horror; the consequences attendant upon this crime, soon made known to Florence her distressing situation. She entreated, she implored, she hung upon me, and wept over me, to restore her to the world, before she became disgraced and abandoned. Could I then suffer a feeling of doubt to enter my mind? Yet actuated by the most agonizing, though unfounded, suspicion, I refused, and for a while forsook her.

"But the day of retribution drew near; her situation could no longer be concealed; and as she had then become a thing dishonoured, and contaminated with infamy, she was pitilessly turned from the only roof she could call her own, to perish and to die.

"A spark of feeling yet haunted my breast,—aye, and one of affection too (although I had endeavoured in vain to suppress it),—when I saw the wretched effects of my crime, whose victim was suddenly overtaken with its most agonizing consequences. At this awful crisis, reason began to exert her influence over me, and I trembled for the past, with a strong determination for the future. It was at last over: we became parents: but no faces of joy were ready to salute us. Florence's eyes were directed, with a look of resignation, towards heaven, as if in joyful hope of its forgiveness. Could I then entertain a doubtful feeling of her innocence? No: it once more illumined her face, but it was the last time: her spirit already seemed mingling with something of a purer nature. She addressed me in terms so sad, yet so forgiving, they still linger in my ear, and vibrate in my heart. She knew, she said, that I had doubted, but deemed it right, in resigning her last breath into the hands of the Almighty Giver, to declare, that she had ever loved me alone, beyond any thing else upon earth, and that her greatest offence had consisted in sacrificing all that was amiable in her nature for my happiness. Her countenance assumed a look that told her soul was lost in the contemplation of something above earth; then suddenly casting her eyes towards me, with a look fraught with tenderness and forgiveness, exclaiming, 'Husband, remember thou art a father,' her injured spirit left its earthly abode.

* * * * "Husband! father! one moment,—but bereft of wife and child the next. The ill-fated fruit of frailty breathed its last, almost with its first gasp of breath.—I gazed on those eyes, which once looked up with so much affection to mine, now glazed, fixed, and insensible.—I flung myself frantically on the bosom that sacrificed its peace for my happiness—I kissed again and again the cold lips that once breathed with such fondness my name. I called myself her murderer—I felt that I was such."

He uttered these words with an appalling vehemence, and then fell exhausted on his knees, covering his face with his hands. I heard the deep sobs burst from his breast, and his whole frame seemed convulsed with agony. He shortly after rushed from his cell, and I never saw him again.

B.

Yet in modern tragedy, a more constant interest pervades the whole while the feelings are wrought to a more intense and sympathetic; and the religiously inspired feelings left upon the mind cannot so easily be effaced. Hence arises the superiority of Modern Tragedy.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAGEDY.

DARKNESS and obscurity involve the earlier history of the drama. Tragedy, as its name implies, derived its origin from the celebration of an Attic festival, where a goat or skin of wine was adjudged to the best poetical ode; Horace alludes to this custom in the words

Vilem certavit ob hircum.

Dramatic representations were first introduced by Thespis, whose humble stage was a waggon, and whose performance consisted of a rude, inelegant representation of some trifling subject: he and his successors, Epigenes, Phrynichus, and Chærilus, may, with propriety, be styled '*the inventors of the drama*;' but to Æschylus alone belongs the title of '*Father of Tragedy*,'—*tragedy* in its noblest sense—moral, sublime, pathetic. Æschylus flourished Ol. LXX. 1. about 500 years B. C. Public theatres were then first erected,—the actors were clothed in elegant and appropriate dresses,—while admiring crowds flocked to the novel spectacle. Sophocles carried the improvements of Æschylus to a still greater extent: he increased the chorus, and the number of the performers; and, under his management, the ancient drama arrived at its highest pitch of excellence.

In considering the respective merits of the three Greek tragedians,—to Æschylus we may justly assign sublimity of thought, boldness of expression, strength of imagery, and richness of poetry:

Tragœdias primum in lucem Æschylus protulit, et sublimis, et gravis, et grandiloquus, sæpe usque ad vitium. (Quint. x. 1.)

To Sophocles belong harmony, elegance, and variety, with much force; or, to use the words of an anonymous author of his life,

εὐκαιρίαν, γλυκύτητα, τολμὰν, ποικιλίαν.

To Euripides may be ascribed beautiful simplicity, the moral and pathetic.

Such is the brief outline of Ancient Tragedy, and its first great masters. Let us now consider Modern, as compared with ancient tragedy. The most striking difference consists in the abolition of the Chorus; which, indeed, is so evidently an appendage of the drama, while yet in imperfect infancy, that its removal, in its present advanced and superior state, is sanctioned and justified by every suggestion of reason. There existed not among the ancients that spirit of romance, that inexhaustible fund of pathetic incidents in private life, from which are derived all the beauty, pathos, and interest, of the modern drama: they were confined to a few historical or mythological traditions, to the simplicity of which the construction of their drama was admirably adapted. But *now* the imagination has a wider range, the stores of incidents are more abundant, the fields of science are more enlarged:—these causes naturally require some material alteration in the drama. *Who* burns not when Æschylus describes the strife of battle? *who* melts not with sympathy when Euripides paints, in such true and natural colours, the softer emotions of the heart? How beautiful is the description of the unhappy, distracted Phædra, now inly pining away, now frantic with the violence of love? more especially in the passage,

αἰστέ μου δέμας, ὀρθοῦτε κάρα, &c.

Yet, in modern tragedy, a more constant interest pervades the whole, while the feelings are wrought up to a greater intensity of sympathy; and the melancholy impressions left upon the mind cannot so easily be effaced. Hence arises the superiority of Modern Tragedy.

Z.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

CORNET JOYCE, an active member of the Military Committee, and by profession a tailor, was the person appointed by Cromwell to take charge of the King, and place him in the custody of the army. When the Monarch was first told he was a prisoner, through the cowardly avarice of the Scotch, upon whose protection he had thrown himself, he was playing at chess. "Go on with your game, sir," said he to his antagonist, without rising from his seat; and when, after an hour's play, he won the game, "Now, sir, I attend you," was all he vouchsafed to Joyce.

THE STOLEN KISS.

SMOOTH'D be that brow, and chased the frown
That half obeys thy tardy will,
Nor think to awe my raptures down,
For anger makes thee lovelier still.

In vain thou wouldst compel the ire,
But lightly felt—but faintly shewn,
Thine eyes betray, beneath their fire,
The pardon thou wouldst blush to own.

Then still that proudly-swelling breast—
And soften down thy mantling cheek—
'Twas but a kiss—that well express'd
The tenderness I could not speak.

E. A. B.

ELEGY.

WHY heaves thy bosom with tumultuous throbs,
When o'er the grave thou dropp'st the parting tear?—
Why cherishes thy heart its stifled sobs,
When mem'ry bears thee back to Friendship's bier?—

Wherefore thy hours in useless griefs engage,
Or feed on sullen thought o'er faded bliss?
Why let affliction fill up every page,
That nature opens in a world like this?

What can thy sorrows or thy sighs avail?—
Thy friend is gone!—so will'd it, Heav'n's d cree—
Will Fate be soften'd by Affliction's tale;
Or Pity stay the stream of Destiny?—

No more—no more!—Philosophy, thy pow'r
Subjected reason in submission owns;—
Yet Nature, stronger Nature, claims her hour,
And through obstruction still the deeper groans.

Oh then, let Nature here her course resume;
Let fond affection shed her sorrow free;—
Still let me weep o'er Friendship's sacred tomb,
Till mem'ry fails, and—Friendship weeps for me!

H.

HISTORICAL LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence. 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin and Co.

THE contemplation of such characters as Robert the Wise of Naples, and his illustrious grand-daughter Joanna of Sicily, is so truly gratifying to the student of history, and yet is so rarely offered to his consideration, that we hasten to lay before our readers such remarks as the present publication may require. The public attention cannot fail of being immediately attracted to a work devoted to the histories of the most interesting sovereign, of a country at all times inviting our regard, but particularly at present, on account of the important events, unconnected, however, with this publication, which have taken place there during the last twenty years.

It was the singular and most enviable distinction of Robert, that in an age replete with violence, fraud, and duplicity of every kind, he gained the confidence, not of his brother sovereigns, whose weakness or malevolence might impel them to adopt measures of the most impolitic nature, but of prudent and deserving patriots. These men, both at Florence and Genoa, during a period of difficulty, requested the heir of the Neapolitan throne to undertake the administration of their affairs, as the only step that could secure the liberties of the citizens, and the safety and independence of the state. The sacred trust was faithfully discharged, and the powers with which he had been invested were punctually relinquished when the stipulated service was performed.

But another season of danger seemed likely to oppress the Florentines. The recollection of benefits derived from the father's wisdom and fidelity, incited them to solicit a similar service from the son. It was accepted, and would doubtless have been as honestly discharged; but circumstances of paramount necessity obliged the Duke of Calabria to return to Naples, where he shortly terminated his honourable career, leaving two infant daughters; Joanna, the subject of this history, and a younger sister.

It is impossible to consider the situation of Robert, as good as he was wise, without sharing the painful feelings which must, at this period, have torn his parental bosom. He foresaw the approaching danger, and made every prudent exertion to obviate it. He trained his grand-daughter to habits of piety, and application. He provided guardians for the interests of the state, men of wisdom and integrity, and gave the heiress of his throne in marriage to her cousin, Andrew of Hungary; a measure which appeared to be dictated by sound policy, and which events would probably have justified, had he lived a few years longer, to have left his dominions in peace, at a period when Joanna had attained the judgment and experience requisite for taking the reins of government into her own hands. But when, deprived of her grandfather, at the early age of fifteen, the affairs of the kingdom devolved on the regency appointed by the late king, an amiable, but ill-advised desire to conciliate the Hungarian party, induced them to admit Friar Robert, and Nicholas the Hungarian, to share their authority. The arts and machinations of the monk counteracted the plans of those who ought to have governed, until he found means to possess himself of the sovereign power. How he exercised this for the general good, will appear from the short but faithful picture of the state of the kingdom under his influence, as depicted by the author.

If the council of regency had been maintained without alteration, exactly as the late king had appointed it, the state might still have been preserved. Peace and

good order attended the first measures of the new ministers; but unfortunately, deceived by the arts of Friar Robert, who on the joint proclamation of Andrew and Joanna, as king and queen, demanded admission to the council for himself, as preceptor, and for Nicholas the Hungarian, as governor of the young king, they, by a fatal oversight, admitted them to a share in the government; thus undoing in an hour all the measures the late king had taken, for a series of years, for their exclusion. By a continuation of the same artifices, the friar procured the admission of some of his creatures to the council, and the appointment of others to offices of trust and importance, and was thus enabled to seize the reins of government, when the unfortunate interference of Pope Clement VI. cancelled the regency as appointed by the will of Robert, and nominated his legate to govern in its place, in right of a peculiar clause in the investiture. The turbulent and ambitious amongst the nobles seized the opportunity of forwarding their own schemes, and would neither obey the regency nor the legate; pleading the rights of the council of regency when the legate commanded, and denying their authority when they endeavoured to enforce obedience to the papal mandates. Friar Robert, active and ambitious, governing the populace by his hypocritical pretences to superior sanctity, and working on the hopes of the mercenary and profligate among the nobles by promises of future advancement, soon found himself at the head of a party powerful enough to enable him to defy both Pope and regency: and no longer keeping any measures, claimed every thing in right of Andrew alone; treated both the queen-dowager and the queen-regnant with the utmost insolence; and the latter, as the wife of Andrew, became, in fact, only a state prisoner in their hands; whilst the other members of the royal family, banished from court by the arrogance of the Hungarians, abandoned her to her fate; some of the princes of the blood returning to their own fortresses, to brood over schemes of revenge, or aggrandisement at home, others repairing to the shores of Greece, in the vain hope of establishing their title to the empire of the west, by force of arms.

This first reverse of fortune was a hard trial to a princess of sixteen, who had hitherto been the object of parental fondness and courtly adulation; but what afflicted her still more, was the weak indolence of her husband, who was not less than herself the slave of the Hungarians.

"This monster, whom one cannot behold without horror," says Petrarch, speaking of the despotism exercised by Friar Robert, "oppresses the weak, despises the great, treads justice under foot, and treats the two queens with the utmost excess of insolence. The court and the city alike, tremble before him; in the assemblies of Naples a mournful silence reigns; in the interior of the houses they only speak in a whisper—the least gesture is punished as a crime—they scarcely dare to think. The great barons imitate his audacity and tyranny: hence result disorder, impunity, and the ruin of the kingdom."

At length the period arrived for Joanna's coronation, when an event, as unexpected as inexplicable, involved the whole kingdom in the greatest trouble, and threatened the sovereign with the most dreadful consequences. This was the assassination of Andrew, a circumstance, which in itself promised no advantage to any existing party; but which must necessarily entail ruin and misfortune on many individuals. To Joanna, in particular, it could produce nothing but disaster, yet her enemies attempted, with too great success, to attach to her the guilt of this horrible transaction. His brother, the King of Hungary, availed himself of the opportunity to seize the kingdom of Naples, and, by various artifices, he so far influenced the nobles of Provence, that when Joanna fled there for protection, they imprisoned her, and compelled her to plead her cause before the Pope in council. This she did in person, with so much effect, that the Hungarian ambassadors were unable to reply, and she retired from the court with the declaration, that "she was not only free from guilt, but above all suspicion." A life spent in the exercise of every virtue, from her early infancy,

to the last days of her earthly existence, establishes beyond all doubt the truth of this declaration.

The violence of the Hungarians increased the strength of the royal interest, and a pestilence, which spread its awful ravages through this distracted kingdom, so far destroyed the army of the invaders, that the King of Hungary was obliged to retire from the Neapolitan territory. Joanna returned home, accompanied by her cousin, Louis of Taranto, whom she had married, with the approbation of her council. He shewed himself worthy of the alliance, and successfully maintained the rights of his wife and the independence of his country. A subsequent attempt of the Hungarian monarch to gain the ascendancy, was frustrated by the firmness of the court of Naples, and the threatened hostilities of the Venetians. That sovereign finally retired to his own dominions, displaying a lofty and noble spirit quite unusual in political treaties, and on that very account rendering him more worthy of our esteem. He relinquished his claims, and refused the pecuniary consideration which the Pope had stipulated to be paid to him.

During a succession of years Joanna cultivated the arts of peace, and the improvement of her kingdom, subject however to those interruptions to which a feudal government ever has been liable. Her reputation for wisdom and goodness extended itself to the neighbouring island of Sicily, and a powerful party there invited her to take upon herself the government of that country, which had been assigned to her ancestors by Pope Clement IV. In the following year she was crowned at Messina, but the turbulence of the Neapolitan princes soon compelled her to return to her capital.

The disorders inherent in the feudal state of society, have always rendered it expedient for the sovereign, being a female, to unite herself in marriage to some prince, or nobleman, whose territorial resources, alliances, or abilities, might strengthen her authority. Joanna felt this during her whole life; and having been deprived by death of her second husband, Louis of Taranto, she now married James of Majorca, whose father was treacherously seized, about the period of her nuptials, by Peter the Cruel, of Arragon, and afterward murdered. This union was productive of little benefit, either to the queen or her kingdom; and when James died in Spain, a few years after, she rejected the solicitations of her counsellors to marry again, and declared her resolution to live in a state of widowhood.

In this age such a resolution might be consistent with prudence, but in the fourteenth century it was pregnant with danger. Joanna bestowed on her cousin, Charles of Durazzo, the hand of her niece, Margaret of Taranto, and declared them inheritors of her throne. Mature consideration suggested this, as the most prudent measure that could be adopted; although subsequent events proved it to be the source of great calamities, particularly to the innocent and unintentional cause of them.

The difficulties and dangers to which the queen was exposed, rendered it prudent for her, some time after, to bestow her hand on Otho of Brunswick, a prince renowned for wisdom, valour, and moderation, who combined a handsome exterior and noble manners, with the virtues most admirable in the man and the prince. Happily the event fully justified her choice.

After several years of peace, this kingdom was visited with its share

of evils, from the contests between the Popes Clement VII. and Urban VI. Charles of Durazzo, whose ambition had never slept, and who had never been restrained by any ties of love or gratitude, accepted the investiture of Naples from Urban; and after carrying on war against his sovereign and benefactor, to which he was stimulated, and in which he was supported, by Louis of Hungary, he finally obtained possession of her person. She suffered all the torments of a close imprisonment for more than nine months, during which period Charles meanly supplicated her to bestow on him her Transalpine provinces, which she nobly refusing, he caused her to be murdered.

During eight months, all the miseries of a harsh captivity were inflicted on Joanna, in hopes that the privations she suffered might subdue her proud spirit, to purchase some amelioration of her condition, by the cession of Provence; but constant to her resolution, the only fruits of these measures was a new testament, made in prison, confirming her former grant to Louis of Anjou.

Whether Joanna was, from any peculiar circumstance, led to suspect that the crisis of her fate was at hand, is unknown; but immediately before the time secretly appointed for her death, she made so powerful an appeal to Charles to spare the life of Otho, that he yielded to her intercession, and probably, as some sort of reparation for his offences to her, treated him well, and finally restored him to liberty.

In the days of her most brilliant prosperity, Joanna had been remarkable for her constant attention to religious observances, and probably, in the hour of her bitter reverse of fortune, they constituted her only consolation. At stated hours, she performed her devotions alone in the chapel of the castle. On the morning of the twenty-second of May, she repaired as usual to the sacred spot, and while she knelt before the altar, imploring forgiveness at the throne of grace for her past offences, whatever they might have been, the Hungarian soldiers secretly entered, and whilst two of them guarded the door, the other two passed a silk cord round her neck, and instantly strangled her.

It is satisfactory to a mind imbued with just feelings, to know that Charles became the instrument of driving from his capital, Urban, who had granted him the investiture of Joanna's throne and kingdom; and that, in his own turn, he fell by the hands of Hungarians, in an attempt to wrest the government of that country from the family of Louis, by whose assistance he had been enabled to destroy his excellent benefactor.

The history of this period is connected with that of the Troubadours, and more particularly with the names of the best authors in the brightest period of Italian literature. To the contents of this work we refer our readers, for much valuable information on both these subjects, related in a very pleasing and agreeable style. The remarks are just and appropriate, and we congratulate the public on this addition to the literary stores of our native land. We regret that the author has not prefixed his name, which is always of importance in an historical work. In a romance mystery may attract notice, or raise curiosity; but in the sober matter-of-fact business of history, we require to know the historian, as well as the actors. Considerable diligence, penetration, and perseverance, with great candour and impartiality, are exhibited, and a constant reference to authorities; but we cannot be satisfied without a better acquaintance with the writer.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE SOCIAL LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. JENNER, M. D. LL. D. &c. &c.

By one of his most intimate Friends.

THERE is so much in the contemplation of such a life as Dr. Jenner's, that redeems our opinions of the general corruption and nullity of most human characters, that it is a most agreeable subject of particular speculation.

Having possessed his confidence and friendship in a particular degree, during a considerable period spent under his roof, I can best speak of his domestic habitudes, of his social qualities, of those personal characteristics, which endeared him to his friends. These details will serve to complete the unity of his character, to shew that he was no less amiable in private, than useful in public, life. He was early distinguished in his profession; but natural history, and especially ornithology, was his favourite study; and he unknowingly proposed to Sir Joseph Banks a plan of study for the advancement of this science, which corresponded with that proposed by Addison in the Spectator, viz. the dedication of a whole mind to the consideration of *two or three individuals only* of the animal kingdom. In pursuance of this plan he chose the cuckoo and the cow; of the one he gave a history, which established his title to originality of mind, and attention to the other elicited the cow-pox. His published writings are, 1. History of the Cuckoo; 2. Inquiry relative to the Origin of Variola Vaccina; 3. Observations on the Interference of Herpetic Eruptions with the regular progress of the Vaccine Vesicle, in various medical periodicals, tracts, and circular letters; 4. Letter to Dr. Charles Parry on Artificial Eruptions.

A most interesting inquiry relative to the causes of the migration of birds, made many years ago, at the request of the Royal Society, was revised by Dr. Jenner, with the Rev. G. C. Jenner and myself, for presentation this year, which has been now done by the Rev. G. C. Jenner.

Through the constant and harrassing correspondence relative to vaccination, he had little time to bring forward the great stores of his mind. Vaccination was the steep aim of his ambition; and, with few exceptions, it has achieved more for men's good than any preceding or contemporary invention.

These being his claims as a philosopher, we have now to consider him as a man. He possessed great humility, suavity, and simplicity of manners, with nature's own dignity. His mind was very open, and sometimes, when it was hinted that he was not enough reserved in many things, he used to say, that "he shewed every thing to his friends but his back." His conversation turned chiefly on topics of a scientific and philosophical cast. In the illustration of such subjects, he made choice of a style particularly simple and perspicuous, though abounding in the use of metaphoric and imaginative terms, which gave to every thing he said a peculiar interest and effect. His diction was free, and not impeded or embarrassed except in public speaking, in which he told me that he could never overcome the difficulty of leading the trembling spirit forth. He grew very animated in discourse, if he saw that he made strong impressions on the minds of his hearers; and was particularly happy in assembling all the analogies that related to the subjects of his conversation, and surrounded them with many sparkling touches of fancy, and many allusions familiar to the heart.

In his rides, when in early practice as a surgeon, he was accustomed frequently to have the society of some friend, to whom he would discourse of favourite topics, and impart his ideas. If any struck the hearer as new or profound, he would request him to take minutes. One anecdote of his literary habits may be given with propriety. It was his practice to pass some time in reflection before rising in a morning; and he often brought detached ideas, or medical aphorisms, on slips of paper, to his breakfast-table, and made these the subject of discussion. These sibylline inspirations often accumulated, till they presented a scene of which he used to say, "Poets speak of but *one* chaos, but in my house there are many."

Mr. Hunter's comprehensive spirit led him to form a design of adding lectures on Natural History, and Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, to those which he usually gave; and Dr. Jenner was asked to take a part in these. Mr. and Mrs. H. said, "You *must* come to us."—"No," said he, "I am too fond of the blackbirds at Berkeley." He was especially enamoured of rural scenes, and of those which were native. He preserved a number of associations with green lanes, and certain spots, and certain inanimate objects, from which he derived particular delight. He was fond of prolonging his walks to discuss natural appearances, and natural productions, and would form very interesting speculations concerning their origin and essential attributes, according to the principles of order and utility in the scheme of creation. The last time we walked out together, was one of those melancholy and pensive autumnal days, when the vestiges of summer are gradually receding and giving place to decay. He pointed out to me a recess, where he said there had been a holy well, the superstitions concerning which he explained by reference to natural causes; he marked the progress of a chesnut-tree planted by a relative; the accord of the song of a red-breast with the season; and the uses of some vegetable matter that overspread a pond by the road-side, in preserving the sweetness of the water. Human creatures always drew his attention; and he seemed displeased, if those who were with him stopped not to join in the conversation. I was often much diverted with the facility with which he conversed with the villagers in their own dialect, and adapted himself to their phraseology and capacities. He once said to another, "You pass by these little children as *weeds*; I treat them at least as *vegetables*."

Dr. Jenner confessed that he had a natural tendency to indolence. His mind was restless and active, but his execution was slow. He said that he had seldom read a book wholly through, but that he had dipped into all, and that he gained much by leading others to converse of that which they understood best. He could not long preserve uninterrupted attention to any subject, and was given to procrastination. He never attempted long compositions. His style of correspondence, which bore the impress of his original and peculiar ideas, was jocund, easy, and figurative, such, in fine, as, without a natural bias, would have resisted every effort of attainment. It was forcible, notwithstanding he disliked letter writing; his last letters shew his full power. He delayed the publication of his Inquiry into the Laws of the Variola Vaccina for a great length of time, and he has said, that the period might have been indefinite, had he not been told that he would be anticipated.

He was full of the richest scientific information, especially on chemistry and geology. He was more partial to inquiry by means of experiment

and ocular demonstration, than by means of books, according to the precepts and examples of Mr. Hunter, whom he often quoted. He was very acute in tracing cause and effect; and when any thing difficult was proposed, he was in the habit of making use of the phrase of Richard in the soliloquy at Pomfret, "Yet I'll hammer it out."

He resembled Haller in many respects, if I can gather somewhat of personal character from the epistles and poetical sentiments of the latter. He took similar views of general and particular benevolence, and of human nature; was partial to similar pursuits, and resembled him in strong affections, though he had less of industry, of melancholy, of religious awe, and of metaphysical penetration. He wrote verses on rural and comic subjects, and, in conversation, produced much that was humorous and epigrammatic. Except some verses on the signs of the weather, his epigrams were the best. I have seen also parodies of Ossian, and facetious specimens of village dialogue. He loved too to trace the origin and analogy of words and names.

He was a great patron of genius without the profession of patronage. Some respectable, and now wealthy and eminent individuals, have been indebted to him at their beginnings. He had much active benevolence. Once on a journey to Bath, he stopped at an inn, the mistress of which had not prospered in her concerns: he immediately proposed to her a situation elsewhere, and undertook to manage the affair, though they had scarcely met before. I inquired of him, "Whence comes all this Doctor?"—"It is in the family," said he, "all my family had it."

He ever acted upon the beautiful sentiment of Terence, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" Col. — once observed to me, "The Doctor is always picking up recruits, like a recruiting serjeant." He much wished that servants, and persons in the middle classes of life, should know something of the elementary principles of natural philosophy. I was present at an examination of an individual in the laws of gravitation; the Doctor let fall a knife, and asked why it fell? "Because you let it go," said the person. He then explained the cause; but the pupil seemed cordially to hate philosophy, and was glad to escape.

He "condescended to men of low estate," and suffered them to have access to him at all times, and let them tell their own stories, with their usual diffuseness. He housed, clothed, and found instruction, for numbers.

Dr. Jenner had a great dislike to the artificial manners of very high orders of society. "It is all very well," he said, "to attain to a certain rank; but there is one beyond, where mind and nature cease, and man becomes a thing made of imaginary dignity, of form, rule, starch, and ruffles." He was very hospitable, and his house was open to all who came. Though scientific conversation best pleased him, he loved music, and sometimes sang. He did not like to be visited *as a lion*. He often complained of the way in which the ignorant part of his neighbours appreciated and misrepresented his pursuits. He was cheerful in society, and affected no superiority nor undue restraint. He was fond of little attentions, and remissness in these respects displeased him. His temper was irritable, but soon calmed.—I have said much, and have left much unsaid, of my departed friend, who had the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove.



A LONG WALK TO LITTLE PURPOSE.

FRIEND TOBIAS,

As there are countenances so prepossessing as at first sight to win the confidence of beholders, so there are names which may seem to possess the like irresistible attraction, especially to persons who lead a life of retirement, and have little opportunity of selecting their intimates among the busy world. I am, you must know, a country curate, whose lot has fallen in Lancashire, a region, of all others, most decidedly evincing the change effected by trade and manufactures on the primitive manners of the people. And that, not by a comparison of remote periods, but by daily observation of passing events. It is the impetuous burst of a torrent, not the silent overflowings of a rivulet, which is here to be observed: and though I am sorry to own, that the removal of ancient land-marks, and the destruction of whatever is most amiable in ancient manners, appear most prominent in the scene; while increased civilization and mental improvement,—the boasted attendants of commercial gain,—seem in no hurry to make compensation for the wreck of unsophistical nature; it is still some consolation that such stations give more effect, by contrast, to the lingering specimens of simplicity, which they occasionally discover, than can possibly be obtained where the transition is more gradual and indistinct. I have now and then noted down, as they occurred to me, traits of this kind, which the Author of *Waverley*, or *Bracebridge-hall*, by a little poetic colouring and sacrifice of homely fact to more flexible fiction, might render picturesque and readable enough: but as I pretend not to these profitable arts, and have no neighbouring gossips to share my chat, they might have perished with their subjects, had not the name of Tobias Merton proved in itself a Magnet, and prompted me to make the unknown bearer of it the confidant of a tale, which I could not be content altogether to monopolize. He will tell it to the world or not as he pleases.

Early in the spring, just at the season when the power of love over all animate nature is said to be at its height, there appeared in the township of S——, a youth apparently about five or six-and-twenty; tall and somewhat thin, though of hale and ruddy complexion, not over brisk, yet of firm and steady gait; with limbs seeming to possess more strength than they were in the habit of putting forth, and a Bœotian countenance, which, seeming neither to possess, nor put forth any thing, could only disappoint one to the advantage of its owner. He wore a broad-brimmed hat; broad, even beyond Quaker dimensions: his coat was collarless, buttonless, and unadorned at the tail, but with large buttons of horn in front. The lappets of his waistcoat reached to his knees, his shoes were decorated with large buckles, which, with a neckcloth scant about the neck, but full and almost bib-like at his breast; and, above all, a pair of gloves, shewed that he belonged not to the meanest of the people. These last, like his hat, and indeed the whole of his dress, which was all of the Quaker cut, though still enlarging upon the peculiarities of that body, were of the best quality and of unstained white, just such as might have been assumed by a young squire in the days of chivalry, when about to receive the spurs, and to set forth in search of adventures, to furnish bearings for the blameless, but hitherto fameless *argent* of his shield and surcoat. A hooked staff, however, was his sole weapon; and leaning on this, at the entrance of the village, he inquired, like Abraham's steward, the characters of the unmarried damsels of the place, plainly declaring to the passers by, that he came amongst us to seek (or, as it is here pronounced, to *seech*) for himself a wife. He was recommended to the daughter of my host, and no very formal introduction being here needed, where all the ancient hospitality to strangers is kept up, after staring for some time in fixed amaze at the house, and expressing opinions respecting it, which augured more taste and discernment than was made good by any after part of his conduct, he came in, sat himself down, ate with the family, gazed the whole afternoon on "the fair, who caused his care," and after many hints had been given in vain, as to the time, and the distance from the nearest town, reluctantly departed after dark, promising, though all unasked, to return about hay-time, and assist in gathering the crop. Nothing was said as to his main object, nor were his preliminary inquiries known till some time after. He came, he said, from the neighbourhood of Sheffield, "his father had lands, both meadow and lee;" he was accustomed to travel in this way, to study men and manners, and to see the beauties of nature and art; and he should do so more extensively, but (no uncommon case with young gents. on their travels) the governor held the purse strings "fearful tight." Some surprise being expressed at his dress, and some suspicions perhaps hinted as to his creed,—for you may easily suppose that his garb gave him a puritanical, as well as a primitive air,—he made confession of his faith as a churchman, and assured his wondering auditors, that all the young men in his country dressed in the same way; adding many particulars respecting their primeval and pastoral habits; which, if true, are most astonishing, especially in such a neighbourhood. On the whole, as his dress shewed him to be above want, and his conversation far more intelligent than his countenance, no one could think him mad: and he left the world of S—— to wonder, if not to weep, at his departure.

Certainly, no one thought of seeing him again, yet he was true to his appointment, and the hay-time brought the marvellous man once more to

our view. He went to work with the mowers, ostentatiously throwing off his coat, and—as if to prove that the fair show of his upper garments was not deceptive—other parts of his dress, and he wielded the scythe with the arm of a powerful and experienced swain. But as the lady of his heart did not deign to come and view his prowess in the field, he soon flagged and grew tired of the task, and, reserving his strength and spirit for a more difficult undertaking, went in, and occupied his former and apparently his favourite station, in a window opposite the table, where she pursued steadily and unmoved the usual labours of a careful housewife.

There were at that season donkey races, and other festivities, on the green, at no great distance, and many of the Lancashire witches were making their way thither, in their most gorgeous attire; but though his eyes now and then wandered in that direction, he could not be tempted to rove; nay, he received, with an air of contempt, some hints as to the pleasure of those elegant amusements, and the wonder it was that a young man like him, should be sitting still in the house, while such scenes and such spectators were so near. Still less could he be induced to join the mowers, though hints to that effect were also offered him. At length, when he had long sat speechless, and when, with a mouth none of the smallest, and eyes none of the brightest, he had long gaped and stared, like the traveller on the rattlesnake, “sighed and looked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and sighed again,” he thus broke forth: “They say that women are weak things, but I say they are *strong* ones.” Now this was certainly true respecting the lady in question, whatever sense might be put upon the word “strong:” but like other ladies in the like case, she chose to understand him in no sense at all, and only replied by a calm collected “How so?” to which the unhappy man answered with a deep groan, “I say they *are* strong things: I have walked sixty miles for the sake of a woman already, and I shall have sixty more to go before I get home again.”—“Oh then,” said his tormentress, with a sarcastic smile, “you do know women in the country; though you were so careless about those on the green.”—“I know none but you and the servant,” was the reply, uttered in a solemn and determined tone. This was coming nearer to the point, but still all avenues of escape were not closed on the object of his chase, and to his great mortification she promptly rejoined, “No doubt then it is the servant, I will go and fetch her directly.” This would have been a death-blow indeed: and the warmth of his love, heightened by shame at the rebuff contained in these words, and above all by the fear of an interruption to their *tête-à-tête*, forced from him at last the passionate avowal: “What care I for the servant? It is yourself I come so far to see.” And then he suggested that their tempers were especially alike, both models of good-nature—that the same character might be traced in their persons (he being, as I said, tall and thin, she short and thick)—that marriages were made in heaven,—above all, resorting to the strong hold from whence he had at first sallied—that he had walked sixty miles to see her; and sixty miles back without either her person, or promise, would be a dreary walk indeed. To all this, I am sorry to say, the lady was obdurate: nay, she laughed to his face; and he, after sitting speechless for some time, staring and gaping upon her with open mouth, as if slow to believe that such cruelty could be concealed by a countenance which he had celebrated as unfolding nothing but good-nature, at last adjusted his buckles, drew on his gloves, took

up his broad-brimmed beaver, exclaimed in a piteous tone, "Well, then, I suppose I *must* go;" and again set off, to travel his threescore miles.

You must not suppose that in this story, I have taken the licence of novelists, to report thoughts as well as words. I had it from the lady herself, to whom, as well as to her friends, it seemed a good joke. But I admonished her, as in duty bound, against the indulgence of such inhumanity; and as I do not doubt but we shall see him again, notwithstanding the length of the way, I have offered to marry them *gratis*, if she will reward such primitive simplicity and heroic perseverance with her hand.

I find that some remains of ancient manners, and some traits of the old school of yeomanry, still linger in the dells of the manufacturing districts, like the Caribees of the Fastnesses in the West India Islands. To this class I take this exotic to belong, and venerate him accordingly.

Yours, &c.

A. M.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

— Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene! HOR.

'MIDST Pleasure's joyous train,
'Midst Mirth and thoughtless Folly,
Should Sorrow chance to breathe a strain
Of plaintive melancholy,—
Hush'd—hush'd is ev'ry wire
That moves a sprightlier lay,
Mirth casts her soul-enchanting lyre
In silent scorn away;
In Beauty's love-inspiring eye
Glistens the tear of sympathy.

Oh! there's a charm,—a spell,
In Sorrow's plaintive measure,
The music of her mournful shell
Imparts so sad a pleasure,
That oft th' affecting strain
Can soothe Affliction's woes,—
Cause Anguish to forget her pain
And taste a short repose,—
Smooth Anger's brow,—and lull to rest
The tumults of the troubled breast.

Sad minstrelsy to move,
Be mine the harp of Sorrow,
And oft her magic pow'r to prove,
Each saddest note I'll borrow!
And should th' impassion'd theme
Awake one answering sigh,
Or cause one pearly tear to beam
In Pity's dewy eye,—
That tear I'll consecrate to thee,
Sad muse of mournful poesy!

Φει.

THE SCHOOL.

I.

GREAT pleasure 'tis, when years have roll'd away,
 And time hath swept from the remembrance clean
 Those joyous thoughts, which gilded boyhood's day,
 And mark'd that age of life the most serene,
 To view, with manly eye, some well-known scene—
 Some thicket, copse, or truant-playing wood;
 Or orchard, pilfer'd oft at dusky e'en:
 Or chief, to stray, chance-led, in pensive mood,
 Where, erst, the School—to us a fearful fabric—stood,

II.

A spacious room it was, and fitly form'd
 To compass learning in: long, lofty, light:
 Nor lack'd there bamboos for the uninform'd,
 Nor birchen-twigs, to set the wrong aright—
 As well can witness many a luckless wight,
 That writh'd beneath the sense-bestowing rod.
 And then a stool, and cap, with bells bedight,
 Where dunce and idler bore the wink and nod—
 A sort of *Helotry* our Spartan laws allow'd,

III.

But how the fearful man shall I describe—
 The Prince of Pedagogues—his stately plight—
 Or paint the frown that awed th' unruly tribe,
 And put audacious mirth to instant flight?
 In sooth, to us, less dire had been the sight
 Of Phorcys' daughters, who could turn to stone,
 And fix their victims in a marble night,
 Than that prophetic glance, which darkling shone—
 Portent of blows not light, and many an aching bone.

IV.

A tall, gaunt figure, meagre, pale, and wan,
 With lengthen'd visage, and eventful brow,
 Charged with the fates of many a rising man,
 That looks with wonder on his terrors now.
 How often have I, while I trembling stood,
 With burning cheek, expectant of my doom,
 Sudden, pour'd forth, from suppliant eyes, a flood,
 As his dread ire beclouded all the room!
 So shadows gather strength from evening's dusky gloom.

V.

Full fifteen streets about he held the name
 For erudition: and, if all agree,
 With very little aid—save Walkingame—
 Could teach the labyrinthian "Rule of Three"—
 Nay, some have even said he burn'd the "Key"—
 But that was rumour: yet is it a fact,
 That he was learn'd in Latin; and that he,
 By *ipse dixits*, could, whene'er attack'd,
 Beat twenty stouter men, by two small Romans back'd.

VI.

Oh! spot once fear'd, but venerated now—
 Maugre thy tasks, and pains, and boyish griefs;
 Oft-times, when care sits heavy on my brow,
 To thee I turn for comfort and relief:—
 In sooth, thou art the very welcom'st thief
 That e'er stole sorrow from th' aggrieved heart:
 Small joy to us, that boyhood is so brief!
 Years and unwelcome knowledge bid depart,
 Too soon, thy guileless age! too soon, their cares impart!

VII.

Companions of my careless, fearless prime,
 When yet our friendship suffer'd no alloy,
 Say, did we ever mourn the passing time;
 Or, courting sorrow, dash the present joy?
 We toil'd not then to hoard the treach'rous clay,
 That, like a poison'd spring, pollutes the soul;
 Or broods, like Night, o'er each expiring ray.
 Nathless, the generous spirit bursts control,
 And scorns its earthly thrall, and seeks a heavenly goal!

VIII.

Maugre thy tasks, and pains, and boyish dole,
 Oft shall Ambition, from its topmost height,
 In secret sigh, as Mem'ry opes her scroll,
 And points to thee; and mourn thy peaceful site,
 And long, in vain, to grasp the lost delight—
 To crime unknown. Sage Prudence, too, shall strive
 Thy better, guileless Wisdom, to invite
 Back from the past; and bid it once more live.
 In vain: 'tis Death alone such second youth can give!

G.

CLITO—A CHARACTER.

CLITO's only occupation, during a long life, has been to dine and to sup; he appears born for the sole purpose of digestion: nor is his conversation more varied; he will relate the number of guests at the last civic dinner; he can inform you, whether the beef was too much done, or the pudding too little,—whether the gravy-soup was good, and the turtle excellent: he can tell how many courses there were, and in what order they were served,—if the Champagne was sparkling, and the Burgundy of the best vintage. Nor is his judgment inferior to his memory: never was he exposed to the horrid misfortune of eating a bad ragoût, or drinking indifferent wine. Illustrious in the kitchen, he has carried the science of good eating to its highest pitch of excellence, and acquired a deathless reputation among *bons vivants* of every description: but alas! the best and wisest of us are mortal; and Clito already feels that his last repast is nigh, and that he will soon himself be a feast for worms. His consolation is, however, that, active or passive, he shall still be in his element,—still afford, though not partake, of a rich regale.

A VISIT FROM A WIT.

I HAVE been favoured with a visit from a Mr. Sparkish, or some such name, who is obliging enough to tell me, that in his opinion, the Magnet is woefully deficient in wit. "I have no fault to find," says he, "with the design and arrangement. The reviews are impartial, rather too much so though, in the case of my friend —. I like the historical and literary scraps you fill up with; by Jove, sir, they give it a charming variety, and enable such people as me to retail anecdotes and passages from Zoroaster, and Herodotus, and a parcel of old authors, that it would make one nervous to look at. But as for modern, fashionable, magazine, wit, you have just as good pretensions to it as Peter the Hermit had. The fact is, your pages are too learned, too substantial by half, and if you have any thoughts or expectations of increasing the number of your readers, you must turn your back upon the musty tomes of the ancients, and turn over the new leaves of the moderns, where all is sprightly and sparkling, light and liberal, free and fantastical. In short, you must insert some of *my* compositions, beginning with a paper which I have in my pocket, and which I have taken the trouble to write expressly for your new and much-admired publication. Here it is: but you must promise me that it shall appear in your very next number." I told him that it came too late, as I had already sent the copy to press. "Oh by Jove, sir," he rejoined, "you must stop the press."—"But I have not read the article," said I. "Very true," says he, "I'll read it to you myself." And without farther ceremony, he drew a manuscript from his pocket, and, as he unfolded it, gave me to understand, that his paper being intentionally somewhat desultory, he should leave the task of prefixing the title, to me, as he could not determine, to the satisfaction of his own mind, which was the leading or predominant topic. "Having premised thus much," he resumed, "I shall proceed," which he did as follows:

"Hast thou ever, Gentle Cockney Reader! during the delectable dog-days, after having 'supped full of horrors,' retired to thy chamber, with the intention of mounting upon the wings of Somnus; and after turning and tossing on thy wearisome couch, hast thou witnessed 'a midsummer night's dream,' wherein thou hast been tormented with terrors, ten times more terrible than those that *teem* in the 'Terrific Register,'—mayhap even with a *team* of night-mares,—or with losses of friends or fortune,—or with accidents both by sea and land,—or with punishments for peccadilloes, which

———— infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge,

and for which, in thy sleeping retributions, thou mayest have been rewarded with the investiture of the collar of the order of St. Ketch; hast thou, after this, 'shaken off dull sloth,' left in disgust thy troubled and troublesome couch, hurried on thy don't-name-'ems, morning gown, and slippers, *turned out* just as St. Paul's struck four, and *turned in* to that stately pile——"

"What! so soon in the morning?" I asked, "why it is not open."—"What does it signify," says he, "*n'importe*, you can make it an hour or two later if you think proper, so long as you leave the *turn* uninjured." "But before you go on, Mr. Sparkish, permit me to say, that your introduction is not quite so clear as I could wish; for notwithstanding your distinct enunciation, and correct emphasis, I must own that I cannot see the drift of it."—"No!" he exclaimed, "why that's excellent, I did not intend that you should. Where's the use of writing a beginning that

has an *end*,—eh! do you take—an end to it. That were like having ‘honey a sauce to sugar.’ A little obscurity, sir, at the outset, gives an interest, a something mysterious and romantic, to the whole article. Now it is an invariable rule with me to puzzle my readers at first, with something strange, striking, paradoxical, that they may be induced to read farther for an explanation; whereas your common-place writers of the old school, make every thing clear at first sight, and as they cost one no trouble for coming to a right understanding, very few people think them worth the trouble of reading at all. Just as it was with my Lady Warmington’s soup, in the hard winter. While the poor could have it for nothing, they called it ‘wash,’ turned up their noses, and declared it was not worth risking their pitchers to fetch it; but no sooner was it made scarce, and withheld from those who came without tickets, than the very fumes of it were found to be nourishing, and no application, or waiting, or crowding, was too troublesome, if it brought them entitled to a taste. *Apropos*, sir, talking about a *taste*, naturally brings me back to my article. I am afraid you don’t relish it, haven’t got the right flavour, eh?” Finding there was no retreat, I frankly confessed that I had not. “Then,” said he, “I had better pause a while to point out the beauties, which, excuse me, I am a little disappointed that you did not notice as I read them over at first.”

“I need not,” he resumed, “say how much less common the singular ‘thou’ is, than the plural ‘you:’ that may rest; together with the ‘Gentle Cockney Reader;’ though, for my own part, I think it particularly pretty.”—“It is a familiar invocation,” said I. “Exactly so,” he replied, and went on: “‘During the delectable dog-days:’ mark that phrase: every word tells, except ‘the:’ I have my doubts whether the beauty would not be heightened, by assuming, for a line or so, the manner of a foreigner; in which case the alliteration might be completed, by substituting ‘*de*’ for ‘the;’ what’s your opinion?”—“Really,” said I, “I don’t think you can improve it. But as I am no great admirer of alliteration, I should rather not sacrifice purity and sense for it.”—“Oh, dear Mr. Merton,” says he, “I wonder you should be insensible to so great a beauty, which I must think is (next to a pun) ‘the soul of wit.’ You must know I consider myself rather happy at it, and I reckon *that* a singularly felicitous specimen of it, beginning at the word ‘tormented,’ &c.” I observed, that the letter ‘t’ occurred not less than fifteen times in as many words. “Ah!” says he, “I thought you would admit the beauties when they were pointed out to you. But you don’t seem cordial in your approbation of alliteration: you should read the dissertation in praise of it, written by Mr. Auditor Benson. I have made it my study, day and night; and, indeed, to it I am indebted for whatever proficiency I may have arrived at in the art. You may find some striking instances of it in the works of *Pitt*,—Kit Pitt the poet I mean,—who, out of compliment to Mr. Benson, composed those ever-memorable lines on Cardinal Wolsey,

Begot by Butchers, but by Bishops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head.”

I assured Mr. Sparkish, that I had not forgotten them, and begged him to proceed. “The next thing to be noticed,” says he, “is the new, but classical metaphor of ‘mounting upon the wings of Somnus.’ I was sick and tired of the old expression, ‘fell into the arms of Morpheus,’ and in order to avoid it, I referred to Tooke’s Pantheon, to see how the

pedigree and relationship of the sleeping deities stood ; and there, to my surprise and joy, I discovered that Somnus, the brother of Death, is the real sleep ; and that he is gifted with wings ; but that Morpheus is nothing better than the servant of Somnus. So I think you must allow, that my research has been productive of great benefit ; that I am right in preferring the master to the servant ; mounting on wings, to falling in the arms ; in short, that I may lay claim to the merit of originality at least." I replied, that there could be no doubt of it, and that I considered him quite a unique. " You're very obliging," said he, and directly proceeded to what he termed the " grand hit," namely, the " *team* of night-mares." " Mark," says he, " how accommodating that phrase is. First of all, the word *team*, is a delightful echo of the word *teem*, which precedes it. Then, being used to creatures of the horse species, it is particularly apt, for you know they do not put any other animals in teams. " Except mules and asses," said I. " That's true enough," replied he, " but as it escaped *me*, I dare say it will escape the generality of readers. Let it stand, if you please. Moreover, there is something native and familiar in the idea : nothing high-flown, like your ancient Pegasuses ; and yet it is not quite sleepy, or motionless." I told him it reminded one of the team in a fly-waggon. " Oh ! by Jove, sir," he exclaimed, " it's a fine thought ; but, for fear it should prove too witty, I instantly give a check to it, by the contrast of two or three very serious ideas.

" What can be more pathetic than the ' losses of friends and fortune ? ' " " Truly, nothing," I answered. " Or what," he continued, " more distressing than ' accidents both by sea and land ? ' or what more just than ' punishments for peccadilloes ? ' "—" Nothing, nothing," I answered. " But you omit to notice," says he, " how I modify the gravity of the thing, by the employment of ' peccadilloes,' instead of crimes."—" I see," said I, " it is much of a piece with the periphrasis by which you disguise the halter ; for such I take to be the meaning by St. Ketch's collar."—" To be sure it is," he rejoined, " but don't you see what a fine opportunity I take for having a slap at the orders of knighthood, the privileged orders, and *higher* classes ? There's a deal of satire in it, as you may suppose from the quotation which presently follows. There again, I have a slap at the church. It's taken from your old-fashioned morning hymn ; he !—he !—how ridiculous I make it look."—" Really, sir," I said, " that piece of wit would have appeared more according to the proper order of things, if it had come before the joke about Jack Ketch ; you might then have made the ' investiture ' a reward for the witticism."—" Dear Mr. Editor," said he, " I admire the thought ; I see you only want to be put in the right way, to shew as pretty a vein as any of us. But I trespass on your valuable time I fear. Let me leave you the manuscript to look over at your leisure. Only promise me not to alter or to omit any thing."—" What ! " I exclaimed, with indignation and impatience, " resign my editorial prerogatives of emendation and expurgation ! Sir, I would not do it for a series of the wittiest articles that ever were penned."—" Then by Jove, sir," he retorted with great warmth, " you shall have none of mine. I never will submit to have my better-half—my wit—quacked, and purged, and cut up, *ad libitum*, by you or any body else." So saying, he snatched up his hat, left the room, slammed the door, and muttered vengeance as he hastily descended the staircase, which I was told he continued to mutter half way down the street.

FAREWELL.

Yes, pride of soul shall nerve me now,
 To think of thee no more;
 And coldness steel that heart and brow,
 That passion sway'd before!
 Think'st thou that I will live for thee,
 To spurn at honour's stern decree,
 That bids me love no more?
 No! by my hopes of heaven! I'll be
 With honour thine, or lost to thee.

Thy hand hath oft been clasp'd in mine
 Fondly, since first we met;
 My lip hath e'en been press'd to thine
 In greeting wild—but yet
 Lightly avails it now to tell
 Of moments only loved too well!
 Joys I would fain forget;—
 Since memory's star can ill control
 The moonless midnight of my soul!

Not seldom is the soul depress'd
 While tearless is the eye;
 For there are woes that wring the breast
 When Feeling's fount is dry;
 Sorrows that only fade with years,
 But dwelling all too deep for tears
 Rankle eternally!
 Such now as in my bosom dwell,
 Read them in this last word—Farewell!

THEODORE.

THE LAST WORDS OF LOVE.

The last links are broken
 That bound me to thee,
 The words thou hast spoken
 Have render'd me free.

Thy sweet glance, misleading,
 On others may shine,
 Those eyes beam'd unheeding
 When tears burst from mine.

The chain that enthrall'd me
 In sadness was worn,
 The coldness that gall'd me
 In silence was borne.

Though sorrow subdued me
 It did not appear,
 Though thy scorn hath pursued me
 Long, long wert thou dear.

If my love seemed boldness,
 That error is o'er;
 I've witness'd thy coldness
 And love thee no more.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RIGA, the Greek Patriot.

RIGA, the principal agent of the first insurrection which prepared the way for the present struggle for independence in Greece, was born in the year 1753 at Valestini, a small town in Thessaly. He studied with intense ardour at the best colleges of his country, and early distinguished himself by a great facility of conception, and an extraordinary activity of mind. As he was not sufficiently rich to be enabled to devote himself exclusively to the study of literature, he applied himself to trade, in order to acquire an independent subsistence. He went, while yet very young, to Bucharest, where he remained till 1790, dividing his time between commercial pursuits and his favourite studies. At Bucharest, which then contained many literary characters of all nations, and libraries rich in all the branches of literature, Riga, who was continually on the search for fresh information, acquired very extensive erudition. His imagination became excited by the ancient literature of Greece ;—the French, Latin, German, and Italian languages were familiar to him ; he wrote equally well in French and in Greek ; and was at the same time both a poet and a musician. His favourite study was that of comparative geography. To all these acquisitions he added a deep and passionate attachment to his beautiful but unhappy country, whose shameless bondage filled him with indignation, and whose liberation he meditated as the end of his most ardent desires. This all-pervading passion, which gave a romantic tinge to his intellectual faculties, inspired him with the daring and extraordinary scheme of forming a great secret society, whose object was to rouse the whole of Greece against the Porte, and to deliver his unfortunate countrymen from the yoke of their oppressors. Full of energy and activity, eloquent to an uncommon degree, and already possessed of the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, he was not long in forming such a society. He brought over to his party, the bishops, the archons, the rich merchants, the literati, the naval and military officers, and in short the flower of the Greek nation, as well as many foreigners of high reputation and power. Nay, he even contrived to do what might appear incredible to the rest of Europe, but may, nevertheless, be accounted for by the natural aversion which all men of all classes and nations must have to arbitrary power ; he actually enlisted in his party many powerful Turks, and, among others, the celebrated Paswan Oglou, who so long resisted the whole force of the Ottoman empire.

After the formation of this society, Riga established himself at Vienna, where a great number of Greek merchants resided, as well as many literary emigrants from that country. From this metropolis he carried on an extensive secret correspondence with his confederates in Greece, and other parts of Europe. He continued at the same time to cultivate literature very successfully. He published a Greek journal for the use of his countrymen. He translated the travels of Anacharsis the Younger ;—he composed and published a Treatise on Military Tactics ; and an Elementary Treatise on Physics for the use of the unscientific ; and translated several French works. But Riga obtained his chief celebrity and popularity from his patriotic songs, which, though written in a familiar style bordering on the vulgar, were eminently calculated to inflame the imaginations of the young Greeks, and to inspire them with love for their country, and resentment against the Turks. His imitation of the Mar-

seillois Hymn,* which is still sung by Greeks in their camps, and before their battles; and his beautiful song,

Ὡς πότε παληκάρια νὰ ζοῦμε 'στὰ βόνα.

How long will ye dwell on the mountains, ye brave?

are those which excited the greatest enthusiasm, and produced the most powerful sensation on the minds of a nation, who still remembered the deeds of Miltiades, of Cimon, of Themistocles, and of Pericles. Riga also published a large map of all Greece, in twelve sheets, engraved at Vienna, at the expense of the confederates, in which he had designated all the most celebrated spots of his nation by their ancient as well as their modern names. This work spread the literary fame of Riga throughout Europe.

This indefatigable and extraordinary man, who, by the mere powers of his mind, had paved the way for the present Greek revolution, died a martyr to the cause. A treacherous member of the society, who desired riches at the expense of his honour, denounced Riga and eight of his companions to the government of Austria, as conspirators. The Emperor of Germany ordered them to be arrested, and surrendered to the Porte, with the exception of three, who were naturalized Austrians. Riga, some time before he was discovered, had removed from Vienna; but he was taken at Trieste, where he stabbed himself with a poniard; but the blow was not mortal. In vain did he and his companions in misfortune entreat, as a special favour, that, instead of being delivered to the ferocious agents of the Turkish government, they might be put to death among their families, and their new friends. Their prayers were disregarded. But, fortunately for them, the guards appointed to escort them, fearing they would be rescued by the Bey Paswan Oglou, flung them into the Danube, and thus delivered them from the lingering tortures they expected from the Turks.

This catastrophe, which filled Greece with consternation and resentment, and excited the regrets of a great part of Europe, took place in 1798, about the middle of May, when Riga was not more than 45 years old.

C. S. J.

LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE.

WHEN Louis XI. of France resided at his château of Duplessis, near Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen, where he saw a lad of fourteen or fifteen years old, occupied in turning the spit. The lad was well made, and his appearance altogether merited a better lot.

The King asked him, Whence he came, who he was, and what he earned? The turnspit, not knowing the King, answered without the least hesitation, "I come from Berri, my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the King."—"How much does the King earn?" said Louis. "His living," replied Stephen, "and I earn mine." By this simple and ingenuous answer he much pleased the King, who afterward made him his valet, and loaded him with favours.

* Lord Byron's translation, beginning "Sons of the Greeks arise," is well known.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN. By her Grand-daughter Alicia Lefanu. Whittakers.

THE lot of the softer sex is mostly cast in the retired scenes of life. In the nursery, and the domestic circles; beside the couch of the aged and afflicted, do female tenderness, innocence, and vivacity, display their most attractive forms; but these every-day occurrences afford few materials for biography. The kind and affectionate mother, the faithful wife, the dutiful daughter, are, happily for society, such common characters, that, in contemplating the sex, such amiable traits almost exclusively engage our attention. Females of a more conspicuous character, it is true, are occasionally presented to the observation of the historian; but, in proportion as they claim our notice as public characters, they often lose the charm which makes them invaluable in private life. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a mother, whose worth in that relation has not been injured by the very event which tended to draw her into public view.

The subject of the work before us, was the daughter of an Irish clergyman, who entertained so great a horror of learned ladies, that he denied our heroine the privilege of learning to read. Harsh and violent measures commonly produce an effect the reverse, or nearly so, of that intended. Miss Chamberlaine, having learned to read and write by stealth, felt a wish to become an author, and wrote a Romance, and *two Sermons*, before she completed her fifteenth year. These met with the common fate of juvenile productions: the friends of the author pronounced them excellent, and the public remained satisfied with their decision.

Her father falling into a state of mental imbecility, Miss Chamberlaine found opportunities of occasionally visiting the Theatre, an indulgence withheld by her parent, who did not approve of this sort of diversion. Here she saw and admired Mr. Thomas Sheridan. The latter was then manager; and becoming involved in some trouble from the disorderly behaviour of an irregular youth towards the celebrated actress George Anne Bellamy, which produced considerable riot and confusion, Miss Chamberlaine volunteered her literary services in his defence. Introduction followed as a matter of course; and the affair terminated in a matrimonial connexion.

There is a prudence which is valour's better half, but is evidently not inconsistent with firmness, without which it will never produce a happy result. During the riot, Mr. Sheridan received many letters threatening his life, if he appeared on the stage; and he was ill-advised enough to absent himself, even after he had been announced to play *Horatio*, in the *Fair Penitent*. Some time after his marriage the disturbances were renewed, although from a different cause; and when Mr. Sheridan perceived symptoms of disorder beginning to shew themselves, he very carefully put himself into a chair, and was carried home as privately as possible. The audience loudly called for the manager to explain or apologize for the offence. They were told that he was gone home: they required that he should be sent for, and gave him an hour to appear in. The hour expired, and he did not appear. The uproar then commenced with renewed violence. The Theatre was gutted; and Mr. Sheridan suffered an injury in his property, which involved him in difficulties during the remainder of his life.

If fear for his personal safety did not urge him to this line of conduct,

he stands wholly inexcusable. There can be no doubt but that his immediate appearance, with a respectful explanation, would have immediately removed every discontent, and restored peace and order.

After this he withdrew from Ireland, visited London, and finally removed his family thither. Finding his circumstances not equal to the expenses of living in the British metropolis, he retired to France; but not experiencing the advantages he had hoped to derive from this plan, he returned to England soon after the death of Mrs. Sheridan, which happened in 1766.

The portion of this volume which most particularly introduces Mrs. Sheridan to our notice, is that which treats of her literary labours. A grand-daughter, in writing of her grandmother, can only exhibit her excellences, or record her merits. If neither of these offered themselves; common piety towards a departed ancestor, would compel her to keep silence. The same principles must cause her to suppress the recollection of every failing. It is very far from our intention to insinuate by this remark, that we have any knowledge of a single failing that can be imputed to Mrs. Sheridan. We believe her to have been an amiable and intelligent lady, and to have shewn that attention to the best interests of her husband and children, which constitutes a woman's highest praise; but it must be obvious, that a memoir compiled by so near a relative, is much more likely to possess the character of panegyric than of biography.

A large collection of anecdotes appears in the work; and persons fond of light reading, will derive much amusement from it. It has been asserted, that the following lines by the late R. B. Sheridan were addressed to his first wife when Miss Lindley. Mrs. Lefanu asserts that they were addressed to Lady Margaret Fordyce.

But hark! did not our bard repeat
The love-born name of Margaret?
Attention seizes every ear;
We pant for the *description* here.
If ever dulness left thy brow,
Pindar, we say, 'twill leave thee now.
But oh! old Dulness' son anointed,
His mother never disappointed;
For after all we're left to seek
A *dimple* in Fordyce's cheek.
And could you really discover,
In gazing those sweet beauties over,
No other charm, no winning grace,
Adorning either mind or face,
But one poor dimple to express
The quintessence of loveliness?
Mark'd you her eye of sparkling blue?
Mark'd you her cheek of rosy hue?
That eye, in languid circles moving;
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving;
The one, Love's arrows darting round,
The other, blushing for the wound;
Did she not speak? did she not move?
Now Pallas, now the Queen of Love!

Of Mrs. Sheridan's prose it is difficult to give an extract which would suit our limits and gratify the taste of our readers; we shall therefore close this article with her Ode to Patience.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

I.

Unawed by threats, unmoved by force,
 My steady soul pursues her course,
 Collected, calm, resigned.
 Say ye, who search with curious eyes
 The spring whence human actions rise,
 Say, whence this turn of mind?

II.

'Tis Patience.—Gentle Goddess hail!
 O, let thy votary's vows prevail,
 Thy threaten'd flight to stay:
 Long hast thou been a welcome guest;
 Long reign'd an inmate in this breast;
 And ruled with gentle sway.

III.

Through all the various turns of fate,
 Ordain'd me in each several state,
 My wayward lot has known—
 What taught me silently to bear,
 To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
 When sorrow weigh'd me down?

IV.

'Twas Patience.—Temperate Goddess stay!
 For still thy dictates I obey,
 Nor yield to Passion's power;
 Though by injurious foes borne down,
 My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown
 In one ill-fated hour.

V.

When robb'd of her I held most dear,
 My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
 Of her I loved so well;
 What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
 As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
 Forbade the tide to swell?

VI.

'Twas Patience.—Goddess ever calm,
 Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
 That antidote to pain;
 Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
 By chemistry divine can turn
 Our losses into gain.

VII.

When sick, and languishing in bed,
 Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
 Sleep—which e'en pain beguiles:
 What taught me calmly to sustain
 A feverish being rack'd with pain,
 And dress'd my looks in smiles?

VIII.

'Twas Patience.—Heaven-descended maid,
 Implored, flew swiftly to my aid,
 And lent her fostering breast:
 Watch'd my sad couch with parent care,
 Repell'd th' approaches of Despair,
 And sooth'd my soul to rest.

IX.

What, when dissever'd from his side,
 My friend, protector, and my guide;
 When my prophetic soul,
 Anticipating all the storm,
 Saw danger in its direst form,
 What could my fears control?

X.

'Twas Patience.—Gentle Goddess, hear,
 Be ever to thy suppliant near,
 Nor let one murmur rise:
 For still some mighty joys are given,
 Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,
 The sweet domestic ties.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF FRANCE.

WHATEVER may be the state of the press in France, the extent and munificence of her public libraries must command our admiration. This is the more extraordinary, when we consider that the country which produced a Newton and a Locke, names with which Malebranche and Des Cartes can bear no comparison, is very deficient in public libraries. When the King's Library shall be added to the *Sloanean*, *Harleian*, and *Cottonian* collections at the British Museum, the whole will not then amount to one-third of the books contained in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris. The following list will appear sufficiently extensive. In Paris the royal library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 MSS. The library of Monsieur 150,000 printed volumes, and 5000 MSS. The library of St. Gèneviève 110,000 printed volumes, and 2000 MSS. The Mazarine library 92,000 printed volumes, and 3000 MSS. The library of the city of Paris 20,000 volumes. All these are daily open to the public. In the Departments there are twenty-five public libraries, with above 1,700,000 volumes, of which Aix has 72,670, Marseilles 31,500, Toulouse 30,000, Bourdeaux 105,000, Tours 30,000, Lyons 106,000, Versailles 40,000, and Amiens 40,000. In the Royal Library at Paris, there are several uncollated MSS. of the Scriptures.



ODE TO HOPE.

I.

THOU blessing, sent us from above,
 Rich offspring of celestial Love:
 Fair Hope! thy presence let me hail.
 When grief intrudes, when pains assail,
 O'er life's rough sea amid the tempest's roar
 Pilot my rolling bark, and set me safe on shore.

II.

'Tis thine, when troubles rack the heart,
 Thy lenient balsam to impart.
 This load of life, oh! who could bear,
 Didst thou not 'suage each galling care!
 Thy frowns all human happiness destroy,
 Thy smiles dawn peace upon the soul, and endless joy.

III.

The wretch, of ev'ry friend bereft,
 By kindred scorn'd, by fortune left,
 The orphan plunged in seas of care,
 The widow'd wife, and injured heir,
 Through the dark cloud that intercepts thy blaze,
 Perceive thy glimm'ring light, and own thy cheering rays.

IV.

The pilgrim leans upon thy hand
 While passing through a dreary land.
 Thy promises beguile the hours,
 And lo! the desert teems with flow'rs,
 When thou step'st in, his drooping soul to raise,
 And giv'st a brighter prospect of more pleasing days.

V.

Repentants gasping out their breath,
 And struggling with convulsive death,
 Faintly lift up their dying eyes,
 While nature tells her pangs in sighs;
 To thee their ardent genuine wishes send,
 Implore thine healing aid, and in thee find a friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MODERN DRAMA.

The play's the thing
By which we catch the manners.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE stage has, by many able writers, been considered a means of imparting lessons of morality to the mind—it has also been termed "*The brief chronicle of the times*," designed "*to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to shew*

The very age and body of the time,
Its form and pressure."

The first is a very important and noble object. The second is a pleasing and useful exhibition, which might probably produce very beneficial results, by way of example, if only the virtuous were exalted, and the vicious debased, in our modern dramas. It may, however, be very true, that there are but few subjects having any claim to originality, which could be converted to such purposes, and without novelty there may, in the opinion of many, be but little chance of success. We are told that character, plot, and incidents, are all exhausted. That machinery, show, splendour,—the springing of mines,—the blowing-up of castles,—hurricanes,—volcanoes,—water-spouts,—cascades, and cataracts, are the only materials that can possibly draw the attention, and secure the admiration and patronage, of the public. If this be true, is it not equally lamentable? for is it not an indication of our degeneracy almost to a state of barbarism, to acknowledge, in these which are termed enlightened times, that we can have no relish for that which is natural? for that which being conveyed to the mind, shall call up some moral reflection, some noble sentiment, and virtuous feeling, to rouse and stimulate the soul to the admiration and pursuit of all that is good and valuable in life? Is it not lamentable that we cannot enter into the spirit of those elevated thoughts so well expressed by the immortal Shakspeare, and so admirably delivered by some of our performers? Shall we tacitly acknowledge, that our admiration is only to be excited, when we see stately elephants, splendid cars, prancing steeds, and learned dogs? and that we listen with more attention to an artificial thunder-storm, than to the more solid dictates of wisdom and morality?

Among the various amusements of a rational and enlightened people, the drama stands certainly entitled to the first consideration, possessing as it does, the power of combining, in a most admirable and comprehensive manner, the "*utile et dulce*." Nor does the rage for theatrical amusements appear to have declined with dramatic merits; for I believe the theatres of the metropolis at the present day, are upon many occasions scarcely able to afford accommodation for their numerous visitors. Whether this circumstance deserves to be acknowledged as an indication of refined taste, and solid judgment, may be a question subject to a variety of opinions according to the judgment and taste upon which such opinions are formed, or by which they may be suggested: but I freely confess that I cannot hail it as entitled to such an acknowledgment.

To rail at popular opinions, must at all times appear unpopular: but I cannot, in the present instance, reconcile my mind to agree with the voice of the public, if such really be the prevailing sentiment: and that it is, there can be little doubt, since instruction, which ought upon all occasions to be blended with theatrical amusements, appears no longer to be con-

sidered the most important, or even a requisite ingredient, in the composition of a modern drama. The heart is no longer to be elevated or depressed, reprov'd and corrected, through the medium of the senses. Minerva appears to have deserted the spot, and pastime or folly, with her cap and bells, to have usurped undivided sway. And yet crowded audiences shower down their unqualified applauses upon the glittering nothings, upon which all the decorations of the artist and machinist are bestowed, without considering that the morality of the fable, the propriety of the language, and the consistency of the spectacle, ought to constitute the principal merits of the piece. Indeed it is notorious, that the combined efforts of the scene painter, and the mechanic, have often more weight in the salvation of a play, than all the vigour and energy of the author's imagination. It must, however, be admitted, that originality of thought, grandeur of design, and the inculcation of moral feeling, are but seldom discoverable in the productions of modern genius; and that a something of deception resembling the juggler, who while he waves the box in the air, is endeavouring to take advantage of the senses and pockets of his audience, is substituted in their stead.* This allusion will also apply to the stage tricks of the performers, which, however injudiciously introduced, have, in many instances, been known to establish a play in the estimation of the public.

In making these observations I am not inclined to censure the stage on puritanical principles, but rather to point out some of the inconsistencies which are occasionally, and I think I may say frequently, introduced in our dramatic exhibitions; and, to ask a plain question, how is it that they are tolerated? We are told that

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please, must please, to live.

Hence the responsibility of the managers in pursuit of novelty is entirely removed, provided the patrons of the drama give their approbation to such representations.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

HERE bits and scraps together mingle,
Various as creation's dyes,
Pictures, pastime-prose, and jingle,
Charm the ears and please the eyes.
Smart witty lines, and love-born ballads,
Neat *morceaux* sublime and bold;
Attic salts, dramatic salads,—
Turn the pages and behold:
Cull'd from sources valued highly,
Though a motley patch-work group;
Form'd to make time pass on slyly,
A sort of Salmagundi soup:
A hotch-potch-olio, rich and pleasing,
Yielding laughter and delight,
Pure mirth and merriment unceasing,
To put the monster, care, to flight. J.

* Of course there are exceptions to this proposition; in particular the new comedy, which we had the pleasure of commending in our critical notice of it (p. 118), may be cited as a bright example of the contrary.—ED.

PASTORAL. By a Quaker.

PLACED at his table, lonely Colin sate,
 Neglected dinner cooling on his plate ;
 The best of bacon smoked to no effect,
 Though round with spinach and with pigeons deckt.
 A leg of mutton went as it came on,
 A perfect picture, 'twas so nicely done ;
 Alike to him was baked, and roast, and stew'd,
 And if he pick'd, 'twas but by habitude.
 Cross'd o'er his fork, his unsoil'd knife was laid,
 Unop'd his napkin, and unbroke his bread.
 Why loiters *Rosalind*? Oh hasten home,
 Ere artichokes are out of season ; come !
 Now apricots are just a coming in,
 Oh hasten while the goslings yet are green.
 How fast the season of good eating rolls !
 The chickens very soon will grow to fowls.
 Love only in one situation stays,
 And he remains a chicken all his days.
 At early breakfast bohea tea is sweet,
 With charming butter'd rolls that make one eat ;
 Muffins are good, and pleasant 'tis at noon,
 To bite a toast, and sip one's chocolate down.
 A proper whet. Fragrant the kitchen smells
 At dinner-time, and knockers saves and bells,
 Summons unneedful : sweet the coming on
 Of grateful coffee, after dinner's done.
 The silent night spreads out her table neat
 For supper, and invites again to eat.
 But neither early breakfast, nor the treat
 Of charming butter'd rolls, that make one eat,
 Nor muffins, nor the proper whet at noon,
 To bite a toast, and sip one's chocolate down,
 Nor fragrance, when the heated kitchen smells
 At dinner-time, and knockers saves and bells,
 Summons unneedful ; nor the coming on
 Of grateful coffee, after dinner's done,
 Nor silent night, though spread her table neat
 For supper, without *Rosalind*, are sweet.
 Lately our *Stephen*, in the meadows, found
 Mushrooms, as fine as ever grew on ground,
 For *Rosalind* we laid them by in store,
 But the worms eat them, and they are no more.
 Her shepherd thus is prey'd upon within ;
 For absence is a worm that works unseen.—
 There's Goody Wilson, very kind indeed,
 Sent me a pigeon of the savage breed,
 I never saw a finer with my eyes ;
 It full of maggots in the larder lies ;
 These things wont keep, no more do I of late
 Know how to keep out maggots from this pate.—
 Thus sung the shepherd, till the fumes of sleep,
 At their known hour did on his eyelids creep,
 Steeping in gentle balm his tuneful care,
 He sat and nodded in his elbow-chair.

SKETCHES OF INDIA, written by an Officer, for Fire-side Travellers at Home. 8vo. Longman and Co.

FEW countries deserve our attention more than India ; to the merchant it is an object of interest, as having supplied Europe, both in ancient and modern times, with many of the luxuries of life ; while to the antiquary and the philosopher, it affords a wide field of conjecture, from its early civilization, and its numerous stately ruins ; and still more from that fixedness of character, which has caused its inhabitants to remain almost unchanged, even by the desolating fury and persecuting zeal of Mahometan conquerors. In the earliest ages of which we have any history, society in India presented the same leading features as at present ; the inhabitants of India are described by Strabo and Megasthenes, in terms which are almost equally appropriate at the present day ; then, as now, they were divided into distinct casts, some of which revelled in abundance, while others were poor and oppressed ; their very dress is scarcely changed. But to Englishmen, India is full of a more peculiar, and consequently of a higher description of interest. It has been the scene of many of our most splendid achievements, and is the seat of an extensive empire, no less flattering to our pride, than conducive to our national prosperity.

The present work professes to give a familiar picture of Indian scenery and manners, and is a narrative of a journey in the years 1818, 19, and 20, through many different parts of the Peninsula, interspersed with descriptions of such objects as appeared most striking and curious ; and with reflections on the past and present condition of this fine country, and its inhabitants. The author strayed among the ruins of the ancient Gour, which 730 years before Christ, was the capital of a great empire ; and mingled in the crowd that now throngs the streets of Calcutta ; he visited Benares, the Athens of the East, and Agra, once the capital of the Mogul empire. He has sailed upon the Hooghly and the Ganges ; has traversed the dominions of the Nizam and of Scindiah ; and has qualified himself to describe the splendid camp of the Mahrattas, and the roving parties of the Pindarries.

His style is sufficiently easy and natural (when not obscured by the too frequent use of Hindoo terms), but, perhaps, too loose and desultory, and we are hurried, with a rapidity which sometimes becomes fatiguing, from city to camp, from jungle to pagod. His reflections are full of religious feelings, which shed an additional charm over his pages, when not counteracted by uncharitable abuse of the Brahmins, whom he charges with pride, hypocrisy, and all other priestly vices, though he himself relates circumstances which clearly prove that there are bright exceptions. The following is one of the most pleasing.

I was present at the examination of many hundred native boys, selected from different schools, entirely under the superintendence, patronage, and control of natives.

It was held at the house of a Brahmin of great wealth and influence. In a quadrangular court, surrounded by piazzas, were assembled about five hundred children of all casts ; and these were introduced, by classes, into a large upper room open to the court, supported by numerous pillars after the Hindoo fashion, and furnished half in English, half in Asiatic taste.

Many of the senior civil servants of the establishment were present ; among them

the chief secretary to the government. The boys were examined in reading, writing, arithmetic, and repetition; and they all received as prize-books, such as are translated by us, printed in our presses, and used in our schools. The masters, who were all Brahmins, were rewarded with sums of money, according to the proficiency of the scholars selected from their respective schools for the occasion. A pretty little boy, habited in fine figured muslin, with a row of valuable pearls about his neck, and other rich jewels, probably the ornaments of his doting mother, took his stand and chance in the class of naked little fellows with whom he had been instructed; and was examined, side by side, with many of inferior cast. I found that he was the son of the very Brahmin at whose house this gratifying and interesting exhibition took place.

Surely, the Brahmin above described possessed a liberal and enlarged mind, and would have done honour to any creed. The following extract will give a more just idea of the author's style than any thing that we can say; it is a description of the tomb of Acbar, one of the greatest princes who ever sat on the throne of the Moguls.

Is this a tomb? you ask yourself, a *mere* tomb? as descending from your elephant at a high arched and lofty gateway, with gallery chambers and vaulted dome, you see, through and far beyond it, a vast pile of building of the most beautiful red granite, adorned in stone and marble, with many rich borderings of flowers, and with inscriptions from the Koran, in free bold letters of prodigious size. You follow a paved pathway through the garden, now covered with rank grass, and stripped of half its trees, and approaching nearer, pronounce the building, though grand, too much overcharged for the eye of taste. Too many small minarets are crowded on its top, nor is the ascent to the door sufficiently spacious or raised. The lower story has one lofty dome, under which lies the dust of Acbar, beneath such plain and narrow tomb as would simply mark where a Moslem lay.

Above, upon the higher story, are arched verandahs, and marble chambers; and on the very top, a handsome space paved with marble, and surrounded by a light piazzaded gallery, whose outer face is open screen-work of the same precious material, perfectly white and polished, but representing branches and wreaths interwoven with the most natural grace and ease.

Here is a small sarcophagus of white marble. Natural in form, and naturally strewn, are the pale flowers which lie thickly scattered on it. For whom the sculptor scattered them, four small and beautifully formed letters declare:—Acbar,* you read; and read no more.

Of all the princes who sat upon the throne of the Moguls, none, perhaps, has so much enjoyed the admiration of posterity as Acbar.

His wars, his personal exploits, his acts of generosity, his sayings, are treasured in the memory of all the better educated Mussulmans. He was born during the distress and exile of his father Humaioon. At thirteen ascended the musnud; at fourteen commanded an army in person; fought and conquered the immense host of Abdool Khan on the famous plains of imperial Delhi, and slew the leader of that host with his own hand.

He encouraged arts, manufactures, and trade. He was tolerant in religious matters. Under the vigorous administration of Abul Fazel, his able, faithful, and enlightened minister, Hindostan flourished in proud tranquillity. He gathered that beautiful emerald for the crown of the Moguls, the little kingdom-valley of Cachemere; and after reigning prosperously for half a century, he *died*,—How? in the well-fought field? or, ripe in age and honour, on the peaceful couch of expected death? neither,—in throes and agonies, convulsed by poison!

Look out upon these wide and sunny plains, the summons of his signet had covered them with two hundred thousand soldiers ready to bleed round his standard. His own brave arm was ever ready for service of honour, or of peril; yet, perhaps,

* In Arabic characters.

did the feeble hand of some coward slave, or trembling female, mix for him the fatal draught. Look out again; look where the red towers of Agra glitter near the tranquil Jumna. Still grand and perfect is the fort. But on this side, see how small, how poor the city of which the founder sleeps below! Scarce two centuries ago, the approaching traveller had started, as from some favouring spot he might have seen at one broad glance, the domes of a hundred mosques; the lofty and turretted walls of sixty caravanseras; the smaller cupolas, and minarets of palaces, baths, and tombs innumerable; the proud and massive fort with its armed walls; and on the plain beyond, the white tents and gay standards of an army of Moorish horse, ever ready at the trumpet's sound.

The last extract which we shall offer to our readers, presents a vivid picture of the wretched state to which hate and revenge, nourished by dark superstition, can reduce the human mind: the incident possesses picturesque beauty, and is narrated in a manner sufficiently impressive, though not without the faults which are most frequent in this volume.

In the evening I walked out and climbed a lofty rock about half a mile to the eastward of the town (Bhilsah), on which is also a durgah to the memory of a Mahometan saint. There are steps cut in the rock; and here and there gateways and small walls. On the top all is bare and naked, but would make, and has evidently been used as, a point of defence. The deserted huts of a large irregular bivouac still lie between its shelter and that of the town. As I stood gazing round me, now looking out on the noble and extensive scene below, now examining the durgah, there burst on me a figure which quite startled me. From the cottage I had remarked, there came forth an old woman, in form and feature horrible; and with angry wild gestures in a hoarse voice bade me begone. Her lean shrivelled arms, loose breasts, haggard features, and gray dishevelled hair, gave her an appearance absolutely horrible. I affected first to disregard, and then soften her; neither would do. She seemed half-frantic, and said many things in a loud hurried unintelligible tone of voice. I left the spot quite with a sinking of the heart. Her age, her sex, forbade me to use violence of any sort which might defend me; and mad she seemed with hate, the offspring of superstition, or of wrong, I could not tell which. She evidently dressed the durgah with flowers, and dwelt there as its guardian: widowed, childless, or destitute, or all, she might have become through war. Here, where six hundred years ago the crescent was planted on the field of bloody triumph; here, where some demon saint, who with Koran and creese had marched among the slaughtering bands, rested in the tomb; here had she fitly chosen such sad solitude as the unsubdued revengeful spirit seeks, but not for soothing. Here sits and broods pitiless vengeance;—and finds the spot, all lonely as it is, thick peopled with the furies preying on her heart.

Before we quit this publication, we cannot refrain from noticing the very serious charge made by the writer against the Honourable East India Company and its agents. Speaking of the sums given by the Hindoos to the Brahmins at Allahabad, the confluence of the Jumna, and the Ganges, and other places considered as sacred, he asserts that these extortions are connived at by the Company, who receive half of the sums so extorted from the miserable natives. Of the truth or falsehood of this statement we know nothing: but we think that a charge, which tends to fix a brand of infamy on the persons concerned, and which even in some measure affects our national character, should not have been advanced by a concealed and anonymous author.

POETIC SCENES. No. I.

SCENE—*A Chamber in the House of Appius.*

APPIUS, a Decemvir.—CLAUDIUS, his kinsman.

APPIUS (*solus*).

Dentatus still would foil my purposes.

He is the stubborn stone that checks my path,

My constant stumbling-post, that, like old custom,

'Twere dangerous to remove; yet I'm resolved

On sovereign sway in Rome, which to obtain

Let resolution point. A Grecian's pride

Rests on the rusty shelf of many ages;

His laws, antiquities, and customs, are

His gods! Whereas 'tis novelty that gilds

The Roman record. Rome's proudest hero,

Who looks behind scarce half a century,

Sees lagging after him, still strong and nervous,

A host of ancestry and short-lived statutes,

That honour him the most in distant view.

'Tis novelty that leads to fame in Rome.

(*Enter an OFFICER with despatches.*)

This is well; as I anticipated.

Dissensions flourish 'mong the generals.

I'll feed the faction till it outgrows itself,

And in its surfeit root my firmest hopes.

They want more men—more money. For men,

They shall have maxims,—for ducats, doits.

Dentatus, the grim spectre of their hopes,

I'll send as legate; so shall Rome be rid

Of his close scrutiny. Thus well and ill

Work hand and hand for me.

Enter CLAUDIUS.

Claud. I salute ye, most noble Decemvir.

App. The honour of that title, good Claudius,

Like maidens' favours, hardly will divide,

Or in partition parts with true enjoyment.

Harkye, and be thine ear the grave o' th' echo;—

I have no relish for divided honours;

My soul's too proudly haughty e'er to envy

The honours of the foremost man in Rome,

If Rome can bear another such;—No, no,

There is no greatness in equality,

Nothing being great but by comparison.

Doth not the moon seem to this peopled earth

A gem in Nature's sparkling diadem,

Far more illustrious than a heaven of stars?

So should the ruler of an empire seem.

Why then should Rome so waste her mightiness;

So scatter in degrading tithes her honour?

It must not be; the clouds may pass that now

Eclipse her dignity. But tell me, Claudius,

What of Dentatus?

Claud. 'Tis true he is abroad.

I saw him in the crowded market-place,

In meekness bending to the mighty mob,

Frankly debating with their jaundiced senators,

Who hear, and hail him as their oracle,

As if he held the fiat of their fortune.

App. There's no treason in a mob, Claudius.

Claud. They clamour too, in their rude oratory,
'Gainst taxes, tithes, and innovations,
And many grievances their fancies feel.

App. And so they will. There be who bark and gibe
At the usurping growth of sciences,
And all things new: as moping moralists
Shrivel their lax conscience, and groan against
The age's corruption. It ever was the cry
Of hopeless patriots,—Reform! reform!
The state is rotten. Yet imagination
Mothers many ills, and though the lion
Unfearing hears the yelping cur, his eyes
Are fixed upon the puny thing; so we
Although undreading, still must be alert.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ADVANTAGES POSSESSED BY THE GREEK SCULPTORS.

THE Grecian sculptors not only derived the highest advantages from a religion which disposed men to embody all the charms of nature in definite forms, and from a cast of mind requiring for enjoyment the distinctness of beauty, rather than the visionary and the dim, but had the benefit of studying the human frame in its most perfect freeness, elegance, and grace. Not only were the Greeks beautiful by nature, but the course of their lives, even from earliest infancy, was calculated to improve the form. The public exercises gave, in addition to the polished manner and elevated attitude of a citizen of the most glorious state on earth, something of the wild and airy grace of an Indian bounding in the chase, or of a stag, delicately pacing through his native forests. The women, although too barbarously confined to domestic employment to excel in the expression which mind alone can kindle upon the features, were of a high and pure style of beauty, noble in outline, glossy and ethereal in complexion, and perfect in the finishing. The materials for the workmanship of the artist, were of the most appropriate and beautiful kind. Earth and clay, at first employed in framing statues, soon gave place to the white marble of Paros, and this yielded, in its turn, to that which was veined and spotted, and to jasper. According to Pliny, the artists had even the power of mingling different metals to produce fine and delicate shades, and thus to assist in expressing various passions and sentiments by a diversity of colours. W.

* The following note accompanied the reception of the above scene:—

DEAR MR. MERTON,

The foregoing is a scene of a tragedy, founded on the same story as "*Virginius*." It was written during a year's residence of the author in Italy. When finished, he went to Venice, for the purpose of submitting it to the inspection of Lord Byron, who then happened to be at Pisa, and very soon after, the present tragedy of *Virginius* passed a much higher tribunal—the public.

Thus anticipated, I sealed my manuscript, not in despair, for I had no other object in writing it than to fill up vacant hours, which would otherwise have been passed "to much better purpose," I hear you exclaim; no matter. A friend of mine, who had often *broke in* upon my hours of inspiration, has frequently insisted on my presenting it to Drury Lane, as a rival piece. This, I have neither vanity nor courage enough to do. If, however, this scene should not unworthily fill up a page of your *Magnet*, you are very welcome to it.

It is the opening scene, wherein *Appius*, the hero of the piece, discloses his ambition. He has just heard that *Dentatus*, whose high reputation and inflexible honour cause him great uneasiness, has reappeared as an advocate for the people.

G. A.

LYSIMACHUS; an Historical Fragment.

From the French.

AFTER the destruction of the Persian empire, Alexander gave out that he was the son of Jupiter Ammon; at which the Macedonians were not a little indignant, and their discontent increased, when they saw him adopt the customs, the dress, and the manners, of the Persians. They regretted that they had done so much for a prince who despised them, but they murmured in secret.

A philosopher, named Callisthenes, who had followed the king in his expedition, one day saluted him in the Grecian manner. "Why," said Alexander, "*dost thou not adore me?*"—"Sire," answered Callisthenes, "you are the chief of two nations; the one enslaved before your conquest, is no less so now; the other was free before it assisted you to gain so many victories, and is equally so since you have gained them. I am a Greek, sire, and that name you have raised so high, that henceforth no one can degrade it without offending you."

The vices of Alexander were extraordinary, like his virtues: he was terrible and cruel in his anger. He caused Callisthenes' nose, ears, and feet to be cut off, ordered him to be shut up in an iron cage, and carried in the rear of the army.

"I loved Callisthenes," said Lysimachus, "and at all times when I had leisure, employed it in listening to him; and if I have any love of virtue I owe it to his instructions. I went therefore to see him. 'I salute you,' said I, 'illustrious and unfortunate, whom I find enclosed in a cage like a savage animal, for having been the only MAN of the army.'" "Lysimachus," he answered, "when in a situation that demands fortitude and courage, methinks I am in my proper place. In truth, had the gods designed me for a life of pleasure only, they would vainly have bestowed on me a great and immortal soul. All men are capable of enjoying sensual pleasures: and if the gods created man for that purpose only, they have made their work too perfect, and executed more than they intended. It is not," added he, "that I am insensible, you make me feel I am not so. When you came to me, I was pleased at seeing you perform a courageous action; but let it be the last time; leave me to support my own misfortunes, and do not add yours to them."

"I will see you every day," rejoined Lysimachus, "for if the king were to see you abandoned by the virtuous, he would no longer feel remorse, but would begin to believe you guilty; he shall not have the pleasure of knowing that his *displeasure* made me abandon a friend."

One day Callisthenes said to the same constant friend, "The immortal gods have consoled me, I no longer feel any grief. I saw in a dream the great Jupiter. You were near him, a sceptre was in your hand, and a regal crown upon your head. Pointing at you, the deity addressed me in these words: '*He will render you happier.*' My emotion awakened me. My hands were raised to heaven, and I was endeavouring to say, 'Great Jupiter, if Lysimachus is to reign, let him reign with justice.' Lysimachus, you will reign; believe one who must be a favourite of the gods, since he suffers for virtue's sake."

In the mean time, Alexander was incensed to find that Lysimachus respected the misfortunes of Callisthenes, that he went to visit the captive,

and dared to pity him. Having summoned Lysimachus into his presence, "Begone," said Alexander, "combat with lions, you who like to live with wild beasts." The execution of this sentence was however deferred, that it might be witnessed by the multitude. The day preceding, the intended victim wrote thus to Callisthenes: "I am going to die. All the hopes with which you inspired me of future greatness, are vanished. I could have wished to alleviate the misfortunes of a man like you."

Prexapus, who was their mutual friend, was commissioned with this answer: "Lysimachus, if the gods have destined you to reign, Alexander cannot put you to death; for men cannot over-rule the will of the gods."

"This reply," says Lysimachus, "encouraged me; and, reflecting that the happiest and the most unfortunate of men are equally in the hand of providence, I resolved to be guided by my hopes, rather than my courage, and to defend to the last, a life which was promised so much."

"I was led into the arena. Around me was an immense assemblage of persons, who came to be witnesses of my fortitude, or of my fears. A lion was let loose. I had folded my mantle round one of my arms, which I presented to the animal, and as he endeavoured to devour it, I seized his tongue, tore it from his jaws, and threw it at my feet."

"Alexander loved courageous actions; he therefore admired my resolution, and from that moment his natural generosity resumed its sway. He called me to him, and stretching out his hand, 'Lysimachus,' said he, 'I restore you my friendship, restore me yours. My anger has but served to make you perform an action which is wanting to the life of Alexander.'

"I was received into the king's favour; I adored the decrees of the gods, and waited the fulfilment of their promises without impatience or anxiety. Alexander died, and the world was without a master. The king's sons were yet in infancy; his brother Aridæus, though old in years, had never outgrown puerility; Olympias had but the boldness of a weak mind, and cruelty passed with her for courage; Roxana, Eurydice, and Statira were drowned in grief. Alexander's captains, therefore, aspired to his throne. We divided the empire, and in so doing, thought we only divided the reward of our labours."

"Fate made me King of Asia; and now that I am all powerful, I now more than ever revere the lessons of Callisthenes. His joy tells me when I have performed a good action, and his sighs inform me when I have ill to repair."

"I am the sovereign of a people who love me. The fathers pray that my life may be of equal duration with that of their children. The children fear to lose me, as they fear the loss of their parents. In the prosperity and comfort of my subjects my happiness consists."

PHILIP THE SECOND.

A SPANIARD once offered for sale, to Philip the Second, a diamond, worth seventy thousand crowns. The king, astonished that a private person should possess so valuable a jewel, asked him why he had bought it? "Sire," answered the Spaniard, "I knew that there was a Philip." The king, flattered by this answer, ordered him one hundred thousand crowns.

HUMAN LIFE.

HAIL seraph hours, that form the circling chain
 Of bright eternity! ye magic links
 Binding together life and death and man!
 Why do ye fly so swift? why wend away
 Rapid as thought to dark Oblivion's realms,
 Like insects fluttering with their silver forms,
 On the full bosom of some blushing rose,
 Then through the golden air winging away to higher worlds?
 And must it then be so? Is there no bliss
 With morning rays enduring through life's day?
 Ah no! in infancy and manhood, youth and age,
 'Tis but a brilliant hue cast on a dew-drop,—
 A chance reflection of some flitting sunbeam,—
 Our all of bliss endures but for a while,
 That while no longer than a maiden's blush.
 In Infancy we rest our fragile forms
 On a maternal bosom,—nest of love!
 Whilst our fond parent, scarcely drawing breath,
 Watches with care our peaceful slumberings,
 And when we wake, her glist'ning eye
 And tender kiss seal our first bond to earth.
 But short th' ephemeral joys of infancy;
 While yet we scarcely lisp th' endearing names
 Of those we love, there comes a separation,
 Which e'en we feel in more advanced age
 With poignancy.

How throb our tender hearts—
 Unwedded yet to grief, untutor'd of the world,—
 When for maternal smiles, we meet the frowns,
 The ruthless frowns, of the cross Pedagogue?
 Let's pass the bickerings of the youthful mob;
 The pale strict watching at the shrine of Learning;
 When Youth its halcyon hours begins to ope,
 And sports and loves encompass round the soul,
 Which owns the empire of a kindred heart!
 How fare we then? We find it but a dream.
 Oh! happier far not to have dreamt at all!
 Some meddling relative of sage advice,
 Dashes the cup from our just-tasting lips,
 And fills our tortured hearts with fell despair.
 But say the draught is sipp'd, that it is sipp'd
 In all the sweetness of confiding love,
 Are there no cares i' the matrimonial hive?
 'Stead of its honeyed sweets, may it not bring
 A hopeless toil—a perjured friend—a broken heart?
 And can we give to Age what infancy,
 What youth, what love can ne'er obtain?
 No! To this truth we all must come at last,
 That all that human is—is vanity.

GIACOMO.

HOSPITAL AND CHURCH OF ST. KATHARINE.

(A Letter.)

MR. EDITOR,

THE destruction of the ancient and venerable hospital and church of St. Katharine being required to make room for the new Docks about to be constructed in that parish, a few brief descriptive remarks on the history, antiquities, and present state, of that place, and its buildings, whose inmates have retained undisturbed possession of their rights, privileges, and possessions, from their establishment in the thirteenth century, to the present time, may not be altogether unacceptable to your readers.

The first hospital of St. Katharine, founded and richly endowed by Queen Matilda, A. D. 1148, existed only one hundred and twenty-five years, namely, till A. D. 1273, when it was dissolved and refounded by Queen Eleanor, wife to King Henry the Third, for the maintenance of a master, three brothers chaplains, and three sisters, ten poor women called *bedes-women*, and six poor scholars. By her foundation-charter, the Queen appointed Thomas de Lechlade, clerk, to be master of this hospital, and reserved to herself, and the Queens of England her successors, full power to nominate a master, three brothers priests, and three sisters, whenever vacancies should happen. Although many valuable grants were made to this hospital by its founder, and others added at different periods by succeeding patronesses, as well as by King Edward the Third, King Richard the Second, and many other noble personages, yet soon after the appointment of Thomas de Beckington to the mastership, a complaint was made to King Henry the Sixth, that its revenues were not sufficient to maintain its members: whereupon the King granted the hospital many privileges,—such as leave to hold a fair upon Tower Hill for twenty-one days yearly, the chattels of felons and fugitives, all manner of stray cattle, all fines for trespass, the assize of bread, wine, and beer, exonerated them of all aids, subsidies, and contributions, and discharged this hospital from the payment of any tenth, subsidy, or imposition, laid on the clergy of the realm, or of the province of Canterbury. Beckington, afterward elevated to the dignity of the mitre, was a great benefactor to this hospital. His munificent example was followed by the Duke of Exeter, who made many valuable presents to the church, and founded a chantry chapel, which stood on the north side of the chancel. King Edward the Fourth granted to this hospital the manors of Chesingbury, co. Wilts, and of Quarley, co. Southampton; and the fraternity of St. Barbara was founded here by King Henry the Eighth and Queen Katharine, his first wife, A. D. 1518. This King confirmed all the liberties and franchises of this house in the year 1526, and in 1534 an account of its revenues was taken, preparatory, no doubt, to its dissolution, which however it escaped, at the request of Queen Anne Boleyn, whom the King had then lately married.

Having thus far pursued the history of St. Katharine's hospital, I will now describe the situation and extent of its buildings, and then proceed to a description of the church, which is the only remaining monument of antiquity, all the habitations having been rebuilt in modern times, and in a manner which confers more credit on the economy, than on the taste or liberality, of those who sanctioned these alterations.

The church stands nearly in the middle of the hospital. On its south side are the houses occupied by the sisters and beadswomen, about one

hundred feet in extent; and on its north side, a quadrangle, or cloister, nearly eighty feet square; on the east side of which are the brothers' houses, and on the north side, the master's house. The church is a noble edifice, upwards of one hundred and ninety feet in length, and composed of a spacious body, and three aisles, and an extensive chancel, whose sides are flanked by lofty buttresses, and whose eastern angles terminate in octagonal turrets. There is a porch, now the only entrance, at the west end, but this feature of the church has been deformed and defaced by a tower instead of a bell turret, the original appendage, and which was elevated on the gable of the roof.

We are perfectly unacquainted with the fabric of the original church, but history informs us, that it was begun to be rebuilt by William de Erldesby, master of the hospital, in the year 1340; and that by a charter in 1351, Queen Philippa directs, that "all the savings made out of the revenues of the hospital, and such benefactions as may hereafter be obtained, shall be laid out towards the finishing of the church;" to which she had liberally contributed, but died before the building was completed. If any part of the present structure is the work of the fourteenth century, it is no other than the chancel, which, however, has been so excessively altered and mutilated, that it would be difficult to determine its age. All the side windows have been walled up, and the exterior entirely coated with brick-work. The altar window is of ample dimensions, but its tracery is coarse and inelegant, and doubtless intended to be a representation of the grand design which formerly filled the same space. The body, as the most serviceable part of the church, has always been kept in good repair; it is plastered on the outside, and white-washed within, and all the windows in each story are handsome in their proportions, and in the pattern of their tracery. The style of this architecture bespeaks the age of the fifteenth century, and there is little doubt of its having been the work of Bishop Beckington. The aisles are lofty, and the arches and clustered pillars by which they are separated, very finely proportioned. There are five arches on each side, plain and uniform; they are surmounted by the *clere* story, which supports the roof, composed of strong beams and arches of timber.

The screen and stalls in the chancel are the most beautiful remains of their kind in the county, and are not surpassed by many specimens of the same age in the kingdom. The roof, over the entrance in particular, is elegant; and the carvings under the seats, or as many of them as remain, are very curious. The head of a king on one side, and of a queen on the other, above the seats, are said, but upon no very good authority, to represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa.

The monument of John Holland, duke of Exeter, who died in 1448, is truly magnificent. The arch of its canopy once opened to a chantry which was attached to the north side of the chancel; but this elegant appendage has long since been desecrated. The base, summit, and sides of the tomb and adjoining door-way, are superbly adorned with niches, and a variety of minute ornaments, and the spandrels of the arch are occupied by angels blowing trumpets. Beneath the canopy rest the recumbent effigies of the duke, his first wife Anne, and his sister Constance. He is clad in a long, loose, and plain robe, and wore his coronet, which is nearly destroyed. The dresses of the females are alike, and are distinguished for their elegance and plainness; which latter character, however, cannot be applied to the head-dresses. This part of the costume evidently

exhausted ingenuity in the contrivance, and exercised invention in ornamenting it. It is broad on the sides of the head, and flat on the top, very richly embroidered, and surmounted by the coronet. All the figures are in the attitude of prayer, and have animals at their feet. As this fine monument has long been neglected, it has sustained much wanton injury. The statues in particular are barbarously mutilated; they are carved in alabaster, and are entirely covered with the initial letters of the names of the idlers, who to the number of their follies added this piece of mischief.* Sir Julius Cæsar, who was master of the hospital in the early part of the seventeenth century, among other benefactions, gave to the church the pulpit, which is of oak, and very curiously carved. It is of an hexagonal form, each face containing the representation of a building, and the following text: "EZRA, THE SCRIBE stood vpon a pvlpit of wood which he had made for the Preacher. Neheh. ch. 8. 4." I should not have deemed the altar screen worthy of notice, if I were not sure that it has often been regarded as a beautiful specimen of design and workmanship. I cannot account for the prejudice in favour of this expensive piece of carving, but I am certain, that he who admires this piece of "gothic," and despises Batty Langley, must be destitute of taste and consistency.

Yours, &c.

I.

FANCY AND MEMORY.

'Tis sweet—when life's first budding hours
Have pass'd, uncar'd, in playful wiles,
When youth's fair spring puts forth its flow'rs
In smiling griefs, and tearful smiles:—

'Tis sweet—amid the mimic play
Of all our little hopes and fears,
To soar, on Fancy's wings, away
To vision'd joys of future years:—

But when those halcyon days are gone,
And youth in smiles no more is dress'd,
When first delights have lost the tone
Of buoyant glee that youth impress'd;—

Oh! then to think o'er what they were,
May smooth a ripper hour's care.

* * * * *

And though the joys our early dreams
So fondly promised, Fate deny,
They cheer us still in sunny gleams
Of pensive pleasing Memory!

E. A. B.

* On the north side of the chancel is a handsome tomb of Purbeck marble, whose canopy once sheltered the figures in brass, of a man, a woman, and several children, but all these, together with the inscription, have been destroyed.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

FROM his childhood Cooke was fond of theatricals. When a boy, he resided at Berwick on Tweed, which was sometimes visited by the Edinburgh company of comedians. On such occasions, he and his companions were constantly in attendance at the theatre, hoping to deceive those rigid sentinels, the door-keepers, and money-takers. The juvenile party observed, that the back door was unguarded, till near the hour of performance, and by it they contrived to enter unperceived. The next consideration was, how they should conceal themselves till the time of drawing up the curtain, when they were in hopes that amidst the bustle and confusion behind the scenes, they would not only escape notice, but enjoy the secret wonders of the magic show. Cooke espied a barrel, and congratulating himself on this snug retreat, he crept in, like the hero of that immortal melo-drama, Tekeli, which is now "renewed in all its strength," for the admiration of the intelligent audiences of the British metropolis. But, unfortunately for the embryo actor, as well as for the hero of Tekeli, there appeared to be much lurking danger in his lurking-place, a barrel being little less liable to untoward movements than a buck-basket. Cooke soon perceived that he had as companions, two twenty-four pound cannon-balls, but not being yet initiated into the mysteries of the scene, he did not suspect that cannon-balls in a barrel create thunder no less than in a twenty-four pounder. Poor George Frederick was in the thunder barrel of the theatre. The play was Macbeth, and the thunder was wanted, to give due effect to the *entrée* of the witches in the first scene. The Jupiter Tonans of the theatre approached and seized the barrel. Judge the breathless fear of our hero: it was too great for words, and he only shrunk closer to the bottom of his hiding-place. His tormentor proceeded to cover the open end of the barrel with a piece of old carpet, and tie it carefully to prevent the thunder from being spilt. Still the inmate was most heroically silent; the machine was lifted by the Herculean property-man, and carried carefully to the side scene, lest in rolling the thunder should rumble before its time. Swearing all the way that the cannon bullets "were infernally heavy," he placed the complicated machinery in readiness: the witches enter amidst flames of rosin: the thunder-bell rang, the barrel received its impetus, and away rolled George Frederick, and his ponderous companions. Silence would now have been no virtue, and he roared most manfully, to the surprise of the thunderer, who neglecting to stop the rolling machine, it entered on the stage, and George Frederick bursting off the carpet head of the barrel, appeared before the audience, just as the witches agreed to meet again, when "the hurly burly's done."

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

WHEN Algernon Sidney laid his head on the block at the time of his execution; the executioner, according to the usage on such occasions, asked him, "if he should rise again."—"Not till the general resurrection," was the answer, "strike on!"

EXTERNAL AND INWARD GRIEF.

There exists an erroneous, though too prevalent custom, of estimating the sincerity of sorrow by the violence of its outward demonstrations. He, therefore, who can command a ready supply of tears and sighs, may confidently lay claim to the character of a tender-hearted and affectionate friend: while he who confines his silent anguish within his own unhappy bosom, though he be not stigmatized as hard-hearted and unfeeling, is accounted at best a cold, unsympathising being. Those great philosophers, however, who have made the varying passions of human nature the chief objects of their profound investigations, have universally concurred in the sentiment of Seneca,

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

‘Light sorrows speak, while heart-felt pangs are dumb.’

Yet let it not be from hence concluded, that sighs and tears are incompatible with real sorrow, far from it: there are many most acutely-feeling breasts, which cannot refrain from giving utterance to their griefs. Such sorrow is, however, in general neither lasting nor deep-rooted: it resembles a torrent, at first bursting with impetuous fury from its sources in the mountains, then with unruffled surface gently gliding along the peaceful valley.

When the first passionate bursts of uncontrollable anguish have subsided; when the tears have streamed forth in such plenteous torrents, that their source is nigh exhausted; the heart feels relieved of half its agonizing burthen. To the turbulence of tempestuous grief soon succeeds the calm of mild serenity; and though a passing cloud of sadness may for a moment overshadow the mind, soon will it melt away before the irradiate sunbeam of returning peace. Then springs forth the elated soul, to trace anew the paths of pleasure, and form for itself new enjoyments; or, like the vine, torn from its native supports, it entwines its affections around some beloved surviving object, and forgets its sorrows.

But deep, inconsolable, heart-rending agony finds no vent for tears and lamentations: it cherishes in secret its bitter sorrows, broods over its ruined hopes and blighted affections, and inly pines away, till it sinks into the grave, bowed down beneath the pressure of unutterable woe.

Such was the unhappy fate of H——. Bereft in the space of a few short days of wife and child—the only ties that bound him to life, and sweetened his cup of bitterness—not a tear was seen to bedew his cheek, not one momentary sigh was heard to burst from his bosom. It was generally whispered among his neighbours, that the loss was not to him irreparable, that he would soon lull to rest every painful recollection in the arms of some endearing being. Oh! could they have conceived the anguish that preyed upon his heart; could they have beheld him bending in mute agony over the bed of death; they would have pitied, aye, and have venerated, rather than mocked at his sufferings. But he is now at rest! The oppressive load of agony was too intolerable to be borne;

“Sunk in self-consuming anguish,

Can the poor heart always ache?—

No!—the tortured nerve must languish,

Or the strings of life will break.”

The returning spring breathed its balm around him, but he was insensible to the fragrance: Nature shone forth in all her loveliness, but his eye was blind to every beauty: Spring had indeed shed her genial influence on all around him, but the frozen winter of despair still reigned within his bosom. Ere the last violet had faded from the mountains, his aching head peacefully reclined on its mouldering pillow.

Z.

THE HAUNTED PHYSICIANS.

A LOVER, whose mistress was dangerously ill, sought every where for a skilful physician in whom he could place confidence, and to whose care he might confide a life so dear to him. In the course of his search he met with a talisman, by the aid of which spirits might be rendered visible. The young man exchanged, for this talisman, half his possessions, and having secured his treasure, ran with it to the house of a famous physician. Flocking round the door he beheld a crowd of shades, the ghosts of those persons whom this physician had killed. Some old, some young; some the skeletons of fat old men; some gigantic frames of gaunt fellows; some little puling infants and squalling women; all joined in menaces and threats against the house of the physician—the den of their destroyer—who however peacefully marched through them, with his cane to his chin, and a grave and solemn air. The same vision presented itself, more or less, at the house of every physician of eminence. One at length was pointed out to him in a distant quarter of the city, at whose door he only perceived two little ghosts. “Behold,” exclaimed he, with a joyful cry, “the good physician of whom I have been so long in search!” The doctor, astonished, asked him how he had been able to discover this. “Pardon me,” said the afflicted lover, complacently, “your ability and your reputation are well known to me.” “My reputation!” said the physician, “why I have been in Paris but eight days, and in that time I have had but two patients.” “Good God!” involuntarily exclaimed the young man, “and there they are!”*

SONNET.

I LOVE to gaze upon the Evening Star,
 When Nature *almost* slumbers:—nought is heard
 Save distant waterfall, or lonely bird,
 Which breathes its wildest, softest strains afar,—
 Or sprightly music of the soft guitar;
 Which, floating o’er the bosom of a lake,
 Bids Echo in her rocky home awake.
 But Oh! I love the more to gaze thereon,
 Since, Emma, thou didst love thereon to gaze,—
 For though my dreams of love have long been gone,
 Fond Memory’s finger points to those bright days,
 And still I hail them—in my humble lays—
 Glad star of Eve! Elysium unto me!—
 Perchance my Emma dwelleth *now* with thee.

* George Cruikshank has recently illustrated this story with a humorous plate.



Engd. on Steel.

THE COTTAGE OF DE WEIMAR.

Published by William Charlton Wright 65 Paternoster Row London.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A SWISS TALE.

PART I.

(With a Steel Plate.)

"Long hath the country, where the Switzer dwells
 In peaceful loneliness, been famed for scenes—
 Long may that character denote it still!—
 Where bliss domestic finds a resting place:
 Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
 Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,
 Can centre, in a little quiet nest,
 All that Desire would fly for through the earth!"

In a glen, remote from the noise and tumult of the busy and distracting world, Gertrude de Weimar first saw the light. To its tranquil recesses her parents had retired soon after their marriage; and here Margaret de Weimar brought forth her daughter, her only child.

Imagination, wide as oftentimes it wanders into the regions of fiction, would, perhaps, acknowledge it a task of no easy accomplishment, to point to a spot more lovely, or better adapted for the dear enjoyments, and dearer anticipations of conjugal affection, than this lonely and secluded retreat. Wild, yet cultivated, it was at once attractive from the luxuriance of nature, and from those scenes which inspire the feeling, that, though at a distance from their din and discord, we are yet conversant among men: a feeling, softened by the thought that there is still near us, some congenial being.

"Whom we may whisper, 'Solitude is sweet.'"

Upon its sides, rising gradually, and sloping away until the eye which rested on the summit of the woody ridge that girded it, found its view obstructed only by the expanse of heaven, grew every variety of tree and shrub, which can decorate the landscape, or win the soul to own the beneficent Hand that presented, with a form so inviting, a prospect bespeaking the immediate operation of illimitable power. Deep in the bosom of this peaceful dell flowed a rill, which issued, clear as crystal, from a rock that overhung its higher extremity. From morning to evening, and from evening to morning, it held on its way. Reckless it was indeed of all the sorrows that had attended humanity since first it paid its lucid tribute to the ocean; yet you might have fancied, so gentle was its murmur, that it sympathized with suffering, and was willing to assuage the anguish of the sons and daughters of affliction, should such visit the tranquillity of that scene of retirement whence it derived its transparent wave.

Far before the glen, and in that direction where it unbosomed to the world beyond, towered the majestic summits of the Alps: here, tall and

naked, there, in remoter perspective, covered with the mantle of ever-during snows. Changing in their aspect with every rising and declining ray, now, they were dark and fearful amidst the gloom of storms: again, they aspired, as to the abodes of happiness, through the soft azure of an unclouded sky: now, they glowed in the tinge of day-break: again, they rose decked with the vermilion of the setting beam: one-while, they were clothed with a dazzling splendour in the blaze of noon: then, were they seen like beings more than human, and alarming to the eye of Superstition, amidst the appendages of approaching night. Such, often, does the wanderer of Switzerland contemplate with that indefinable emotion, which, originating in the deep sense of his being left alone, as it were, in the presence of Omnipotence, unfolds itself into the consciousness that all share alike in the protection of Him, at whose presence, "the foundations of the hills are moved:"—the consciousness, that, in every diversity of appearance in nature, as, in "every changing scene of human life," power is blended with compassion, and authority attempered by the balm of love.

A spot of such loveliness it was, a loveliness, which might not have been unworthy of a world untainted with crime, that Arnold and Margaret de Weimar chose for the interchange of their connubial hopes and fears. Long agitated by the stern interdict of a cruel parent, Arnold here looked forward to all the plenitude of wedded and paternal happiness, rendered yet dearer by the obstacles which had so long prevented the consummation of his earthly wishes; while Margaret, who seemed only to live while blest with his approving smile, anticipated in the silence and loneliness of this undisturbed retreat, the delightful realities of a felicity, alas, never to be found on earth!

Reginald de Weimar, the father of Arnold, was a man of a harsh and vindictive spirit. Educated amidst the turmoil and tumult, almost inseparable from feudal command, his only principle was private gratification. To an immoderate ambition, he united an avarice, which the wealth of the Indies could not have satiated; and his stern brow betrayed but too manifestly the darkness of those emotions which had indented it with furrows, such, as in others, might have been deemed the effects of age, but which were on his forehead the lines of deep and immitigable passions.

Reginald had two sons: of these Arnold was the elder. Possessing manners the most engaging, endowed with a disposition but too gentle for the rude shocks he was doomed to meet with, and yet gifted with a courage undaunted, did duty summon him to arms. Arnold was in earlier life, the pride and boast of his father. He had shone amidst the foremost in his feudal wars. He it was who had ever claimed the post of danger; and to his skill and intrepidity had been owing the victory of many a hardly contested field. Yet, withal, while compelled to undergo the toils, and mingle in the horrors of all that a soldier must necessarily encounter, his heart was in other employments; and like him, confessedly "the glory of chivalry,"* his spirit, amidst camps and carnage, was in the avocations that embellish life, hovering over the endearments of milder and calmer scenes.

Arnold was yet a youth, when the youngest of the daughters of Oswald de Guiscald met his eye. She had come with her father and brothers to a tournament, celebrated in honour of the anniversary of his birth; for during many years, Arnold ruled in the castle of Reginald de Weimar, so

* Sir Philip Sydney: so styled by a writer of his times.

fond was the parent, unkind as he was to many, of this, the heir of his titles and estates. Margaret de Guiscald was then in her fourteenth year, opening into bloom and beauty. She had come, attended by her page, arrayed as became the dignity of her line. The domains of de Guiscald then were wide, and wealth and splendour decked his almost regal court. Her attire, perhaps, was gayer than was usual, even amidst the pomp and magnificence of the times. Her arms were of gold and silver, for she came equipped, as in mockery of war: and fair was the palfrey that bore her. As if conscious of its lovely burthen, it champed the bit, and pawed the ground with pride, at the encouraging voice or soothing hand of its mistress; ready, if she touched the rein, either to bear her foremost in the chace, to track the lists of tournament, itself exempt from the dangers of combat, or carry her to the toils of lighter recreation, amid the pæans of the admiring multitude. And well might they gaze on a form, which, could angels sojourn in a mortal frame, might have been deemed the tenement of a being that only visited the world she inhabited,

“On errands of supernal grace.”

In stature above middle size, for she had outstripped her equals, and, as we often find in other climates, had even at her age attained a maturity which we should consider beyond the period of girlhood, and of a symmetry so exactly proportioned, as to command the attention of the most unobservant eyes: dignified withal, and in every motion betraying her exalted lineage, though as unaffected in her actions as the lily of the valley, when it bends to the passing breeze—cold were the heart that would not have responded to the universal acclaim that hailed, unrivalled, Margaret de Guiscald. Nor was her countenance less attractive than her figure. Her cheek, warmed with blood, as yet unchilled by sorrow, was bright as the beam upon the wings of the morning, and played on too by many a smile, that spoke how buoyant was the bosom below; while her eye, of a deep hazel hue, and soft, as if nought save pity breathed within its orb, told of a something that still might harbour in her breast, and for ever destroy its peace. We say not, however—for let not the historian of her lovely life overstep the limits of veracity—we say not that peace was long a stranger to the heart of Margaret. Doomed she was indeed to suffer in secret, and to pine through long long years over an affection she believed unrequited, over a tenderness she knew not was unchangeably returned; but, amidst the trials that awaited her, a voice was yet to be heard—a voice which, while

“It thunders terror to the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whisper’d peace to hers.”

PART II.

“ Upon his youthful mien,

A mild, but sad intelligence was seen :

Courage was on his open brow ; yet care

Seem'd like a wand'ring shade to linger there ;

And though his eye shone as the eagle's bright,

It beamed with humid, melancholy light.”

It was in that season the die was cast. Big with events of no trivial importance, those moments came and fled. Arnold, in whose honour the festivities were held, looking forward—for the young and inexperienced are but too often the visitors of regions where only Fancy, illusive Fancy dwells—to pleasures unsullied ; a sun whose morning would suffer no decline ;—received, while least he expected it, an arrow in his bosom, which was destined, if not to bear him to an untimely grave, though we dare not affirm even this, to give a colouring of the deepest interest to every hour of his future existence. But we must retrace our steps to scenes which we have, perhaps, rather anticipated in the preceding division of our narrative.

The sun, though verging towards the west, was yet high in the heavens, when de Guiscald, on the long-haired anniversary, was ushered amidst the clamour of thousands in the distance, and the near answer of trumpets from the warder tower, within the baronial portals of de Weimar. Arnold, at the instant, was returning from the chace. Hearing the well-known echo, he spurred forward his yet untired steed, and hasting, on wings as light as ever expectation lent, to be greeted as lord of the approaching solemnities, arrived just in time to meet his exalted guests, when they halted in the inner court of the castle. Unconcerned about his *dishabille*, and the other marks of a pastime, in those days considered the badge of nobility, Arnold rushed to the spot, and presented himself to the party, who were now waiting for the accustomed ceremonials of welcome.

“ There drawn in fair array,

The countless vassals of his father's house,

Their javelins sparkling in the slanting beam,

Spread their triumphant banners : high plum'd helms

Rose o'er the martial ranks ; and prancing steeds

Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice,

While the far hills shook their dull silence off.”

De Guiscald passed and saluted him, as did successively his sons and daughter. Margaret was apart, and approached him, attended by her page. She had had her eye fixed on the comely youth, and, prepared as she was to greet him with accustomed homage, ere she could pronounce it, the accents died upon her lips.

Arnold coloured :—Margaret was pale as the wreath upon her native

hills. But she, too, went forward:—the festive hour came on:—the tournaments were held with magnificence, and to the satisfaction of the assembled crowds:—De Guiscald returned to the abode of his ancestors:—and his daughter followed in her train.

We shall not stop to detail what occurred in the interval. Deceitful as is the human heart—O, how deceitful!—such a delineation would lead us to scenes with which maturer judgment might scarcely mingle, if it would not forget the evanescent nature of all sublunary enjoyment. Alas! who that will cast one fleeting thought on the moments of delirium, amidst which those hours of mirth and gaiety began and ended, can avoid mingling a sigh with the reflection, that the long lapse of ages has closed on every eye that sparkled in the jocund throng, and silenced in death the pulse of every bosom that then beat so high.

It will be sufficient for our narrative to mention, that an affection of the most tender kind, elicited by this casual meeting, threw ever after a shade, whether of joy or sorrow the sequel will more fully reveal, over the lives of Arnold de Weimar and Margaret de Guiscald. From that hour, the daughter of Guiscald carried a wound, which chilled the current that hitherto had rioted in her heart, and taught her, that the cheek whereon the rose now blushes, as if it would hide the mournfulness of the lily, may, ere to-morrow's sun has set, behold its bright honours withered, and replaced for ever by the paleness of its gentle companion. Her character henceforward assumed a seriousness which indicated that all was not at rest within. Not that seriousness is the certain mark of a mind ill at ease. No, O no! Rather is it, oftentimes, as the tinge which autumn throws over the brightness of the more luxuriant seasons—softening it into that shade of solemnity which reflection loves.

“ 'Tis well

When ripening years mellow the gaudy hue
Of youth's rich fancies, sparkling else too bright
For its repose.”

The buoyant levity of her disposition was succeeded by the quietude of thoughtful gloom. Some might have imagined that there hung round her mind a mantle which despondency had given it; and perhaps their suspicions would not have been wholly without foundation.

Arnold, soon after, attended his father to the war which the head of the Germanic Empire was then carrying on against France. Here he was early signalized by his valour and military talents. No danger daunted, no difficulties overcame him; and though often on the very verge of destruction, he was as often rescued either by his intrepidity or some skilful manœuvre. Under the command of Arnold de Weimar, the troops went to the conflict assured of victory; and seldom did it occur that he brought them worsted from the field. Thus time passed. Fame flapped her purple wings around him; and many an eye contemplated him where the mingled emotions of envy, wounded pride, congratulation, or affection, were visible. Something, withal, there was, in his demeanour, which appeared unaccountable to casual observation; and perhaps, indeed, there was some latent fountain opened in his soul, whence flowed a current not always fathomable even by himself. Sometimes, a cloud overcast his brow—but it was such as precedes the car of morning, soon to vanish over her onward path: sometimes, a sigh stole from him, deep-drawn, it might be, but heard by others only as some unmeaning sound: now, he was

found in retirement, and sedulous of high and heavenly things: while again he was hurried forward with the gayest of the thoughtless throng.

Decorum, however, the strictest decorum, was never violated by Arnold de Weimar. No; not even amidst the licence of feudal warfare, did the breath of opprobrium ever cast a stigma on his virtue. Higher principles, than those which, alas! too commonly rule in camps, held the reins of his deportment; and to these we may add, that there gradually developed itself in his heart a germ, which can only open in the light of heaven, and whose blossom can alone live in the uncontaminated atmosphere of unpoluted moral rectitude:—we had almost said, within the hallowed sphere of that celestial truth, which throws a sweet halo of tranquillity around its favoured objects, marking them as the disciples of Him, who, as “he was fairer,” so was he purer, “than the children of men.”

Arnold now cherished an affection, which daily unfolding itself as he grew to manhood, at length matured in all its vigour in his riper age. Margaret de Guiscald was his guiding star. To her Hope turned, as the passion-flower to the god in whose smile alone she displays her modest bosom; and, in her if Joy awhile reposed, all around him wore a hue, almost more than belongs to the sombre pilgrimage of life. Oftentimes did he meet the sarcastic sneer of the libertine that crossed his way; and often was he held up to derision as the “immaculate Arnold.” But, to him, the consciousness of approving heaven, and the thought—for may we lay aside a feeling, which, though rising not above earth, is sacred to the well-tutored mind?—the thought, that he might one day offer a hand untarnished, even by the breath of reproach, to her, now close to him almost as the pulse that was warm within his heart:—to him, these were principles of action, too dear to be yielded to the shafts of scorn, or to be less esteemed from the jeers of impunity and crime.

Some years had now elapsed since first he saw the daughter of Guiscald. The war had been protracted to a length unusual in feudal times: campaign had succeeded to campaign, and from season to season it had raged with undiminished rancour and violence. Arnold, however, weary as he was of much he had to contend with, was still acknowledged the bravest of the brave—was still the idol of his father, and even particularly distinguished by the monarch under whose banners he served. But time,—onward, ever-fleeting time,—at length brought a cessation of hostilities. A truce was agreed on between the belligerent powers to consider the terms of a treaty, and peace was eventually concluded.

Dismissed from the toils of the camp, Arnold flew to the hills that gave him birth. Hope lent him wings; and he arrived on the confines of his paternal domains, elated with every anticipation that can embalm the portion of humanity. Margaret de Guiscald was on his lips—before his eyes—within his heart. Earth seemed too little for the joy he beheld in prospect: for he doubted not—the young heart seldom turns aside to evils that may spring from the womb of casualty—he doubted not, but the path of felicity that lay before him would only terminate in the full completion of his fond, illimitable desires.—But ah! how little know we what another dawn may bring! To-day, our hemisphere may be fair and unclouded, and our sun may even set without a shadow on its crimson ray:—yet, with to-morrow may come storm and tempest:—and that orb, which we hoped would have gilded our horizon with tinges of unalloyed loveliness, may be veiled in darkness—almost we might have said, in the energetic language of no human tongue—in “the blackness of darkness for ever!”

PART III.

"As late on yester-eve I paced the shore,
 I heard the signal-gun at distance roar:
 Think not of danger—he will shield thy child:
 The mourner's God, through passes dark and wild,
 Himself will guide his way."

ARNOLD hastened first to the embraces of her from whose gentle bosom he had been fed, and who had, in the days of years now irrevocably mingled with the stream of time, so often sung his infant sorrows to rest. Long had she watched him with all a mother's tenderness, as he opened from infancy to boyhood, and from boyhood as he matured to man. The flush of health, gathered from the breeze of the mountains, that adorned his cheek;—the smile of gladness that played upon his lips, responsive to the buoyancy of a breast yet unvisited by care; the generous emotion that lightened over his brow;—all went to her heart with the quickness of sympathy, and with the full energy of that joy which revels in the soul of a mother, over whom Hope still waves the banner of peaceful expectation. But once—we wait not to trace further the labyrinth of thought—once let that banner have drooped, and what before was the prelude of pleasure will be changed into the signal of all that can wring the bosom, or unfold the avenues of despondency and anguish. But, possibly, the feelings of Evelinda de Weimar were of that kind, on which circumstances operate with a force for which it is oftentimes difficult to account. Those circumstances in her case—and we need not pursue more minutely the narrative of her retired and unostentatious, but not unuseful, life—were connected with that barbarous law of the feudal times, which permitted the sovereign to dispose of the daughters of his vassals in marriage, without any regard to their wishes. She had submitted without a murmur to the severe dispensation, and had endeavoured, in the assiduous discharge of every relative duty, to forget the tender link which had united her hopes indissolubly with those of another, who survived only a few months her espousals with the Lord of Weimar; so much was he attached to her, and with a wound so deadly did the tidings of her nuptials reach him.

Evelinda, as we have said, was all that the full flow of a mother's fondness could render her; nor will it be matter of surprise, if we find her rejoicing—but she rejoiced with trembling in the intelligence arriving at intervals from afar, of the rising fame of Arnold. Her tears and prayers attended him; and with many an uncomplaining sigh had she reflected on the danger to which he was exposed. Neither were thoughts of her husband unmingled with these sensations; nor in these supplications was he forgotten, though round him nature had thrown a veil, on which she had long been unable to look without horror. Anxiously had she anticipated the arrival of the soldiers. The very toils they had endured, the very risks they had run, were alike causes of gratulation and delight;

alike tending to fix more indelibly upon the table of affectionate reminiscence, the images over which imagination was not unwilling to hover ; on which love and tenderness were not displeased to ruminate.

The night had been consumed in that agitation, so well understood by those who have been separated for any protracted period from friends endeared, when the hour of their re-union again approaches. As the evening was falling on the distant hills, she had gone out to cast her eye towards the road by which she expected them to return. The clouds hung darkly on the mountains, and a tempest seemed to be issuing from the north. Now the eagle passed as fleeing to covert for the night ; while on the far summits, the wolf was heard preparing for plunder, howling dismally through the gusts that ever and anon swept downward from the heights. The mother gazed, but the road was soon veiled in obscurity, and the last tall oak of the up-lands was now indiscernible in the the west. She descended to the castle, and there revisited every spot which she fancied might meet with more than casual observation from her long absent relatives : and retouched every little object, which memory told her they had formerly regarded with interest or affection. Night came:—they came not with the night ; and the toll of the spire had already warned the watchman of its noon. The moon

“ In windy darkness riding on the clouds,”

passed in gloomy meditation over her meridian, looking occasionally as with a menacing aspect on the world below. In that solemn hour, it was, that Evelinda bowed her knees ; for amidst her sorrows and anxieties she had ever found relief in pouring out her heart to Him, who is ever more ready to hear than we are to pray. She bowed her knees in supplication, and soon felt the balm of consolation diffused over her exhausted spirits. O ! there is a power in prayer, unsearchable by human ken, and unknown to the heart as yet uninstructed in the ways of peace ! a power, which the world may deride, indeed, but which sheds a sweet effulgence round the dying pillow of the christian, and which has supported martyrs in the midst of flames and torment. This sacrifice concluded, she laid her head on the pillow—but not as once, did it impart relief. Distress is wakeful, and sleep shed not its refreshing dews on the eyes of Evelinda de Weimar.

The morning had not yet dawned when she arose. She did not expect them with its earliest approach—and the sun beamed on the hills, without their arrival. He ascended—still she heard them not ; and he was already declining, when the tramp of horses echoed from the side of the valley whence the road conducted to the castle. She hastened to greet them—and husband and son, safe and uninjured, were in a moment locked within her arms. De Weimar, whose character we have already briefly sketched, loved his amiable partner—who could have done otherwise than love one so mild, so gentle, and withal so fair ? and he clasped her to his heart in a strict embrace.

The cords of filial affection were strong in the bosom of Arnold—for virtue winds through every avenue of the soul where it abides—and he clung tenderly to the neck of his parent. She wept again and again ; and the cheeks of husband and son alternately were bedewed with her tears. The one she loved—though often had she felt heavy the conjugal tie, as the partner of her wedded vows : the other was cherished amidst all that wild and indescribable emotion which thrills the maternal heart. Ah ! who save a mother, can follow the labyrinth of a mother's love ? Who can

pursue it save her whom sweet experience has taught—from the hour when first was heard

“The voice that whispers in the mother’s breast,
While sleeps her infant in its rosy rest,”

to the day when the noon of life opens on her offspring?

Arnold had ever been dear to her. His mild and gentle demeanour had won upon her affections; and she hung over him with all the plenitude of maternal feeling. But at the present moment, he was still more dear. A mother’s eye is quick to discern the latent sensations that awaken the sympathies of unchilled affection, more especially when their germs are springing on the soil of a heart, which drew from her sorrows the pulse of life. She had marked Arnold, on that day when the daughter of Guiscald was first introduced to him. She had watched the involuntary glance, and the sudden confusion, unnoticed by all besides, which had tinged their cheeks, and that more than once, amid the revelries of the tournaments. She had seen them on that morning when they parted—and she had augured something that was destined either to colour the stream of their being, with the radiance of domestic felicity, and confiding and requited love,—or to infuse all the bitterness of blighted affections, anxiety and suffering. When, therefore, she held once more in her embrace the object of her tenderest solicitude, she could not repress an instantaneous throb at the thought of what might await him. Alas! he knew not the distress that was before him, and Evelinda trembled to believe how soon it must be revealed.

When the first emotions of transport had subsided, or at least as soon after as he hoped he might make the inquiry without exciting suspicions, he asked for the family of de Guiscald. “There had been accounts,” the baroness replied, and endeavoured to turn the conversation.

“Of what nature, Mother?” rejoined the impatient youth, whose cheek had already assumed an unusual paleness.

“They were not so favourable as we might have wished. There were some fears that his late attempt had been unsuccessful.”

“What attempt?” eagerly demanded Arnold.

“O something,” she answered, “of which we have had merely vague reports.”

Arnold was silent. Rumour, clothed with that mystery in which rumour ever delights to involve itself, had indeed, during his absence, found its way to the camp, that some revolt, of which de Guiscald was the principal mover, had occurred on the borders of the empire; and as he was known to be an aspiring character, there were many who could not avoid entertaining apprehensions for the issue of so hazardous an enterprise. Seldom, however, was a whisper permitted to escape the wary lips of the chieftains who were privy to it, fervently as they might wish success to the undertaking. Prudently keeping aloof from any participation in so dubious an attempt, they waited with well-dissembled ignorance the favourable moment to declare themselves, should fortune appear auspicious to the design.

In fact, these apprehensions were but too well founded. De Guiscald, seizing the opportunity when the Emperor was engaged in a foreign war, and when so large a portion of his forces was occupied at a distance, had hurried on the revolt before it was ripe for execution. The conspirators, consequently, unprepared to act in concert, were severally defeated, and de Guiscald himself, suddenly attacked by a body of veterans, who had been secretly dispatched to a defile in the vicinity of his castle, was over-

powered, and taken prisoner. Carried in chains to Vienna, he was there condemned as a traitor by public trial. He was accordingly stripped of his territorial possessions, situate on the borders of the empire, which were declared to have escheated to the crown; his name was erased from the lists of nobility, and his blood attainted. He was then dragged, with every mark of ignominy, through the streets, to the spot where the scaffold had been erected, and there beheaded; regretted by many, as a man whose valour and magnanimity, which had been remarkably displayed on several occasions, had merited a better fate. His family were of course reduced to poverty. Those who in the days of their prosperity had been warmest in professions of friendship, in the hour of adversity were the first to abandon them; and they were driven on the world, exposed alike to the taunts of insolence and the evils of penury. The baronial castle was occupied by a force sent for the purpose from the seat of government, and the vassals took the oath of fealty, as holding their tenures immediately from the head of the empire.

A catastrophe so disastrous could not be long concealed. But Arnold had little idea of the overwhelming nature of the sorrows that awaited him from it; nor indeed could he have conceived it possible—perhaps his mind had never taken that view of the subject—that it could be attended with the utter ruin of the family of the unfortunate chieftain. His heart, however, was overflowing; and he could not long have restrained the tide that swelled it. But the tenderness of a mother, ever solicitous for the happiness of her offspring, saved him the pain of introducing a subject, which she saw now engrossed his thoughts. He became daily more taciturn, daily more abstracted from what was passing around him. He wandered alone on the mountains, or through the vallies; he might be heard through the night pacing his chamber; and when the morning sun arose, it was often evident that sleep had not visited his eyes.

Having gone one evening—it was a sweet evening in the decline of the year—to muse in a retreat he loved, at a little distance, and there to indulge in the melancholy that was preying on his heart, thither his mother followed him. Unobserved she had traced his steps; and entering a few minutes after him, she found him supporting his head upon his hand, with his eyes pensively fixed upon the ground. He did not at first observe her; but presently, struck by her shadow, which the slanting rays cast across the room, and placed, as it were by magic, under the arm of the woodland chair on which he was reclining, he started up with a sudden exclamation of surprise, in which the name of Margaret de Guiscald alone met the ear of her who stood gazing on him with so intense an anxiety. This occurrence, favourable for her purpose, rendered it more easy to introduce the subject which already trembled on her lips; but to which otherwise, perhaps, she would scarcely have had fortitude to allude. She seated herself upon the chair from which he had risen, and affectionately taking his hand, on which a tear fell, desired him to sit down beside her, as she had something particular to communicate. He obeyed; and they were placed side by side. A season, doubtless, it was of heart-rending interest: yet cannot we say, in the beautiful imagery of the poet, difficult as was her task, that

“Arnold’s mother only chid with tears?”

but this we are enabled to affirm, from the records whence we derive our story, that they were warm and many, which she mingled with her admonitions and intreaties.

PART IV.

"Young soldier, are not thy hopes
 Light as the birds of the spring,
 When their flight is amid new flowers,
 Whose fragrance buoys up their wing?

Sweet will be the voice of their singing,
 For a while their flight will be gay;
 But the flowers around them are falling,
 And, as those blossoms pass, so will they!"

"I NEED not tell you, Arnold," began the unhappy mother, "of the tender interest I take in whatever concerns you. My conduct towards you will render a better testimony to this, than any thing I could say. Words are easy of utterance, and unless attended by proofs more substantial of the love I bear you, can have no claim to your attention. But, forgotten by me at least, though they may have escaped your notice, or eluded the recollection of infancy and childhood, are all the sweet moments I passed beside your cradle: all the hours I watched you while you slept: all the prayers I offered on your behalf—to Him, who once had taken such as you then were in his arms, and blest them—and that when no human eye could see, no human ear could hear. From day to day I followed you with my heart as you matured, and dear were the hopes I cherished of my Arnold."—Here she paused for an instant, interrupted by her emotion. The youth could only reply: "Mother, I never doubted your affection."

"If it be so, then, Arnold," she continued, "you will not question my tenderness, though the suggestions I may offer you coincide not altogether with your feelings.—Be not alarmed, Arnold. I observe your cheek grow pale, but only listen to me." She paused again, as if to summon fortitude. "Arnold, I have long read your heart. A mother's eye is quick, Arnold: and I know you love—have long loved—Margaret de Guiscald. Once, Arnold, no better alliance could have presented itself for you. When you first formed an intimacy with her, indeed, her character was in many respects not such as I think would now accord with your inclinations: but she, too, Arnold, with yourself, is much altered. Time has passed over her, as over you. An attachment—whence it derived its origin it is unnecessary to tell you—an attachment, interwoven, if I may judge from what I have witnessed, with her very being, and formed neither to-day nor yesterday, has been instrumental, under a higher influence, of throwing a shade of mildness around her, and of pruning those exuberances which are almost incompatible with the felicity of connubial intercourse. Yes, Arnold, she is greatly changed; and is now such as I should truly rejoice to see the companion of your years." Again she was interrupted by a burst of tears which she was unable to repress: but she soon resumed.

"Yet, Arnold, are there no considerations?—be patient, Arnold, and listen to the voice of a mother that loves you. Were my wishes, only, to be consulted, another sun should not set ere you were united to Margaret de Guiscald. No, Arnold; it never would be I, who, when there was such promise of happiness for you, would thwart your inclinations."

"I believe it, mother," the youth replied.

"Are there, then, no considerations, Arnold, which should induce you to pause ere you surrender yourself to a passion, which like a canker is already preying upon your life? I know—full well I know—how difficult is the task I enjoin you. Your mother, Arnold, loved once. Trust her, then, for not pressing with too much severity on the feelings of your heart. What these considerations are, I need scarcely say. You are already aware of the fate of her father, and the consequent ruin of his family. They have been bereft of every thing they possessed, and are now wandering,—but where, has not yet been ascertained. The rumour has reached us, indeed, that Margaret is now residing in a retired spot near the confines of the empire, under the roof of her nurse, who, in this hour of adversity, if we may credit report, is testifying that her affection for the babe she fed had a deeper root than interest. I have sent a confidential messenger to enquire into the circumstance, and have also taken care to make some other provision for her comfort;—for were she not dear to me for her own sake, Arnold, she would be more than dear to me for yours." Overcome by his parent's tenderness, and all the mingled emotions occasioned by her communication, Arnold clasped his mother's hand and burst into tears. He did not speak, however, and she resumed:

"But, whether this information be true or false, there are difficulties in the way of your union, which appear almost insuperable. The family is reduced beyond the hope of restoration. We have lately heard that the emperor is exasperated to the highest degree; and that he is determined, as he expressed it, to destroy the viper, and prevent it from ever turning upon the foot that crushes it. And alas! such is the pride of the human heart, and so much inclined are we to keep at a distance from the unfortunate, that the descendants of the late Baron are shunned by one and all. You are not unacquainted with the character of your father.—He, you know, has all the haughtiness of the Weimars with the ambition of the Guiscalds. The disposition of the Emperor, therefore, will be his rule: and as that has already been displayed in a manner that cannot be misunderstood, de Weimar will be the last to turn an eye of commiseration on the connexions of the unhappy chieftain; and I have heard him more than once, drop some such cruel insinuations.

"As yet, I believe, he is ignorant of the secrets of your heart. He was made for war and tumult, and the hardships of a camp, and the delirium of battle suit better with his nature, than the tender passages of a calm and retired life. He has observed, it is true, the striking change in your deportment, and he has several times expressed his surprise at it. The cause of it, Arnold, it will not, I am afraid, be practicable much longer to conceal from him. But I dread the disclosure, and it is my intreaty that you again return to your accustomed avocations, and endeavour for a season to banish the image which now twines itself around your affections. If you could for ever forget"—she looked at Arnold, and beheld something of a smile of despondency playing upon his lips, as if it would have said; "with the last pulse of life and with that alone I may forget"—"If you could for ever forget her.—But, Arnold, how could I ask it, when sad

experience has taught me, what it is to love, and be loved?—A tear here escaped the eye of the Baroness.—She turned to Arnold, and again repeated,—“if you could, Arnold?”—he replied only by a look expressive beyond the power of language.

“Is it so?”—she continued.

“Yes,” he said—“and my father must soon learn my determination.”

“Not soon, Arnold, I hope.”

“Yes!” he answered, “Mother—unless you will doom me to all the misery that can overwhelm a heart.”

“Then leave to me the disclosure, Arnold, if it must be. If there is any one who can influence your father, I believe it is myself, and my best offices shall not be wanting.—But, O Arnold, prepare for the worst—you know the determined character of de Weimar.”

The baroness now took the arm of her son, and they returned to the castle. They had not long entered when the messenger was announced, whom the Baroness had sent with inquiries for the daughter of their former friend. Rumour had not deceived them. She had been received into the family of her nurse, who had promised, promised unsolicited, to be all that a mother could be to her. Though born in an humble station, by industry and frugality, aided by occasional presents, this venerable woman had scraped together a small sum, which, with the narrow limits she had assigned to her wishes, she regarded as rendering her wealthy, elevating her as it did beyond the reach of want. Ellen of the glen—so she had long been called from the situation of her little secluded abode—was a woman far beyond the generality of those who move in her sphere of life; and had acquired information, which, at the period we are speaking of, when letters were but little cultivated, exceeded that of many who were surrounded by all the splendour of rank and fortune. Ellen had seen affliction. Her husband, to whom she had been tenderly attached, and who had loved her with an affection not less warm, had, soon after the birth of that child whose place Margaret de Guiscald had supplied, been wounded in one of the irruptions of a neighbouring chief, and had returned home to die. Ellen attended him with a breaking heart, fulfilling every office that fondness and duty could dictate, until he was removed to another world. And scarcely had she followed him to the grave, when her babe, the only pledge of the tie that bound them, sickened and soon resigned its little spirit to Him that gave it. She laid them side by side under an aged willow that grew near her cottage; and thither she often went at evening, to trim the sod, and scatter some fresh flower of the season upon the bed of rest. She was a mourner—but she mourned in hope. Her husband had been withdrawn from her embraces—but his dying accents had fallen upon her heart, as it had been the voice of some ministering seraph sent to guide him on the way to mansions of felicity. And though her heart was often full, and her eyes overflowing at the remembrance of her loss, still was she supported by the peaceful assurance, that to him, whom most, whom only, she had loved on earth, she would again be united in another country, and by a better, an indissoluble, bond. Her little cottage, though lonely, was the residence of tranquillity and resignation. The morning dawned on it, and the evening closed, and still all within was happiness. Whatever might wake the distant world, all there was rest, and undisturbed repose. It stood in a spot as sweet and secluded as was to be found amid the wide range of the Switzer's hills. Many are the abodes of secluded loveliness that there lie hid: but few could be met with, that would speak to you with a voice of deeper peace, than that in whose retreats passed the days of Ellen of

the glen. To it, indeed, may be applied, with peculiar propriety, the pleasing description of the poet—for nothing was there adventitious, nothing but its own native beauty, to attract. Neither wealth nor titles, rank nor fortune were there to allure. Yet was there more than these. If virtue be true nobility—nobility, such as earth seldom witnesses, resided here.

“The summer sun gilded the rushy roof, slanting,
The bright dews bespangled its ivy-bound hedge;
And, above, on the ramparts, the sweet birds were chanting,
And wild buds thick dappled the clear river's edge.
When the castle's rich chambers were haunted and dreary,
The poor little hovel was still and secure:
And no robber e'er entered, or goblin, or fairy—
For the splendours of pride had no charms to allure.”

Amidst the repining of thousands, no murmur escaped the lips of the possessor of the cottage in the glen. The world she knew was passing away, and, while to her, belonged little of its pomp or pageantry, she could view them, though not with a contemptuous, with a compassionating, eye. Those who were the gayest of the festive throng—the fair, the young, the rich, the noble—all were going whence they were never to return:—all floating on that irrevocable stream, which bears us, as the river bears the scattered water-lily on its breast, to the distant ocean, whirled occasionally in some vortex which would seem willing to arrest our progress, yet hurried along irresistibly to that gulf which swallows up all generations. But her eye was fixed on brighter and more glorious scenes above. There could she contemplate a Being, on whose stability her soul could lean: and there was centered every hope that animated, every emotion that harboured in, the bosom of Ellen.

Such was the individual—little known indeed on the busy and crowded theatre of time, but marked in the rolls of eternity, as one attended by those who minister to the heirs of heaven,—in her Margaret de Guiscald found a protector. Under her retired and peaceful roof, screened from the storms that were rending kingdoms, and remote from the discords that were deluging the world with blood, Margaret had leisure for reflection. Oftentimes, it is true, Pleasure would meet her gaze in the visions of other hours, and some silent sigh might be elicited from her heart: but soon her equanimity returned. As the cloud that shoots across the summer sky, and throws its shade on the hills and vales below, yet leaves behind it not a trace to tell that it has been, were those moments of gloom to the mind of Margaret. Settled into a sweet serenity, she could examine in spirit days gone by, with all the mirth and revelry, and in truth, the folly, that had winged their flight, and pursue them only with that feeling of mournfulness, which hung round the reflection, that they had passed so recklessly, so unprofitably away. Thus was she insensibly preparing for the tender offices she was yet to be summoned to discharge. She could not dive into futurity, nor wished she, indeed, to know what to-morrow might bring forth: but it increasingly became her desire, to be ready for whatever should be allotted her. All was wisely over-ruled—so would Ellen often tell her—by a wise and unerring power; and she gradually learned to lift her eye with confidence to heaven, and supplicate, that whether her path through life should be illumined by the sun of prosperity, or aided by the shades of trial and affliction, she might be enabled in every dispensation to feel, and devoutly to acknowledge, that “whatever is, is best.”

PART V.

“Oh! ever thus, from childhood’s hour,

I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay :

I never loved a tree or flower,

But ’twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear Gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye

But when it came to know me well,

And love me—it was sure to die !”

THE intelligence of Margaret’s safety was received by the Baroness of Weimar, with unfeigned satisfaction. For, though she could not but anticipate much uneasiness, both to herself and her son from the tidings, yet so tenderly was she interested in whatever concerned him, that she participated with true maternal pleasure in a certitude which she was aware would be the cause of such happiness to Arnold. The particulars were immediately communicated to him, with an additional caution not to permit his feelings to betray him in the presence of his father. He promised obedience: and endeavoured to assume something of an air of tranquillity in his deportment, when first he met the eye of de Weimar.

But tidings, such as he had heard, were not of that nature which would long allow him to wear the mask of indifference. They had again sharpened every pang that had torn his heart for so many years, and too uncontrolled as had doubtless been his emotions, it was not now that he could check their violence. Like the stream, which might at first have been restrained by trifling aids to the banks that guided its flow, but which once let loose, carries all before its impetuous current; the feelings of Arnold had now passed their bounds, and it had required a power, possessed not meanwhile by the son of de Weimar, to stem their overwhelming tide.

The Baroness, fearful of some premature disclosure, and considering it advisable, therefore, to communicate the circumstances as early as possible to her husband, took the first opportunity that presented itself of alluding to them. De Weimar, formed as he was, only for the ruder toils of life, was not wanting in penetration; and he had already begun to harbour some suspicions of what was going forward. The first intimation, consequently, was sufficient: and as he cast his eye on the Baroness,—who, conscious of all, instantly turned pale as death, and trembled from head to foot,—his fury became ungovernable. “What?” cried he, raising his stentorean voice until it echoed through every avenue and vault of his castle; “are you, too, his aider and abetter? Is it not enough that my

family should be dishonoured, and my name disgraced? Must the mother of my children be the first to encourage disobedience? But at his peril let him. I hold in my hand the deed which only requires the Emperor's signature to drive him an outcast on the world." Then, eyeing her with a look that almost quelled the pulse of life in her bosom, he ordered her to her chamber, and immediately summoned his son to his presence.

The name of Arnold now resounded through the courts. The agitated domestics, not daring to do otherwise than commanded, hastened to execute the injunctions of their lord, and hurried in various directions to find their young master, and prepare him for the interview. He was not, however, to be met with. Every corner was searched—every winding explored—every spot examined, which he had frequented—but in vain.—In vain, indeed!—Arnold was already beneath the roof of Ellen of the glen. Though the distance of Margaret's retreat from the castle of De Wiemar was considerable, affection hath wings which bear thee forward, swiftly as the breezes thou seest not, but whose voice thou hearest as they dance lightly along. One of the noblest of De Wiemer's stud had been selected. One it was, which Arnold had often reined amid wilder scenes, when the roar of battle hailed him instead of the whispers of love—one, that knew well his rider, and seemed to rejoice in answer to the speed of his desires. Scarcely had he heard where Margaret was sheltered, when his determination was taken. Willing as he would have been to acquiesce in the entreaties of his mother, it was in vain that he attempted to place the curb upon his affections:—and one sun, only, had set and risen, subsequently to the arrival of the communication from Ellen, when Arnold withdrew from the castle. The first beams were just illumining the distant horizon, when the warder was summoned to let the young chieftain pass. The gates were opened—the portcullis was raised—the draw-bridge was dropped—and Arnold was quickly out of sight. He hurried to the residence of her he loved. He had known it in other days, for the fame of Ellen's peaceful habitation had more than once attracted thither his steps in boyhood, when as yet his heart was unalloyed with the daughter of Guiscald, her who had drawn nourishment from her breast.

Margaret had strolled down the glen, and was seated under the willow, beneath whose pensile foliage Ellen's husband and babe reposed. She was examining their epitaph's—simple memorials of those who were there shut out from the troubles of life—and was conscious of some sensations, that would almost have placed her beside them in their bed of rest. A tear had fallen—and another was ready to follow it, when she heard a foot.—She looked up, and beheld before her, as in a vision, Arnold de Weimer. Overpowered at the sight of one who had so long been near her heart, but whom she believed to have forgotten her, even had she let a wandering imagination visit her abode, she shrieked, and would instantly have sunk upon the seat, from which she had started in the suddenness of surprise, had she not been supported by Arnold, who sprang forward and caught her as she fell.

She was just recovering—some tender interchange of look and language had passed—some allusion to future prospects, thought an-

swering thought—when a noise was heard as of several voices, pronouncing occasionally, with vehemence, the name of Arnold de Weimar. Margaret, alarmed for his safety, entreated him to fly. For herself she had no apprehensions. Her youth, her sex, her misfortunes, were her protection—and she begged him to leave her. But Arnold cared not for himself. Deprived of her, life had lost its attractions: and with her he must spend it, or, so he deemed in his ungoverned agitation, cast it “as a worthless weed away.” He listened—the sounds approached.—He distinguished among them the tone of his father, and heard him denouncing vengeance. He caught the word—and, as it fell from de Weimar’s lips, he seized the hand of Margaret, and clasping it to his breast, vowed—“No, Arnold, no!” she said—but it was done—and the words were passed—vowed only to be hers’s, that vow had scarcely been borne on rapid wing to heaven, and there irreversibly ratified, when Arnold was a prisoner. His father, on learning that he was not to be found, instantly suspecting whither he had directed his flight—for he was more intimately acquainted with the circumstances of the de Guiscalds, than he had given his family reason to believe—had mounted his horse, and ordering some of his vassals to attend him, hastened in pursuit of the fugitive. Though Arnold had had the advantage by several hours, yet as he had no relays, which were held in readiness only for the chieftain, or some one bearing his sign manual, he had almost overtaken him when he reached Margaret’s seclusion; and had not Arnold been hurried on by an eagerness of expectation that could brook no delay, and favoured by the directions of Ellen, whom he met as he was descending to her cottage, for a season at least, perhaps for ever—for effects are indissolubly linked with their causes—he had been separated from Margaret de Weimar. It was, however, otherwise ordained: and the vow had passed to heaven which bound his life to hers. To her, his affections long had pointed: and now, faithful as the needle to its rest, they had twined themselves round her by folds, involvible as those of Gordius, and yet stronger still—folds, which no human power could either dissever or untie.

Arnold was now taken, amidst the reproaches and revilings of his father, and his fiendish satellites, to a building on the lands of the barony, where was a dungeon, used for confining the offending vassals. Into this he was thrown, and there left without intercourse, save that of the monster in human form, who brought him from day to day his bread and water of affliction. The Baroness was soon informed of her son’s misfortune, and, ready as she would have been to die with him she bore, we may easily believe that she omitted nothing in her power to relieve him. Tears, however, and entreaties were alike unavailing; and she was doomed to behold the sun rise and set, and rise and set, again, and again, and again, without being permitted even to see him, or soothe his sufferings with the balm of maternal sympathy. The deed of exclusion, meantime, had been signed: a form simply executed by the despotic power of the Emperor in those times of feudal anarchy. The younger son, a youth of a spirit more congenial with his father’s, was appointed successor, and Arnold was declared to have forfeited, by his contumacy to parental authority, all rights and privileges

appertaining to the Lordship of Weimar. Thus was the unhappy Arnold placed entirely in the hands of a cruel and vindictive father; whose heart, burning with injured pride, was fully purposed to make him feel the bitter effects of what he deemed unpardonable disobedience. To him it was indifferent whether a son or a vassal offended: the delinquent whoever he might be, was destined to chains and misery, and some had even expired under his accumulated barbarities.

PART VI.

“And sometimes from the rush of war,
Beneath the lovely evening-star,
They stole a quiet hour to share
The perfumed coolness of the air;
And she would take her lute and sing
Sweet songs of old remembering,
Breathing of home—talk of the fame
Gathering round her warrior’s name,
And mix with future hope a sigh,
Given to mournful days gone by.”

FOR nearly a year had Arnold now endured all the rigours of confinement; and during the whole of this melancholy interval, no tidings had reached him from any of his friends. His heart, elated with hope—hope that seldom forsakes the most wretched, had long supported him, and he had seen from morning to morning the dawning beam shine through his grated window, and from evening to evening the setting ray tinge the tall summit of the hill that overlooked the gloomy scene of his imprisonment, still expecting that some kind voice would proclaim his liberation—some compassionate hand un rivet the bars of his dungeon. But days, weeks, and months had held their course to eternity, and yet no aid arrived. In consequence dejection and despondency, for, oh! how ample a portion of that spirit, which was present with the captive prophet, and sustained him amidst his trials, must have rested upon him, had no repining thought escaped him under the inflictions of so inexorable a tyrant!—began to take possession of his mind; and he was on the point of abandoning himself to utter despair, when, as an evening in spring was closing over his solitude, and shedding its lingering radiance on the hill that towered above, he observed a strange figure muffled, but apparently in armour, sitting upon a projecting crag that overhung the chasm below.

In other circumstances such a form might have occasioned him alarm, but now his heart bounded at the sight: he gazed—

intently gazed—anticipating perhaps, some signal from the stranger. At length, when the last beam had struck his burnished mail, he took a mirror, which had been concealed under his doublet, and directed the reflected ray to the dreary casement of Arnold's dungeon, as if thus to excite the attention of its unhappy inmate; he pointed to the setting orb, and then motioning with his hand perpendicularly downwards, gave him to understand, as he believed, that at the hour of midnight he might expect again to meet him. This done, the stranger immediately withdrew, leaving Arnold, as may be imagined, full of the deepest anxiety as to the meaning of what had occurred.

Evening had now shut in: his keeper had performed the last ceremony of the day: the rusty hinges had grated back again to their rest: the key had turned in the doors: and the step of the distant Cerberus was lost through the remotest vaults. Ten had struck—eleven—and now the toll of midnight was heard from the far watch-tower, echoing deeply amid the solemn silence of the hills around. Then was every insect of the night heard distinctly as it winged its way along. On the ear of Arnold every sound fell full: thought followed thought, like pursuing waves on the surface of a troubled sea. It was a moment that seemed to embrace after ages, and to bury in oblivion all that had elapsed.

“The mountain stream,
Which from the distant glens sent forth its sound,
Wafted upon the wind, was audible
In that deep hush of feeling—like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.”

At this instant a foot echoed through the far porch of the gloomy mansion. The keeper demanded the watch-word—a scuffle ensued—and something sunk heavily upon the floor. Steps as of two were now heard approaching. The key turned—the door opened—and the captive,—captive no longer,—was locked in the arms of some one whom as yet he knew not. He would have asked her name—but she checked him: “Hush! Arnold, and delay not here: follow me; every moment is precious.” He obeyed, and attended her. A horse and guide were waiting to receive him, and he was soon far from his late dreary dwelling. Having thus delivered our prisoner, we may here pause for a little, and hastily acquaint our readers with the particulars of his escape.

Long and anxiously had the maternal heart of the Baroness yearned upon her suffering son. Every thing that could be done by entreaties and tears had been attempted, but de Weimar continued inflexible; and at length told her, that if ever after the subject crossed her lips, she should have a corner of the same comfortable abode. “This son,” he vociferated, and he cursed her and the day she brought him forth, “had dishonoured himself and his family, and should enjoy at leisure, (as in cruel irony he expressed himself,) the consequences of his disobedience.” Thus every hope having failed of accomplishing her purpose by gentle means, she determined to rescue her child by any other

that seemed most feasible. In pursuance of this resolution, she got intelligence of her intention conveyed to Ellen, who undertook to provide a confidential person, as bold in action as he was prudent in counsel, who would effectuate his deliverance, or perish in the attempt. He had been a vassal of the late de Guiscald, and having heard that it was for his attachment to the daughter of his Chief that the unhappy son of de Wiemar was condemned to all the horrors he had endured; he immediately felt the most ardent interest in his fate, and vowed solemnly to release him or lay down his own life as a sacrifice to the love he had borne his unfortunate master.

It was on the evening of a festival held in that neighbourhood, that he designed to make the effort. An associate was engaged to attract the attention of the guards of the outer posts, while he himself undertook the more arduous enterprise of opening a way to the dungeon of the captive.

Every thing being thus concerted, and the carousings having already commenced, he had ascended the hill, and standing on the projecting crag, had endeavoured, as we have related, and not in vain to prepare the prisoner for the meditated attempt. As evening fell, the guards, who ceasing to apprehend danger, now began to relax their vigilance, were accosted, as it might be, casually by the individual who was to assist in the undertaking. His part being faithfully executed, it only remained, as night approached, to make the necessary dispositions to prevent interruption and provide against surprise. This done, as the hour drew on, horses were prepared for the prisoner and his intended guide, and the person who had appeared on the hill was joined by the Baroness, for she it was in whose embraces Arnold had been locked, and who, overpowered by anxiety for her favourite boy, had ventured to leave the castle to aid in his liberation, and be the first to hail his rescue.

The outer posts were quickly secured, and Müller, so was named the person whom Ellen had selected for the arduous undertaking, attended by the Baroness, passed the moat, ascended the bastion, when being accosted by the keeper, after a short scuffle, by a well directed blow laid him senseless at his feet; and then hurrying on, unlocked the door which had so long been closed on the brave but unfortunate youth, and Arnold was at liberty. To him we now return.

Conducted by his faithful guide, he soon traversed the intervening parts and reached the limits of the Lordship of Weimar; but not venturing to stop, lest he should be overtaken by some messenger of wrath, he still pressed forward. Towards noon, however, he reposed; but time was precious, and again resuming his route, though much fatigued by the journey from long disuse of his once favourite exercise, he arrived as evening set in at a retired house, where they rested for the night. Next morning he again pursued his way, and when the sun was sinking in the western horizon, reached the opening of a glen, that appeared at first sight inaccessible from the thick foliage that covered it. They were dismounted, and Arnold following his companion, who

had latterly conducted him through paths known only to himself and some few of the natives of his hills, soon gained a spot which seemed to rise like enchantment from the scene around. Here it was that Arnold was to end his toils—here, in the bosom of that calm retreat, was he destined to find, for a season at least, all that heart could desire. In a word, it was a spot where Fancy herself could rest. Here all had been prepared for his reception, while measures were taken for his security. The Baroness, in the prospect of his liberation, had arranged every thing with Ellen, who had in person superintended the various details of furnishing and fitting up the little mansion destined to be the scene of the wedded happiness of her child. But to be brief: not long after, he was seen at evening winding among the hills arm in arm with Margaret de Griscald, now the wife of his bosom, as she had long been the partner of his tenderest affections.

He had gone to Ellen's, and beneath her peaceful roof the nuptials were celebrated. The kind-hearted creature had made her will, and settled on her child, as she called Margaret, all she possessed, increased by frugality to an easy competence; and to her generosity were owing various conveniences, which were found in the mansion of that secluded glen.

Ellen now saw the fulfilment of all her wishes: she attended the happy pair to their new abode, but refused to reside with them, though earnestly solicited to make that retreat her residence, as its inmates were so deeply indebted to her. As a visitor, however, thither often she came, never more than welcome; and many were the blessings, doubtless, which fell on that lowly abode from the prayers of one, whose hopes and wishes were so conversant with heaven.

In process of time she had the additional happiness of seeing the desires accomplished with which she had beheld the union of her child—desires so warm in the hearts of a fond and wedded pair. She was beneath the roof when Margaret became a mother, and was the first to receive into her arms the tender pledge of love which had so long bound the lives of its parents in one—the first who clasped to her bosom Gertrude de Weimar.

PART VII.

"Thou cottage, gleaming near the tuft of trees,
 Thou tell'st of joy more than I dare believe
 Falls to the lot of man—where Fancy sees,
 (For credulous Fancy still her dreams will weave,)
 Him whose calm fate no restless cares deceive,
 Blest by your smiles, pure as the mountain breeze,
 Love, Peace, Humility, whose ministeries
 Give all that happiest mortals can receive.
 Yon sun-tipt groves embosomed harmony,
 As fades the splendour of departing day,
 Swells on my ear most like the minstrelsy,
 Which from thy inmate's pipe can bear away
 The soul of him who listens, till he hear
 Sounds that awaken love's forgotten tear."

OTHER thoughts and other feelings now occupied the minds, interested the feelings, and engaged the attention of Arnold and Margaret. Dear as was their quiet nook, it was now rendered doubly so by the little intruder, who had lately drawn within its walls the breath of life. Oh! there is a tenderness which a parent only can understand—an emotion only intelligible to that bosom, which, while the eye looks upon some object endued with existence, can exult in the thought that from it, that object drew its being!

"O nature, say! to what extatic joy
 Wilt thou not soar, borne high on magic wing,
 When on a father's and a mother's gaze,
 First smiles the baby that owes life to them?"

Margaret had now recovered from her confinement, and all its anguish had long since been forgotten in the joy of an infant born. From hour to hour, and from day to day, she nursed—she tended it; delighted with the gentle offices that had devolved on her. To her, at least the name of mother was new; and though each succeeding moment that rolled over her, detracted from its novelty, it seemed only to enhance her delight. Nor did Arnold not participate in these emotions—the emotions of her to whom affection had united him, and whose fondness had been not reluctantly, but yet with a bashfulness that endeared the gift plighted to him, and ratified on the altar which received their vows. Each morning that gilded the hills that overlooked the glen, deep in whose bosom lay the peaceful mansion that shut him from the world, and every evening that hung her crimson curtain over the distant mountains that pointed

their eyes and invited their hopes to heaven, only added strength to that promise which had bound their lives in one. And now, when a pledge lay before him, more tangible than emotions which only dwelt within, that there was a heart indissolubly linked to his:—when,

“Glancing his love upon the love that gave
His life a value never known before,”

he beheld his Margaret, her for whom he had suffered so much, hanging with all a mother's tenderness over the babe, that owned him as its sire; say you, who have felt the amplitude of paternal bliss,

“Was he not happy? Say, was he unblest?”

But time passed and Gertrude grew. No rose-bud of the mountains was fresher, no lily of the vallies fairer than she: clear as the heavens above her, when not a cloud wandered over the azure expanse, was Gertrude's brow; beaming meanwhile with all that thoughtless gaiety—we would call it innocence, were innocence, alas! longer applicable to any of a fallen race—which so wins upon the heart, that while it scans the dark vicissitudes of life, contemplates with pleasure—pleasure of a mournful but of a sacred kind—the joys that rise and fade in such light and rapid succession, in the bosom of infancy and childhood. They are unconscious that storms are gathering in their horizon, for man is born to sorrow, and sorrow assuredly will be the portion of his cup below, but for a little they are hid from his view. Though the cloud is deepening, which is destined to involve in obscurity the sun that now sheds on them his genial and reviving beams for a transient interval, meanwhile the ray is warm, and falls on them with an exhilarating influence.

Such were the sensations with which her parents often gazed on Gertrude. They had known, by sad experience, the vanity of all earthly expectations. Their own hearts had once beat buoyantly—and they did not forget the period—and how changefully had “time and chance since happened to them!” when the world was deemed a paradise, and its gloomy theatre one wide arena of happiness.—Their own hearts had once beat buoyantly, and they wondered not that Gertrude's should do so too. Nor did they frown upon the smile that brightened her cheek. Too well had they learnt that lesson, which told them it would yet be changed into a tear; but they waited with resigned supplication the arrival of the moment fraught with the mournful mandate—they would not anticipate its flight. Often, thus, would they mingle theirs with her mirthful glee; with her becoming, as the poet has sweetly fabled of our elder sire, “again a child in heart.” To them belonged to-day, and “unto it sufficient was the evil thereof.” Their hopes and wishes were, indeed, far—far beyond all that life could furnish, or time provide, yet were there flowers, fresh and fragrant, growing along their way, and they did not disdain to pluck them as they passed.

Calmly now did many a moment glide onward while the fond and tender parents endeavoured to guide the feet of their infant into the paths of peace. They had at length found them, but not exclusively for themselves. In the days of trial and difficulty in other years, they had been unacquainted with one spot where hope might repose. Tossed as they were with the billows of affliction, they had felt the proud waters, as it were go over their soul, and yet knew not whither to flee for refuge. Of that "rock which was higher than they," and whose shadow is so refreshing in a land of drought and barrenness, they had perhaps heard, but never had they been led to its shelter—never had they rested beneath its covert. But there was a season when they were to be brought home to that fold from which they had wandered. Over it watched One, who had not spared himself for its safety. By him they had been found, and they could not but recognize, in his marred and blood-stained aspect, the good shepherd, who had given his life for the sheep.

"In his side he bore,
"And in his hands and feet the cruel scars."

Gladly then they followed him, for he had taught them to know his voice. He had led them beside still waters, and made them to lie down in green pastures. He did not promise them, indeed, that trials should not be theirs, but he had assured them that they should not sink under the pressure, for he would bear with them their weight. To him, thereafter, were their eyes ever directed; and, though he had called them to be his servants, his yoke was easy to them, and his burthen light. Thus, time, with all its troubles, was mollified, as it were, with the balm of hope; and in journeying through a wilderness, which the word of unerring truth has declared 'waste and howling,' they had yet consolations more than sufficient to counterbalance all their ills.

But their dearest and sweetest employment of an earthly kind, was the nurture of Gertrude. Young she was, and fair, like some exotic from another world. The rain, and the dews, soft as ever fell from heaven, seem to have watered her spring of life; and she grew a beauteous and a goodly plant. The sun, too, you would have supposed, had shed on her their gentlest influence; nor had the moon waned on her with a blighting power. A cloud occasionally might have crossed her path, but it was such only as would mitigate the fever of infancy, and tend, under a higher direction, to make its little delirium subside, in due season, into the quietude of everlasting beatitude and peace. Yet, while fondest expectation hovered over her, they could not but think of evils still, it might be, in the womb of futurity, and hereafter to be developed amidst the wildest hurricanes of a wintry time. Their joy, indeed, was yet unsullied; and in anticipation, meanwhile, all wore an aspect serene as the calmness of a summer eve, when Nature wins you, by her loveliness, to silent meditation on the deep sweetness of all around. In the distant perspective no leaf is moving: beside you not a breath is heard. But storm and tempest may be working behind the fairest mantle of a morning sky.

They felt it might be so; and some secret misgiving would at intervals darken that prospect which else had spread before them, inviting as parental affection could figure it, and soothing as Hope herself could allure you to survey.

PART VIII.

Cerchi chi vuol, le pompe, e gli alti honori,
Le piazze, e tempj, e gli edificj magni,
Le delizie, il tesor, qual accompagni
Mille duri pensier, mille dolori:

Un verde practicel pien di bei fiori,
Un rivolo, che l'herba intorno bagni,
Un augelletto, che d'amor si lagni,
Acqueta molto meglio i nostri ardori:
L'ombrese selve, i sassi, e gli alti monti,
Gli antri oscuri, e le fere fugitive,

* * * * *

Qui vi veggo io con pensier vaghi;

* * * * *

Qui me le toglie hor una, hor altra cosa.

"Seek he, who will, in grandeur to be blest,
Place in proud halls, and splendid courts his joy;
For pleasure or for gold his arts employ,
Whilst all his hours unnumbered cares molest.

A little field in native flow'rst drest,
A riv'let in soft murmurs gliding by,
A bird whose love-sick note salutes the sky,
With sweeter magic lull my cares to rest.

And shadowy woods, and rocks, and towering hills,
And caves obscure, and nature's free-born train,

* * * * *
Each in my mind some gentle thought instills:

* * * * *
"Ah, gentle thoughts! soon lost the city cares among."

But, though of a lineage ennobled, although now her blood was attainted by a cruel and unjust decree, and though expectations, bright as ever opened on the eye of a youthful imagination, should have met her view even in the cradle. Gertrude had to discharge functions, once indeed, how degraded soever they may now be, deemed not dishonourable amidst the simplicity of elder times. There were of the best and wisest of mankind, who followed the employment of a shepherd's life.—The scenes of Arcadia, it was true, had long since been swept away. Sweet they were still to this shepherdess of the mountains, for Gertrude had a mind that could taste those milder embellishments that gild the dark realities of ex-

istence, while they should not withdraw us from the more trying and more deeply touching occurrences, ever presented on the tragic theatre of the world. On her, her mother's image seemed to be reflected. The heart of Margaret, educated as she had been amidst all the blandishments that life could offer, had not been untrained to the gentler emotions that follow fiction in her aerial walks. Attuned, indeed that heart had been to more substantial enjoyments; for nothing can solace—O that the ends of the earth could hear me and believe!—nothing can solace with an efficacy so powerful, with an influence so reviving, as that tranquility, which flows from the consolations of a pure religion. From religion she derived her dearest delights, and sought in her ways of pleasantness, and in her paths of peace, that solidity of bliss, that only solidity, which life can impart:—a bliss, sought for in the gaudy temple of pleasure, and on the gilded altars of gaiety, but found only at the modest and unobtrusive shrine of truth.

It is not, in the busy and tumultuous scene, that happiness is met with; nor yet in the cloister or the convent. Alas! what wretchedness attends the votary of the one, what weariness of spirit pursues the deluded disciple of the other. I have myself—and will my reader pardon me for introducing myself for a moment to his notice? I have myself known something of what the round of gaiety and pleasure can offer;—and I have witnessed, too, something of the melancholy joys—joys shall I call them? No, rather, the gloom, the anguish, the dejection, the despair, which follow the step that goes to be emmured in the dungeons of unnatural seclusion.

A friend, now as distant as the waters of the Atlantic can make him, a friend to whom I was first introduced amidst the ruins of once imperial Rome, in an interesting little volume which he has subsequently published, has the following remarks. He with myself had opportunity of examining into details, which met not every eye, and he speaks from personal observation: and hard were the hearts, me thinks, that would shut itself to the voice of his mild persuasion. "There may be employments, to this purpose" he observes, "which require that charity should be administered by the hand of pity; and, in such institutions, there may be every thing which can be considered as leading thereto. Still, it is questionable, whether their general tendency is not of a contrary nature. I allude to the nunneries in which so many a lovely female has been incarcerated. The French Revolution," he continues, "has produced for the benefit of humanity, a lasting memento, I trust, in the abolition of the monastic orders throughout various parts of Europe. It has prevented the immolation of some of heaven's fairest gifts, by opening a new existence as it were, unto the veiled victim, endowed with mental charms, capable of gladdening this chequered life." He concludes his observations with those elegant and tender lines of Mrs Rogers:

The beauteous maid that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear familiar face,
Forgot when first a father's stern controul
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul:

And ere, with iron tongue, the vespers-bell
 Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
 Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
 To love and joy still tremblingly alive.*

But to return from this long digression. Though from religion as we have said, Margaret derived her dearest delights, pursuing in tranquility those ways which only are pleasantness—those paths which alone are peace, she yet averted not altogether her eyes from those other attractions, which throw a veil too often indeed, of enchantment over the realities of time; nor did she exclude her daughter entirely from their allusions, if such we must call them, or prevent her from visiting occasionally the regions where fancy dwells. She was not unaware, it is true, that there were dangers and temptations ever ready to assail the youthful and unexperienced heart amidst her wild and visionary flights: but, while she did not wish utterly to forbid its observations, it was her aim to hold the reins of her buoyant imagination with a tight, though with a gentle hand.

The flocks of Arnold, few in number, were fed upon no thousand hills. Alas! the day was, when distant as his view could reach from the highest turret, that rose over the abode of the generations of his fathers, all he saw he had expected to possess.

It happened, on one occasion, that the writer of this narrative was thrown into the society of a young creature destined for the dreaded dungeons of a convent. She was at that time between fourteen and fifteen years of age—a period, in the life of a female, when many a light web of future happiness is woven, and many a fond idea awakened of gaiety and pleasure, delight unsullied, love requited, and unending uninterrupted felicity, whether from the crowd of anticipated admirers, or from the calm seclusion of domestic and wedded retirement. Eugenia had a description naturally volatile. When first I became acquainted with her, she seemed enamoured of the freshness of being. All around her, you would have thought was enchantment. She laughed, responsive to the buoyancy—not of hope alas! but of sorrow hid from view:—She sang, it was a carol of the scenes of her nativity, wild and plaintive, more than enough to move every chord within the breast:—She talked, as if she would never have been fatigued by the sound of her voice, which to me was sweet and pathetic:—In a word, had you believed appearances, you would have imagined that for Eugenia was prepared enjoyment, such as never yet was apportioned to a child of Adam. Meanwhile, I was unacquainted with her mournful destination, and could almost have believed her happy. But this gaiety alas! was only assumed—it was the veil of a breaking heart: and I lived to see her sorrowful, and dejected, and heaving many a deep, unavailing, and hopeless sigh. Poor thing! my soul really bled for her. In person she was interesting, rather comely, perhaps than handsome. Her stature had not yet attained middle size, nor can I say that her motions would have been considered graceful in one of more matured years: but what could be expected from a girl of her age, unattended to by her cruel relatives, her talents uncultivated, for the expence of education—and this I was told from her own lips—would have been regarded as thrown away upon one who was to be imprisoned for life and hid from the view of all who might have beheld and loved her—her mind and body alike left to the unpruning hand of nature. Her cheek was flushed with the freshness of youth, and her spirits, unless when checked by gloomy anticipation, sparkled with gladness in her bright blue eye. She fell a victim to the pride and selfishness of her father—I conceal the monster's name. Her fortune, as I was informed, was to increase the portions of her sisters—and thus was this young creature, whose heart seemed so much alive to the prospects that life presented, and susceptible, if I was not mistaken in my opinion, of every gentler and endeared emotion, to be sacrificed to the advancement of those, who should have aided her progress, and cherished the opening blossom of her years.—Poor Eugenia! my soul has bled for thee more than once. Hard was thy fate indeed!

But that day was passed—gone down in clouds and darkness. Its morning had risen serenely, its evening had shut in storms. And, now, his daughter, who should have been heiress of the wide domains of de Weimar, whose estates had been withdrawn by a former occupant from the operation of the Salic law, was often seen with her father's flocks upon the hills, and in the glens, and in the valleys. Many an eye beheld her with compassion, all with pleasure. Those who gazed on her, in maiden loveliness, distinguished amidst her rustic employments, and her rural scenes, by the simple designation of the Shepherdess of the Mountains, often thought her lot was hard. They knew the prospects her father had had in more auspicious times, and they recollected when the name of de Guiscald, her maternal grandsire, struck terror into vassals numerous as the stars of heaven. Nor, perhaps, did they forget the hour when her mother had received the homage, and might have chosen between the alliance of nobles and princes. Could they, then, see her engaged with the child of the humblest peasant around her, and not give a sigh to the instability of all human things?

Many, too, there were, who augured mysteriously of her future destiny. Such a being, they said, could not pass her days as others. One, whom circumstances so peculiar had combined in reducing to the lowly occupations of a shepherdess, could be the object of no common care. Numerous, doubtless, were the guardian angels that ministered to her: thousands were around her path, and tens of thousands encamped about her bed. Her, the pestilence that walketh in darkness would not be permitted to approach: and from her bosom the arrow that flieth in noonday would be turned aside. No evil, surely, could come nigh her dwelling; and if joy and gladness were not her terrestrial lot, yet peace—a better portion, perhaps, for erring humanity could not fail to attend her steps. Still, the ways of heaven were dark and dubious, and widely different from ours. God thought not as we did, and it might seem good to him to weave her doom in mystery, and appoint her a cup whose dregs were bitterness, and whose ingredients inscrutable to human eyes, might be attempered with no healing balm.

Such was the language of many who looked on Gertrude de Weimar. But there are secrets which belong not to man, and which no finite intellect may divine. Yet, the heart will ever cling to the marvellous. Deceitful itself above all thing, (so, alas! the pen of inspiration tells)—it is ever inclined to wander on forbidden ground. Lured once by the goodliness of a fruit

“ Whose taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden,”

it is continually turning to subjects, from which, if no injunction be found to sever it, still in themselves unprofitable and vain. Conjecture might pardonably hang around the blossom of so beautiful a stem, yet beyond, there was gulf where human vision lost it—

self in the wide, interminable range ; and the fate of Gertrude, the loveliest of the shepherdesses who fed their flocks upon her native hills, lay as it were, there hidden from every anxious, as from every careless gaze. And, there, reader, whoever thou art, whose eye may trace these pages, there lie concealed thy destiny and mine. Incertitude involves us all. Dost thou, then, think of preparing to quit these passing scenes ? The mutability of time, and the versatility of circumstances impend over us alike ; and He who inhabiteth eternity, and who dwelleth in a temple not made with hands, has only to speak, and from you, as from me, will be snatched the dearest tie that holds us to existence, and we shall be driven, like the loose weed of ocean, from shoal to shoal, and from rock to rock, until we attain that haven, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the head, everwhile aching and weary, is for ever laid to rest.

PART IX.

“ Thus while the giants trampled friends and foes
 Amongst their tribes a mighty chieftain rose :
 His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
 What strange events his infancy befell.”

IN the vicinity of the glen, or at least at no considerable distance, was a castle which had once towered proudly over the adjacent lowlands, though now its halls were almost deserted, its bastions ruinous, and its turrets mouldering in decay. It belonged to one, who had long been regarded by the simple peasantry in his vicinity, with a sort of superstitious terror. He had reached an age, rarely attained even by the hardy and healthy mountaineer ; and, now, his emaciated form, wrapped in a cloak made of the skins of bears killed by his own hand, and girded about his body with a strap interwoven with designs in needle work, an article which for centuries, as tradition said, had been worn by the lords of Col-derg : his meagre aspect ; his high arched nose ; his thin streaming hair ; and his long dishevelled beard, imparted to the Baron of the gloomy castle, as he was generally styled in the neighbourhood, something of terrific sacredness, which preserved him from the insults even of the most ferocious of the bandits that occasionally visited the mountains on missions of robbery and plunder ; events, it is true, of unfrequent occurrence, even in those, less secure and less cultivated times. Switzerland, at a remoter period, offered but little inducement to those lawless freebooters ; and, indeed, even at the present era, though arts and civilization have been introduced amongst its fastnesses with the happiest effects, and though its plains and its val-

leys are now many of them the retreats of industry, frugality, and peace, it might still be deemed, in its more distant borders, as too inhospitable for any, save those who derive a precarious subsistence, in summer, from the pursuit of the chamois, and, in winter, of the wolf and the bear.* Besides, such is the character of the people, honest I would almost say by birth-right; averse to rapine and bloodshed; attached even to a proverb to their own natal spot, however rude and wild; and unacquainted with the craft and cunning engendered by intercourse with the world; that crimes are rare among them,† and the traveller, as the sojourner, may feel himself (I speak from personal experience) safe with his door unbolted, and without either sword or pistol at his side.

The lord of Col-derg had an only son. Advanced as he was himself in years, Conrade was now just opening into manhood. His mother, one of the numerous daughters of a neighbouring chief, had scarcely left the nursery when she was demanded in marriage by the Baron of the gloomy castle, and was yielded to him by a mercenary father, who was alike unmoved by her intreaties and her tears. As might be imagined, the nuptials were the seal of her death-warrant. She entered the abode of Col-derg, and was there immured, a prey to every feeling that can embitter life, by the jealousy of a being whom she beheld with horror. She lived to be the mother of a son. Soon as her babe was born, she asked for it, and taking it in her arms, she kissed it, commended it to heaven, dropped a tear upon its cheek, and died. But as her spirit fled, she was heard to whisper, "Conrade." None knew why, unless, perhaps, it might be the tyrant who had brought her thus prematurely to the grave. He was present at the mournful scene; and catching some indistinct murmurs as the soul was severed from its mortal tenement he enquired of the servant who stood beside her, what it was. It was replied, "Conrade." He grew pale, so rumour said, and a slight tremor was observed to dart over his frame. But he answered—"Let his name be Conrade," and withdrew.

The child was committed to the care of some inhabitants of the hills, and grew wild as the wildest of their tenants. It was his delight to follow the step of the chamois where chasms of a hundred fathoms yawned below. The wolf he feared not, and it was even said that he played with the bear in her fastness. Or if she dared him to the combat, bereaved though she was but yester evening of her whelps, he declined not to meet her, and several had already fallen a sacrifice to the undaunted courage, and superior adroitness of Conrade of Col-derg.‡

(Concluded at page 257.)

* The author, crossing the Alps in the middle of winter, observed along his route various places, which had been very recently visited by these marauders. Of bears, in particular, though they are more rarely met with amongst these mountains than wolves, the traces were extremely numerous.

† In proof of this, we may mention the fact, that only one murder, and that, it would appear not deeply premeditated, was committed in Switzerland among a population of upwards of two millions, during the space of one and twenty years.

‡ The author of this narrative, in the course of his researches amongst the Alps, was informed of a fact which almost exceeds belief. It was related to him, however, on the most credible testimony, and he will give it as he received it. The bear, as it is scarcely

REMARKS ON DRAMATIC LITERATURE AND PERFORMANCES.

IF the stage should be really what the generality of our polite writers tell us it ought to be, a school of agreeable morality, it naturally follows, that those plays are the best which afford us the most pleasing instruction, and that it is neither a strict adherence to the severity of critical discipline, nor a slavish imitation of the ancients, which can possibly constitute the excellence of *dramatic literature*.

Nothing is more necessary for an author to consider, who means to exhibit his productions upon the stage, than the genius of the people before whom they are to be represented; different countries have their different manners, and on this simple account—it is utterly impossible ever to establish a universal criterion for excellence in dramatic writing. The cold declamations, for instance, which suit the taste of a French audience, would make an Englishman yawn at Drury Lane; and on the other hand, that force of fable, that strength of plot, and variety of business, which is requisite to entertain an English spectator, would be deemed impertinent or pantomimical, barbarous or unnatural, according as the piece happened to be comic or tragic, by the refining criticism of a Parisian theatre.

It is whimsical enough to hear our modern critics commending the ancients to our imitation, as the great fathers of the drama, when they themselves acknowledge, that even the best tragedy of Sophocles would be banished indignantly from our stage, not as wanting either the fire of exalted genius, or the spirit of animated poetry, but as deficient in that redundancy of *business*, that complication of incident, which alone can keep a British audience from manifesting a public disapprobation. A fine poem may be a very bad play, and *vice versâ*. Addison's Cato is the former. The versification is polished—the sentiment *elevated*—the characters marked—the manners consistent—and the conduct *critical*. Yet with all these advantages, it languishes most miserably in the exhibition. All our reverence for the author is necessary to restrain our disgust, and had not the political circumstances attending its *original appearance* fortunately rendered it a favourite no less with the Tories than the Whigs, we are confident it could never have survived a *second representation*.

Yet even admitting that Sophocles, and the various celebrated tragic writers of antiquity, abounded as much in incident as they are notoriously deficient in that necessary article, there is one circumstance which would render them not only disagreeable, but ridiculous on our stage; the classical reader must see we allude to the *choruses* of these poets, which are always offensive to common sense, and constantly destroying every idea of probability. About sixty years ago a sensible satirical piece, entitled "The Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth opened," was performed in the summer season at Drury Lane Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Foote. The author of this ingenious performance introduced an episode, which illustrates the present observation relative to the Greek chorus very happily. The episode consisted of a mock tragedy, which was called "Gunpowder Treason," and of which the supposed writer, Mr. Distress, made Guy Faux naturally enough the hero. When Guy comes to that passage where he proposes to blow up the Parliament-house, the *chorus* exhort him to reject so barbarous an enterprise, and make use of all the arguments which are obviously applicable in such a situation. Guy however continues immovably fixed, and prepares to execute his hor-

rid resolution; on which, one of the spectators inquires, *why the chorus does not immediately send for a constable, and carry the villain before a justice of the peace?* Mr. Distress answers something to this effect, "Pooh! pooh! that would be *natural enough*, but the chorus is never to discover a secret."

When we see, therefore, that the best of the Grecian tragedies are so generally destitute of business, as to be mostly dramatic conversations, and that the chorus, the vehicle through which the argumentative part of their plays is chiefly conveyed, is thus ridiculously fabricated, why are they eternally held up to us as objects of imitation? Are we to imitate what we know will be disapproved, or to copy an absurdity upon the authority of Sophocles and Euripides? Are we to crowd our stage with choruses, when the chief person in the drama is perhaps talking in a soliloquy of something wholly *improper* for a *second ear*? or to tell a number of humane people our design to commit a murder without ever suffering their humanity to produce its natural effect? In fact, highly as the Greek stage may at present be admired by the affectation of criticism, our own is upon a much better establishment. It is not governed by the laws of *composition*, but by the principles of *common sense*. Whatever is repugnant to nature, is with us immediately condemned, and though we tolerate many scenes in favourite pieces, which are palpably unnatural, the beauties nevertheless must greatly exceed the imperfections, to obtain so considerable an indulgence at our hands.

EDGAR.

TO MY HARP.

To thee, my much-loved Harp, to thee,
I'll wake a pleasant lay;
For thou, in many a lonely hour,
Hast cheer'd me with thy soothing pow'r,
And made my spirits gay.

When compass'd round with Sorrow's gloom
I seek thy cheering aid:
Scarce do thy notes mine ear arrest
Ere through my agitated breast
All sadness is allay'd.

Kind harp! thy sympathetic soul
Returns me sigh for sigh:
Now soft—as melting into tears;
Then loud—to chide away my fears,
With harmony.

With thee I could contented dwell
Far, far, from human kind;
From morn till eve exulting sing,
Whilst thou, with ev'ry trembling string,
Shouldst speak my tranquil mind.

B. C.

STANZAS TO A COMET.

THE moon is gliding through the sky
On night's soft clouds, in tranquil rest;—
How beautiful she sails on high,
Cleaving the star-lit ocean's breast.

Lady of heav'n! how pure and bright
Thy rising beams appear in view;
All quivering o'er with silvery light,
Like crystal drops of morning dew.

Yet are there beams more bright than thine,
Which gleam through ev'ning erst so dun—
Yes, even now on earth they shine—
A world of flame—a midnight sun!

Wand'rer of heav'n! thy boding face
Frowns on the startled world so bright;
As sailing through the realms of space,
Thou plough'st the waves of liquid light.

Art thou the messenger of ire?
Is thine the flag of woe unfurl'd,
With threatening brow, and front of fire,
To warn a lost and sinful world?

Or art thou as thou dost appear,
Some roving planet of the night,—
A meteor,—cloudless, pure, and clear,
As dreams of beauty and of light.—

Whilst thus I gazed in thoughtless mood,
By wand'ring fancy led astray;
Methought that in the midst I stood
Of that fair meteor's bright array.

There did I view the worlds afar,
The shoreless seas that never flow;
There did I count each glittering star,
That twinkles on the world below.

The dark blue hills like barriers stood,
Between eternity and time;
The distant windings of the flood
Roll'd their dark waves from clime to clime.

Mine eye was fix'd—my mind was free—
Its flight creation could not bound!
It linger'd 'midst eternity—
And gazed on worlds revolving round.

It mark'd the glory of the night,
The earth—the ocean—and the sky;
But 'midst my revels of delight,
I heard it mutter'd—"They must die."

But while I mused the comet fled,—
The moon grew dim—no stars were seen—
The sun in glory raised his head,—
And Devon's fields again were green.

FIONA.

R 2

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE AGE.

IN good sooth, Mr. Merton, we live in an age of improvements; every day produces some new discovery, each more wonderful than the last, and not a passing hour but places in a stronger light the folly of those who persist in extolling the good old times. A volume would scarce suffice for the mere enumeration of the various mechanical and chemical discoveries of the last few years; it is not however my intention at present to dwell on these, but to mention those nobler flights of invention which pre-eminently distinguish us from our predecessors. Have we not men who, scorning the dull routine of former ages, when the assiduous employment of months and years was necessary to acquire knowledge, impart it as it were intuitively and by inspiration? Who will, henceforth, remain in ignorance of any language, ancient or modern, when in every quarter of this metropolis he may find a sage who will engage to make him perfect in any given language in two or three months? Nay, a *lettré** of unimpeached veracity, and who produces the names of kings and nobles as his vouchers, assures us that "with few masters (one to 10,000 pupils) and at a comparatively trifling expense, his method would enable the Emperor of Russia to cause the Russian language to be communicated to all the tribes in his vast territories in a few months; and by the same means the English language might accompany the extension of the English government, and be rendered universal in the same short period of time throughout the chequered population of its realms, from the millions who people the banks of the Ganges, to the Canadians, the Hottentots, the negroes of Sierra Leone, the Maltese, the Caribs, the Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Greeks of the Seven Islands." Indeed Mr. Merton this prospect is truly cheering: what an extension of knowledge, what increasing good-will may we expect among men when each shall perfectly understand the other without fear of misapprehension.

But let me not, carried away by my enthusiasm for the matchless Dufief, pass over in silence those who in other branches of education have equally well merited of their country. Hail, Lewis! thou who in thy generous care of the rising generation, hast discovered a means to instruct our children in the graphic art, so as without birch or cane to render them accomplished penmen in six brief lessons. With what joy do I look forward to the period, when, thanks to the philanthropic exertions of these and other sage and generous individuals, life's cheerful spring shall no more be clouded by the frown of the pedagogue, but all the work of education shall be completed in perhaps one short year. Possessed of such advantages our children will not, cannot fail of performing prodigies. I shall yet live, I trust, to see the admirable Crichton (then no longer admirable) equalled, or surpassed, by every stripling endowed with a moderate capacity.

"Knowledge, sir," it has been said, "is power." Power then being thus increased a hundred, or a thousand fold, man cannot fail of becoming really "lord of all things here below," aye, and above too, if we may believe the projectors of the balloon company, men compared with whom the celebrated Imlac was but a driveller.

Neither am I without hopes, that we may at last obtain the long-sought

* Dufief.

Elixir Vitæ. Already has a distinguished son of Æsculapius discovered a method of restoring the blind to sight, and that without cramming them with nauseous drugs: his remedy is far more agreeable, being no other than the taking a pinch of snuff. And now, Mr. Merton, lest I should intrude upon your valuable pages, I will conclude, although the above are but a small portion of the wonders, which have lately been noticed and admired by

Your humble servant,

CREDULOUS.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

AFTER the battle of Aignadelles, the victorious French besieged the revolted city of Brescia, took it, and sacked it with a fury, of which history offers few examples. The Chevalier Bayard, who had been wounded in the assault, was carried to the house of a lady of quality, whom he reassured by his discourse, and to protect her and her family placed two sentinels at the door, giving them eight hundred crowns as an indemnity for their loss in not partaking of the plunder. Some time after, when he was preparing to depart, the mistress of the house threw herself at his feet, and addressed him thus: "The right of war placed at your disposal our lives and property, which you have preserved as well as our honour. We hope also from your generosity, that you will be satisfied with a present proportioned rather to our limited means, than to the extent of our gratitude." With these words she presented to him a casket full of ducats. Bayard, smiling, asked her how many it contained? "Two thousand five hundred, my lord," answered the lady with a faltering voice, "if you are not satisfied we will endeavour to raise a greater sum."—"No, madame," said Bayard, "I have no occasion for your gold, you have far overpaid by your care of me, any services I have been so fortunate as to render you. I request only your friendship, and beseech you to accept of mine."

Astonished at his moderation, the lady again fell at the feet of the Chevalier, and protested that she would not rise till he accepted this mark of her gratitude. "In that case, madame," said Bayard, "I will no longer refuse you, permit me only to take leave of the young ladies, your daughters." When they entered, he thanked them in the most obliging terms for their attention to him during his illness, adding, "I much wished to have left with you some mark of my gratitude, but a soldier is rarely possessed of jewels suitable to persons of your quality. My lady, your mother, has bestowed upon me two thousand five hundred ducats; allow me to offer each of you one thousand, as an addition to your portion, and deign to distribute the remaining five hundred among the poor nuns of this city who have been plundered."

THE OBLIGING REPROACH.

BONTEMPS, principal valet of Louis the Fourteenth, besought him to confer a favour on one of his friends. "When," said the king, "will you cease—" Bontemps was disconcerted by the reproach, but was not so long, before the king continued, smiling, "asking favours for others, and never any thing for yourself? The place you ask for your friend, I bestow upon your son."

THE VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

THERE is nothing in nature so creative of admiration and wonder, as that faculty or power of the mind—Imagination. Its dominion, not only extends over every thing that exists, in the ocean, the earth, and the air, but when it has exhausted one world, it has power to form another; and can clothe and people it with objects of its own formation. Its pleasures are as varied as the causes which produce them; not satisfied with what reality affords, it is constantly applying to its own resources for new objects. Its powers are as diversified as they are unlimited. At one instant the scene it depicts is glowing and brilliant; the landscape is the richest its power can suggest; a sun of its own formation is shining brilliantly over fields whose luxuriance sates the “mind’s eye;” till it is relieved by the shades of dark and sombre woods, or the ruffled bosom of a meandering river. The plants of the field, and the trees of the forest, without regard to climate or soil, flourish promiscuously together; while the same winds gently exert their influence over the flowers of spring, and the fruits of autumn. “In the twinkling of an eye,” the scene is changed, perhaps to a boundless sandy desert, over whose sterile expanse the eye wanders with pain; or to the snow-clad vales, whose ideal atmosphere chills the living blood. It has no regard for distance, time, or place. The same sun which scorches up the flowers, cannot melt the snow that is scattered around them. From pole to pole it wafts the mind, whose possessor seems to live and breathe in a world of his own creating.

It has not only command over the mental eye, but over every natural sense. The excitement of some ideas will convulse the body with mirth, or enliven it with joy; while perceptions of a contrary nature can make us tremble with fear—writhe with torture—or shudder with disgust; so much so, that it has become a truism, that the anticipation of an evil is almost as painful as the evil itself.

In all this there is nothing so surprising as the wonderful influence which the imaginative impulses have over the corporeal faculties. We may search in vain to find any thing in nature more dangerous than neglecting to keep the former faculties within due bounds. Of the vagaries that have reached the ear of the world, there are few more extraordinary than the following, many of which I can myself vouch for the truth of; in a few instances they may tend to excite the risible faculties, but will in general enforce the necessity of keeping the mind’s fantastic mistress in subjection.

A young friend of mine, of a very lively turn of mind, and quick fancy, was for a considerable length of time afflicted with a hypochondriacal complaint. The danger of the disease had not passed, till he actually fancied *his leg was made of a tobacco-pipe*, and he became in the most indescribable agony at any one approaching near him. Although in other respects perfectly sane, it was not till after the most judicious treatment that he recovered the use of his senses, for when labouring under that conviction, he might truly have been said to have lost *half his understanding*. A similar case is related by Van-Surcten, in his commentaries upon Boerhaave,* of a man fancying the same part of his person had changed to glass; nor was he divested of this strange belief till his servant

* Aphorism 1113.

bringing a log of wood too near him, at the same time disregarding his entreaties of carrying it to a greater distance, for fear it should come in contact with his fragile member, he rose to chastise her, and he fancied he broke his leg; certainly he broke the spell, and regained the use of his limb.

To shew that these vagaries must not be treated lightly, and that sufferers labouring under this mental delusion require the utmost caution, I will mention another most singular circumstance of an individual who was thus lamentably situated. The vagary that influenced his wayward spirit was, that he had grown so excessively corpulent, that it was impossible for him to get out of the room he was in. In order to diminish his ideal bulk, he refused all sustenance, till his appearance, as may be supposed, became the very reverse of what he imagined it was. His physician in this distressing dilemma thought the only way to dispossess him of the idea, would be convincing him he could by pushing him forcibly through the door. Still labouring under this strange infatuation, although he passed through easily enough, he exclaimed he was crushed to pieces, and fell dead.*

The instance told of an individual who was threatened with death, and terrified by the appearance of a sham executioner, with a real block and axe, is an awful warning to all who may feel inclined to execute such practical jokes. This one was carried on so far, that when the poor victim was ordered to lay his head on the block, and a blow with a switch given, he fell down, as if it had taken the same effect as an axe. And such was found to be the case. Upon taking him up it was found that the cord of life was snapped, so wonderfully had the energies of the mind acted on the corporeal faculties.

It is a well-known observation of Burke's, that if a man is told a thing which he knows to be absolutely false every day for a year, he will, at the end of that time, believe it to be infallibly true. For my own part, I think it may be accomplished in a much shorter time. I can remember a circumstance when I was at school, and which, to my shame be it spoken, I myself was party to, of a poor weak-minded lad (though by no means a fool) being persuaded with the belief that he was not himself, but another boy, whose very name he strongly detested. The ludicrous effect may be very easily conceived; happily for the poor fellow, he was undeceived before any serious consequences happened.

But one of the most extraordinary instances of the power of the mind over the corporeal powers, is related by Professor Hufeland, in one of his admirable popular essays, which shews that skill and experience may, after all, overcome the most threatening calamities.

He relates of a student, at the university at Jena, of a remarkable sanguine disposition, cheerful habit and temper, being suddenly seized with a fit of melancholy abstraction and direful forebodings. All inquiries respecting the cause were fruitless, till at length it was wrung from him, that he had but twenty-four hours to live, and that therefore his conduct was befitting a man so nigh to his grave. His fellow-pupils endeavoured to laugh him out of this persuasion, but he was proof against their derision and scorn, and proceeded to settle his affairs, with the greatest composure. At this juncture it was thought proper to make the professor

* This is authenticated by Fianus in his *De Viribus Imaginationis*.

acquainted with the circumstance. As the doctor was aware that neither ridicule nor argument would have any avail, he endeavoured to rouse the dormant faculties of his pupil's mind, by strong stimulative medicines, and a blister applied to his person. To his astonishment, neither one nor the other had any more effect, than if they had been applied on a corpse. The young man evidently grew worse, and as the time wore away, death seemed approaching with rapid strides. His skin bore the appearance of approaching dissolution. His eyes had already become glazed and fixed; and above all, that sure prognosticator of death, a coldness in the extremities, displayed itself. The professor saw the alarming situation of his patient, and now feared the worst. He then begged him to explain the cause of this mystery, which after some persuasion he did, by affirming, that on the evening preceding, a figure in white appeared to him, saying "To-morrow, at this time, thou shalt die." It immediately occurred to this celebrated man, that if he could only prolong his life beyond that time, he might save it altogether. He therefore asked him if he was willing to take a composing draught; the young man faintly replied, that he could have no objection, although he was confident all earthly means would be ineffectual, as he was under the sway of a supernatural power. The doctor then administered a large dose of opium, which threw the patient into a sound sleep, and which he continued in beyond the fatal hour. Upon a clock striking he awoke, and immediately inquiring the time, found he had lived several hours beyond the time the airy messenger had prophesied. He was then firmly convinced of its fallacy, acknowledged his folly, joined his companions, and soon recovered his health and spirits.

B.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

But love shall live and live for ever,
And chance and change shall reach it never.—HARRY NEALE.

The lowing of the herds,
The falling of the showers,
The melody of birds,
The blossoming of flowers,

The foaming of the floods,
The murmurs of the stream,
The shadiness of woods,
Shall vanish like a dream.

Youth, loveliness, and health,
Are perishable things;
And fortune has to wealth
Secured a pair of wings:

But faithful love shall rise
Above the changeful scene,
And flourish in the skies,
Perennial and serene.

Æ.

CITY GALA—EASTER MONDAY.

NINE P. M. Having bedecked ourselves in holiday trim, Jack Ward, my college croney and I, sallied out of chambers for the Mansion House ball. City in high bustle—hair-dressers positively besieged—hackney-coaches not to be had at any price; we heard a good deal of altercation in Cheapside between Jarvis and porters, despatched from Friday Street and Old Change. The former declared he “vood n’t back down no nasty narrur streets for nobody.” Arrived at the Mansion House—gates bolted—a crowd of citizens waiting—found them discussing the privileges of the city, and power of its chief magistrate—heard a little man with mulberry nose declare the King couldn’t visit the city, unless the Lord Mayor invited him. I vowed he had as good right there as any other man—found half a dozen opera hats pointed fiercely in my face, and was called upon to explain—thought it time to recant; I declared the King had no more business in the city than the Dey of Algiers! Ten o’clock struck, and the gates were thrown open;—a huge rush for standing space in the ball room. Several ladies’ head-dresses carried away by the opera hats of two or three beaux, in consequence of the corners projecting over each shoulder, after the style of my Lord’s footmen; a constable succeeded in placing them in a proper position, pointing fore and aft. Walked up stairs to the saloon—saw a little old fellow take his post at the door, bowing very profoundly to every male visitor—found it was Type, candidate for the office of city-printer—couldn’t resist a joke—saw a footman enter the room—told Type, Alderman Grabble had passed him unnoticed; I thought he would leap out of his skin—stepped on a lady’s toe in his hurry to reach the Alderman—took the servant’s hand, and bowing a thousand apologies exclaimed, “Your very humble servant to command Mr. Alderman Grabble,”—set the whole company in a roar, and thought I should have burst. I retired to the other end of the room. Dancing commenced; half a dozen capering quadrilles for the amusement of the company. Walked through the adjoining room, and saw old Gingham, the Manchester warehouseman, playing whist; introduced him to my friend: he asked Jack if there were any “good men” at Cambridge, as he should send Tom Turpin, his rider, to “take orders.” Jack inquired what college? I whispered the Commercial Travellers’ Society; Jack took the hint, and we gave Gingham the cut. In our hurry, Jack had the mishap to step on a flounced tail; very much enraged a tall thin gallant with spectacles—found a crowd collecting round us—Jack began to quote Latin—citizens looked blank. We thought it prudent to retreat; found ourselves in a lofty apartment, amidst showers of loaves and sweetmeats—thought of city hospitality. Heard Ned Smith and Tom Stanley, my attorney’s clerks, agree to “cast off the gentleman,” and scramble with the mob. Saw Mordaunt, the broker, in one corner engaged in writing—peeped slyly over his shoulder, and espied in his pocket ledger, “Messrs. Ald. Wiggin and Co. Walbrook, 200 barr: Russ: tallow, ex Apollo;” said I had just heard Mr. Deputy Daw inquire for him, and he went off like a shot. Thought we had better move down stairs; met Banter, the auctioneer: he inquired how *things were going off*; told him the Lord Mayor had decided on putting the City giants up for sale—thought I should split my sides to see him scamper up stairs to engage the job. We resolved to be off; called for our beavers, and were offered two clerical

hats, half full of powder—servants quite sure they belonged to us. We demurred until we saw old Mordaunt descending the stairs, when we mounted our three-cornered coverings and brushed; took a coach in Cheapside, and laughed heartily at one another.

Quiz.

TO THE GREEKS.

I.

ARISE to the strife of the sword!
Advance like the wave of the flood!
Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,
Till the tyrants have bath'd it in blood!
Your chains have been galling and keen;
Ye have slept the dull sleep of despair;
Yet awake for the glories of days that have been,
For a spell that *may* rouse you is there!

II.

Long ages of sorrow and shame
Have roll'd o'er the land of your birth!
Though once without peer in the proud scroll of Fame,
'Tis the taunt and the by-word of earth!
The wrongs which your fathers have borne,
The wrongs which your children must bear;
Oh! your souls are subdued by the bonds ye have worn,
Or a spell that *must* rouse you is there.

III.

The lion is tame and debased
While chain'd in the dwellings of men,
Yet send the wood-king to his own native waste,
And his fury will waken again;
And thus, though degraded are ye,
The sway of your tyrants but spurn,
And the faith and the courage that dwell with the free
To you shall with freedom return.

IV.

Then awake to the strife of the sword!
Advance like the wave of the flood!
Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,
Till the tyrants have bath'd it in blood.
Oh think on the days that have been,
Till they rouse you to do and to dare;
Oh think on your bondage so heavy and keen—
A spell that *must* wake you is there.

SACRED MELODIES, preceded by an ADMONITORY APPEAL to the RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON; with other small Poems, by Mrs. I. H. R. Mott. London. 8vo. Francis Westley. 1824.

WE always were admirers of "the towering effulgency" of Lord Byron's mind, and of that genius which could soar into the "*Heaven of Heavens*" for subjects for decantation; but we have often laid our "harp upon the willow" and wept, after hearing its sound vibrate music, adapted to his Lordship's words, and repeatedly, when the *harmony* of his *metre*, *beauty* of his *poetry*, and *energy* of his *language*, have rapt our souls in a momentary elysium, we have literally seceded from the enjoyment of this rapture, and wept at the bitter reflection, that talents of the most exalted kind, ideas of the highest order, and an imagination that one might have thought belonged to other spheres, should become so debased and depraved, as to ramble with infinite pleasure in scenes the most voluptuous, in paths the most seductive, and actions the most detestable and revolting.

Mrs. Mott most nobly appeals to his Lordship's honourable feelings, in the spirit of a tender "*mother beloved*;" beseeches him to leave the presentation "*ad libitum*" to the young and inexperienced of the "*poisoned chalice* of his intellectual faculties," and with all "*imaginable beseechments*," that a female only could dictate, invites him to appear in a more pure and innocent, but not less fascinating character.

Come forth, * * * * *, in unshaded array,
And shew to the world what thy Maker designed
In framing thy vast intellectual mind;
Yes, be THOU as daring on Virtue's right side,
As thou hast been prone her fair laws to deride.

And Mrs. Mott's reference to the daughter of Lord Byron is most truly affecting:

— Oh think of thy daughter! If she live to rise
To maidenly womanhood, *should she despise,—*
Or should she revere thee?

We believe this is the first appeal on the principle of religion, from a lady, and a mother, that has been addressed to the noble Lord. We sincerely hope it may be effective. But we fear that he who resists and retorts against the many "*lashes*," "*sarcasms*," and "*criticisms*," from higher and more authoritative quarters, will not easily bend to the more mild solicitation of a female petitioner. Although instances there are where the soft soothing rhetoric, the tender cravings, the earnest beseechings, of a lovely female, have been more influential, than the *stern energy* of man.

Mrs. Mott's "*Sacred Melodies*" possess some symphony, poetry, and beauty, and one of our daughters has this moment ceased playing the air "*Jephthah's Daughter*," on a harp now in our study. Mrs. Mott's metre accords with the music, but we feel it requires more vigour and poetic fire.

Among the shorter Poems, which conclude the volume, the following we think is pretty:—

ELI! ELAH! *

Air—"Where shall the lover rest?"

Where is the foeman's friend?

High on yon mountain—

Thither your footsteps bend;

Clear flows the fountain;

His breast is open'd wide,

Free to receive you;

And in his hands and side

Balm to relieve you.

Eli, Elah! Eli, Elah!

Balm to relieve you.

Such a pure stream of love,

Such a rich treasure,

Seems to the blest above,

Source of sweet pleasure.

Man only, blindly runs

Wildly in error;

Warn'd, yet he scarcely shuns

Death's stinging terror.

Eli, Elah! Eli, Elah!

Death's stinging terror.

VALENS ACIDALIUS.

ACIDALIUS was born at Witstock, in Brandenburg, and flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century. He would, in all probability, have been one of the greatest critics of modern times, had he lived—he died in his twenty-ninth year—to perfect those splendid talents with which he was endowed. He wrote a commentary on Quintus Curtius, also notes on Tacitus, on the Twelve Panegyrics; besides speeches, letters, and poems. His poetical pieces are inserted in the *Deliciæ* of the German poets, and consist of epic verses, odes, and epigrams. A little piece, printed in 1595, under the title of *Mulieres non esse homines*, "That women were not of the human species," was falsely ascribed to him. But the fact was, that Acidalius happening to meet with the manuscript, and thinking it very whimsical, transcribed it, and gave it to a bookseller, who printed it. The publication gave such general offence, that the publisher was seized, and to save himself, discovered the person who had sent him the manuscript; upon which a terrible outcry was raised against Acidalius. Soon after, he went to dine at a friend's house, where there happened to be several ladies at table; they, supposing him to be the author, viewed him with so much indignation, that they threatened to throw their plates at his head. Acidalius, however, was fortunate enough to divert their wrath, by ingeniously saying, that in his opinion the author of the piece was a very judicious person, since the ladies certainly belonged more to the species of *angels* than of *men*.

* *Eli* the offering or lifting up. *Elah*, the curse.

LA DOUCE INDIFFERENCE.

SAY, can the lily of the vale
 Refuse its fragrance to the gale?
 Or can the rose in op'ning spring
 Forbear perfuming Zephyr's wing?
 Can the bright dew-drop on the bower
 Deny its freshness to the flower?
 Or can the stream flow through the plain
 And not enrich the growing grain?
 Say, does the seed in bed profound
 Conceal its virtues under ground?
 Or do the blossoms as they blow
 Belie the parent seed below?
 Does the gay lark refuse to sing
 And usher in the bashful spring?
 And does not bashful spring improve
 The universal soul of love?

Search nature round,—Sophia, fair!
 Say can you find *Indifference* there?
 'Tis sympathy's wide reign I see
 Where all obey, yet all are free,—
 The sweetest part of her domain—
 Must she then claim your heart in vain?
 Shall beauty's richest blossoms shoot
 And overpow'r the embryo fruit?
 To you fond Nature has been kind,
 And lagging Art you've left behind:
 Then conquer in fair Nature's cause,
 And oh! forbear to wound her laws.

— Indifference is only sweet,
 When lips like yours the word repeat:
 But when the *sense* they would impart,
 The lips are strangers to the heart.
 Then substitute a word more dear,
 More just to you, to us more clear:
 Of that dark annulet beware,
 It ill becomes a hand so fair:
 A circlet of a richer hue—
 Enchanting maid! is formed for you.
 Then hail sweet sympathy at once!
 Avaunt! LA DOUCE INDIFFERENCE!

P. R.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS TO HUME AND SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Robert Horner, LL. B.

THE real utility of these Questions will recommend them to every one wishing to be firmly grounded in the history of our own country. As such we draw attention to them; they are connected with an edition of Hume and Smollett's History of England, which is decorated with a series of wood vignettes, and will ornament the cabinet of the student and the traveller, the former for its economy in price, the latter for its portability; although the more opulent will doubtless prefer the genuine standard editions of the London trade.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY MAGNET.

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed. SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,

AMIDST the prevailing distresses of the times, so much talked about by "every body," and so much sympathized in by "all the world;" I cannot help conceiving that, whatever may be the distresses and misfortunes of others, I have the greatest of all possible reasons to complain of continued, incessant, and everlasting, as well as unmerited injustice; and notwithstanding my frequent public appeals for redress, I am sorry to say they have hitherto remained unheeded, a circumstance at which I cannot but feel surprised, seeing that few appeals to public justice, in this happy country, fail to engage attention, and to meet with consolation, if not with redress.

The liberality and intelligence, however, which I understand pervade your pages, will I trust afford me another opportunity of laying my grievances before the humane and enlightened, and at all events, if I can but excite your sympathy for one who is so truly unfortunate, I shall at least consider that my labour in this application has not been in vain, since the consolations of enlightened friendship have power to soothe the rigours of endurance, and smooth the pillow of affliction.

With a desire to occupy as little of your valuable time as possible, I shall proceed, without prolixity, to a relation of my distresses. At a period of the year when all nature is budding into beauty,—when general festivity is prevailing, and all features are smiling at the prospective introduction of May, with all her alluring attractions,—I alone appear to be overshadowed with gloom and despondency, in consequence of the frequent, and I may say, the general odium with which I am every where—by every body—and all the world, treated, without being able to form any reasonable conjecture why or wherefore.

I allude to the unwarrantable liberties taken with my name upon all occasions—at all times—in all places—and under all circumstances; from which it would appear that I am

Every thing by turns,
And nothing long.

I am continually and everlastingly charged with misdemeanours and delinquencies, from which I have not even a chance of obtaining acquittal; I am accused of every impropriety of conduct which can attach to the character of a human being. The public—all the world—and every body, though undefinable by any body, are my accusers, and every day brings some additional charge against me, the sum and accumulation of which it would be utterly impossible for me to enumerate.

To bear calamity with resignation, and to draw cheerful inferences from adverse circumstances, is said to form a very important feature in moral philosophy; and forbearance to be a great virtue, which I am very willing to acknowledge; but there are cases in which forbearance may almost be considered criminal; it is not in nature to be continually subjected

to unmerited odium without repining. I can refrain no longer. I am in every body's house, and almost at all times on the tip of every body's tongue, and the only consoling inference I can draw from this is, that although absent I am seldom forgotten; yet with all the recollections of mankind I have no sympathy in my wrongs, no notice taken of my complaints. My appeals to the public are unheeded. All the world is engaged in pursuit of pleasure or profit. Every body is, every where and no where, too busy with his own affairs to afford one moment's serious consideration for me, though frequently compelled to be the subject of his conversation; and thus situated, I have scarcely a remaining hope of finding any body my sincere friend, unless I can prevail upon you to act in that character upon the present occasion.

The arrival of the Easter holidays and their attendant attractions, when festive mirth and gaiety are the orders of the day, have only had the effect of rendering me still more gloomy and sad; for, can you believe it, sir, in consequence of the inauspicious morning of Good-Friday, when it is customary to have a wrestling match, a game at foot-ball, and other sports, in Copenhagen Fields, it has been asserted by somebody that nobody was there,—that nobody worked on Good-Friday; and in some of the fashionable circles at the west end of the town, that nobody was at the Mansion House to partake of the festivities of Easter Monday. Now be it known to all, that I deny these imputations altogether; nay, the latter requires no refutation, for did not the Lord Mayor, by timely advertisement, inform the public, all the world, and every body, that tickets were issued for as many visitors as could be accommodated; and his Lordship, no doubt occupied by more important business, wholly forgot me in his list. Round assertions are also made, that nobody ate buns on Good-Friday, from which it has been denounced by some as a vulgar practice; that nobody is in the secret, and that nobody knows what; while many a dandy of the present day is said to be nobody; and in the city it is as confidently asserted, that nobody was excluded from the Lord Mayor's ball—all which are equally untrue. Why these imputations are so lavishly cast upon me, I cannot conjecture, being harmless and inoffensive myself. Every body appears to have a desire to drag me into public notice, and I am made the hack of all the world, being introduced by them merely as an object of detestation, laying all their mischievous intentions and actions of which they are themselves ashamed, to my charge, and leaving me to the consequent punishment if once taken prisoner. However, I am at present fortunately pretty secure on that point, for, although my name and character are vilified without mercy or discretion, none attempt to describe my person or divulge my residence, though every ignorant pretender affects to be acquainted with them: how much longer this may continue to be the case, I am unable to judge, but you will, I doubt not, acknowledge with me, that such scandalous reports as are daily and hourly raised and circulated against me, are calculated to rouse the indignation of any feeling mind; but mine has been more particularly wounded—by an assertion, certainly intended to convey an idea of non-importance upon your labours, which it is impossible for me to suffer.

It is, that nobody reads the *Weekly Literary Magnet*. Now, although without form or shape myself, I hear the public—all the world—and every body, delighted at its contents, and anxious for each forthcoming number; its attractions are felt and appreciated, and although I am beyond the verge of its power, I have sufficient evidence of the high estimation

in which it is held. It is this, and this alone, which induces an unfortunate obscure to seek for consolation in its pages, determined if possible in future to prevent—the public, every body, all the world, and any body, from the indiscriminate use, and undeserved abuse, of the name of your persecuted correspondent.

Nobody.

MR. GARRICK'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

THE following is a copy of the play-bill which announced Mr. Garrick's debut at the theatre in Goodman's Fields :

Oct. 19, 1741.

Goodman's Fields.

At the Theatre, Goodman's Fields, this day will be performed,

A Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music,

Divided into Two Parts.

Tickets, 3s. 2s. and 1s.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N. B. Between the Two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play, called the

Life and Death of King Richard the Third.

Containing the Distresses of King Henry VI.

The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard.

The murder of young King Edward V. and his Brother in the Tower.

The landing of the Earl of Richmond,

And the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth

Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and

Lancaster; with many other true Historical Passages.

The part of KING RICHARD, by a Gentleman

(who never appeared on any stage) :

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, by Miss Hippesley; * Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Paterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blades; Lord Stanley, Mr. Paget; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; † Tressell, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrell, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall. The Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Mrs. Yates. ‡

And the part of LADY ANNE, by Mrs. Giffard.

With Entertainments of Dancing,

By Monsieur Fromet, Madame Duvalt, and the two Masters and Miss Granier.

To which will be added, a Ballad Opera, in one Act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

The part of Lucy, by Miss Hippesley.

Both of which will be performed gratis, by Persons for their Diversion.

The Concert will begin exactly at Six o'Clock.

* Afterward Mrs. Green, a celebrated comic actress, and the first representative of Margaret, in the Duenna.

† Brother of Mrs. Pritchard, one of the greatest actresses that ever graced the English stage, in both provinces of the drama.

‡ Not the late Mrs. Yates, of Covent Garden Theatre, wife of the well-known comic actor.

SHEPHERDESS OF THE MOUNTAINS.*

As he advanced to man, his associates were chosen from the most daring and ferocious of the natives of the mountains, who, regarding him as the destined heir of the gloomy chieftain, whose dominions withal were wide, willingly joined his band, and placed their lives without a dissentient word at his disposal. His fame, accordingly, quickly became known; and many were the stories disseminated of his adventures. Superstition—and superstition is generally a dweller of the hills—clothed him with a thousand terrors. His father had long been considered as some one scarcely of human lineage, and it was but one step in the marvellous to make his offspring of no mortal race; and, in the delineation of his character we might almost follow the poet in his description of the Giant king. So wonderful in the eyes of the rude people amongst whom he dwelt, was the son of the lord of Col-derg.

"'Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood;

Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood:

Roll back the planets on their golden cars,

And from the firmament unfix the stars."

The boy, as he advanced in stature and in years, becoming more desirous of throwing off every tie that could bind him to human intercourse—and we would wish to lay aside the marvellous in our narrative—withdraw from his native wilds, and resided principally among those inaccessible approaches of the Tyrol, which, as they are continuations of that immense chain of mountains that shut out Ausonia, with her cloudless skies and balmy breezes, from the world beyond, are perhaps still better adapted for the occupation of the outlaw, than the loftier ranges which gird Switzerland, and her solitary sister Savoy. His evil fame had reached, but not alarmed the glen. Hid in its recesses, and assured that whatever might befall him,

necessary to remark, generally uses its fore-legs in a contest with its enemy, aiming rather to squeeze its foe to death, than to attack, at least in the first instance, either with its paws or teeth. Aware of this, therefore, the bear-hunter—a being, it is true, hardly human, and indifferent to the dangers, as he is utterly unacquainted with the comforts, of life—seeing his adversary approaching, lays aside his weapons of offence, only employed in cases where they only can avail, as it is considered desirable to injure as little as possible the skin of the animal, and walks up quietly to meet it. The bear, too, advances, and they are soon locked in each other's embraces. In the instant of the grapple, however, the hunter, by a sudden and dexterous manœuvre, thrusts his head under the jaws of his antagonist, and then exerting all the strength of his sinewy arms, holds it in that position, so as to prevent its assailing him with its teeth. He then rolls over, dragging the bear along with him; and as he takes care that the combat is on a spot adapted for his purpose—on a declivity—generally there are precipices of height sufficient for his enterprise, yet not of such as materially to endanger his life, they thus descend the hill together rolling like a ball, and bounding from precipice to precipice, the bear from its superior gravity always falling undermost, and receiving, consequently, at every shock a mortal wound. On reaching the bottom of the glen, or ravine, the animal is most frequently found lifeless in the arms of its daring antagonist, who, himself uninjured, if any symptoms of vitality remain, easily puts a period to its existence.

* Concluded from page 241.

nothing could arrive unprovided for by Him, who held earth and heaven in the hollow of his hand. Arnold and Margaret passed their days in peace, amidst such enjoyments as necessity compelled. Yet devoting their leisure hours to objects ever worthy of pursuit, they loved to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to pour the balm of consolation into their bleeding wounds. Thus, keeping themselves unspotted from the world, they journeyed through the vale of tears. Morning found them happy: evening left them blest. But they had engagements, which possibly hung with a yet deeper interest at their hearts—engagements which every call of duty, every whisper of parental and conjugal affection, invited them faithfully to discharge. Gertrude, it is true, had outgrown, as she advanced to girlhood, some of those minute attentions, which her infancy had claimed, and which, indeed, belong alone to the helplessness of the cradle. Yet dear were the moments, when returned from her gentle avocations, the Shepherdess of the Mountains could seat herself at her parents' side, and listen while they imparted instruction. That instruction was such as experience had enabled them to afford; and it was hallowed by the influence of religion, "pure and undefiled." Like the moon-beam from the throne of night, softening the landscape, and tinging it with its magic hues, her gentle hand diffused over all they told her a sacred halo, whose loveliness and beauty were peculiarly her own. But, for Gertrude, time was unfolding other scenes. Life was now to open to her, if we may be pardoned the expression, in a more substantial form. The dreams of infancy, and the visions of childhood, were now to yield to the realities of existence; which, of what character soever they might be, were at length to overtake her, and to prove to her, amidst the silence and solitude of her native scenes, that something more durable should be sought for, than what floats with the bubbles of time's unstaying stream. But whatever of mystery involves her fate, this at least we are enabled to declare, that one solace found her—one sweet hope remained. That solace tranquillized, that hope embalmed her breast.

PART X.

"The years wore fast away, and still she rose
 In stature and in beauty: the soft winds
 Of eighteen changing springs had cross'd her cheek,
 And made its hue more lovely. In her shape
 Was all the lightness of the fairest osier,
 And all its ease, and all its flexibility.
 Her eye, when resting, had a cast of gentleness;
 But when in mirth it moved, in its gay glance
 Centred a liveliness, through which the spirit
 Beam'd in bewildering brightness."

GERTRUDE, meanwhile, was springing to maturity. Years were rolling over her, and they had borne her, with all her contemporaries, irresistibly along. Could the destroyer of our race be won by gentleness, or allured by beauty, to stay his flight, surely over Gertrude of Weimar he had reposed him on his way. But, ah! who shall arrest him? Who expunge the mark that every fleeting moment leaves upon our brow? Who could

recall the instant that has fled, were a thousand worlds to be the bribe? But beyond, there is something stable—and only, only there. O how sweet, how full of consolation, that thought of immortality, which surveys it ever running to its ebb, yet ever rising in its flow! It has glided from eternity, and yet is fresh in its lapse to-day.

“For ever moving, yet for ever still;
Changing for ever! ever yet the same!”

But where shall the pencil be found, that could pourtray her, as now she first beheld the morning of womanhood? The scenes amidst which she sojourned may perhaps render more difficult the task. The country where the Switzer dwells, inwoven with the stories of other days, and entwined with our fondest and earliest prepossessions; clad, too, in a mantle of inviting loveliness, on which Fancy gazes with unwearied delight, has thrown round the Shepherdess of the Mountains a mysterious veil, yet unlifted by the hand of time—for she, with all that concerns her, has long long since been buried beneath the ruins of revolving ages. And, gentle reader! whose heart may be interested in what was once her lot—in events in which she bore a part, a part as real as thyself art acting on the theatre of life—if she now appears before thee, O think it is only as in visions of the past! Yes, she lived, and drew the vital air like thee.—But, she has been swept away by that wave, which, or wild or peaceful, will in thy turn remove thee also to another, a more abiding scene. Does the reflection elicit a sigh? It did so once, too, from the bosom of Gertrude;—but her bosom is now at rest. Not many hours may plume their wings for eternity, till thine also, may have ceased to beat. The place that once knew thee, will, and, O how soon! know thee thenceforth no more for ever! Life and joy, friends and kindred, all must be bid adieu to, and thou must pass that “irremeable bourne, from which no traveller returns.”

Fair had the morning opened upon the earth. The heavens were as blue as you may have seen them in the dawn of a summer's day, when your eye was yet fresh from repose, and your heart was bounding with the prospect of happiness. Not a cloud sailed over the ethereal vault; or if, perchance, some exhalation from the far off hill wandered its calm expanse, invested with the glow of a rising sun, it seemed only to add new charms to the enchanting perspective. Upon the remote mountains, wrapped in wintry garments—for many an Alpine summit is never disrobed of its snowy covering by the hand of Flora, or even visited by the breath of summer,—the rising beam had fallen, tinging them with a crimson radiance; and they were now glowing in the horizon, like fires amidst the tranquil sky. Nor were the woodlands silent. Every spray seemed musical, as joining in the general thanksgiving. There, was the linnet heard sweetly weaving in her retreat the song of adoration, while over-head was caught, deeply mellowed by distance, the voice of the lark as she went to welcome the day spring at the gates of heaven. The Red-breast, too, attuned his little anthem, unwilling to neglect his Maker, whilst all others praised, and his note would have reached soothingly your heart. The tale of Philomel indeed was done, for, wearied with her sorrows, she had sung herself to rest, and was now reposing in her bower. Soft, too, descended from the valley the murmur of the stream, as if some Naiad, wandering upon the banks, was complaining of morning as it swept her brow. Verdant then were the hills, that lined the path of the Shepherdess, as she led her charge along their acclivities, enamelled with a thousand flowers and herbs,

whose breath embalmed the peaceful labours, and perfumed the air she drew. Thus was the world inviting; and you might have fancied that nature was willing again to array herself in a loveliness, that should be some memorial of her beauty ere yet it was marred by that crime, which stained ourselves and every thing terrestrial. Earth! fit abode, ere while, of angels, but now polluted and defiled!—of angels, erst the companions of our sinless parents—but, now, debarred from intercourse with thy apostate family.

It was on such a morning that Gertrude attended the little flock of her father to the uplands. But, while all was thus lovely about her, she had herself attractions—and, if ever heart was unconscious of admiration, Gertrude's was—which, to another eye than her's, would have added charms even to the scene of enchantment amidst which she strayed. The sun of her eighteenth summer was shedding its maturing influence on the daughter of Arnold and Margaret. She had parted from childhood, and even was a girl no more. The seasons of lighter years had fled, and she was now on the borders of womanhood; the theme of every tongue among her mountains, though the object of universal admiration, so meekly were her honours worn, that while all confessed her fair, she excited not in the breast of any even the faint emotions of envy.

Her form was slender, and in her manner peculiarly graceful, she bore in her mien the dignity of her birth: and while all beheld her humble employment, none could have mistaken the Shepherdess of the Mountains for a peasant's child. The young and the aged alike revered her virtue and beauty; and even those, who knew not her origin, ever made obeisance as they passed her by. They saw that air which bespoke her lineage—for the eye of the rustic is quick to discern the difference of gesture and deportment which distinguish the clown from those conversant with the urbanities of polished life—and while they wondered that she should be tending a little and scattered flock, they thought within themselves, that, surely, she must have been born to a better fate.

In her eye, which was lovely as can be "the dark eye of woman," and beamed with mild intelligence, there was withal a look of melancholy which, while it told of secrets yet perhaps latent even to the heart that illumined it, whispered something that denoted a bosom tremblingly alive to another's woes. It was raised to meet you with virgin confidence; and though her cheek might be tinged with the timidity of maiden bashfulness while she beheld you, perhaps an intruder on her retirement, there was, notwithstanding, in its look that sense of female decorum, which would have awed the tongue of levity into instant silence. In stature she was above middle size, rather over, it might be, than under; and such was the symmetry of her person and the sylph-like elegance of her motions, that you might almost have imagined you contemplated in her form, had you seen her at least moving slowly as often she was wont along the margin of the rivulet, that irrigated the glen, when the moon walked in brightness through heaven, some wandering spirit from Elfin-land, nor would you have felt less inclination to aid her, had she required your assistance, than if she had verily been some hapless fairy, that had lost her way. No knight of chivalry here was necessary for the defence of her girlish innocence: and the eye of every vassal, though no longer her father's, that surveyed her, would have looked on a falchion unscabbarded, had she sought its help. But such sought not Gertrude. She had a firmer arm to lean on than

humanity could furnish :—a buckler of surer protection than aught that could be forged on earth.

The rose upon her cheek was generally of a vivid hue ; and yet, at times, it became so deadly pale, that you would have thought a rude, though unseen hand, had dashed it with some preparative of the tomb. Still it would quickly resume its lustre, and the smile that succeeded, and again brightened it, was perhaps more pleasing, from the very gloom out of which it rose. Such was Gertrude, when eighteen summers had matured her form. Such was she on that morning, when first she was seen by Comrade.

PART XI.

“ Weave thee a wreath of woodbine, child,

’Twill suit thy infant brow :

It runs up free in the woodlands wild,

As tender and frail as thou.”

THE loveliness of the scenery, the mildness of the air, the melody of the woodlands,—in a word, the serenity of earth and heaven, though not new to the eye or ear, to the heart and feelings, of Gertrude, yet on this occasion, so exquisitely serene was all, invited her to extend the limits of her usual wanderings. Her gentle charge were browsing about her, some in the depth of the glen, where its dark recesses shut them from her view, and some on the sward beside her ; some hung on the adjacent rocks, nipping the wild thyme that grew there in abundance, sweetening the breath of morn, and one little lamb—it was said she loved it for Ellen’s sake, her mother’s early friend, as it had been given to her by that still kind, still attentive creature—one little lamb was feeding from her lap. It had now finished its repast. She had untied the blue silk collar that Ellen had fastened round its neck, and had again returned it, with some additional arrangements, to its place. She had polished the silver bell suspended to it : she had adjusted, more gracefully, as she fancied, the knot that held it : she had smoothed some of the folds which it had contracted in the calm, though careless, slumbers of the night : had bathed its tufted forehead in the lucid fountain that bubbled at her feet : had wiped the dews of morning from its snowy fleece ; and had laid it down once more to gambol about her path.

Her way winded through the most secluded spots of the glen. Now it was concealed amidst the thick foliage of over-arching elm and sycamore : again it opened, in some short turning, to the light of day. Here it was level, or only rising with the gradual acclivity of the hill : there it was almost precipitous, and demanded the daring of some feet, not unhabituated to Alpine ascents. She followed as it led. Her thoughts were wandering with her wandering steps. One while they hovered over scenes,

alas ! from which hard fate, so some would deem, had excluded her ;— scenes where mirth and revelry had resounded, while the tabret, and viol, and wine, were in their feasts. These a youthful imagination might have casually visited, without calling down the frown of indignation. Yet the records, whence we derive our story, furnish not even an incidental memorial, that their absence elicited from the bosom of Gertrude a passing sigh. Again, her spirit returned to that dear spot, where she had first drawn the breath of life, and round which, hitherto, all her cares and her joys had centered. Reflection could not but ponder future days. Ellen, that faithful friend, was fast descending to the mansions of silence, and her own mother was far from well. She had heard tidings of her family, which had deeply afflicted her ; and it was feared that her disorder might eventually prove fatal. Her father, too, began to manifest ailments, the seeds of which had been laid in his early years, amidst the hardships of the camp and the field. There was, however, no immediate prospect of dissolution, and hope, vivid in the breast of Gertrude, promised her his presence and counsel for a long period to come. But she thought, how lonely, how helpless she would be, when all were gone. All human aid, she had reason to believe, would fail her—then where was her heart to rest ? To wander on the world, like the fawn, whose mother had been slain by some cruel hunter's hand, without an eye to pity, or an arm to save ! One refuge she had, which she knew was steadfast as the everlasting hills, which lifted her from the world below ; yet, withal, she could not restrain the tear. Reflections, deeply painful, crowded upon her, and the tribute of dejection would not be repress.

Unconscious of the distance to which she had strayed from home, Gertrude seated herself upon a verdant bank that lay along her path. Over her head depended the graceful branches of a birch-tree, whose light leaves were stirring in the morning wind. Sweet was their murmur, and it died on the ear of Gertrude like the voice of some fairy tale. At this moment another tear had fallen, and she had just wiped it away. Another had started, to follow its companion along her cheek, when her attention was attracted by a rustling among the long grass through which her route had led. It was her lamb. The little affectionate creature had pursued her step by step, for it well knew the hand that fed and tended it, and well it loved its mistress. "Is it you, Fanny ?" turning to it, she said. "And who will feed and attend to thee, Fanny, when the friends of thy poor mistress have left her, and she has gone with them to the grave ? Who, Fanny, will then feed and attend to thee ? Who will adjust thy little collar, and polish thy silver bell ? Poor Fanny ! innocent as yet and happy—for the sorrows of life have erstwhile not reached to thee—innocent and happy, thou thinkest only of the passing hour. May thy existence glide smoothly, and O may no rude hand ever be lifted against thy blameless life !"

She was proceeding with the train of reflections to which this incident had given rise, when she was suddenly interrupted by a shrill whistle from the neighbouring eminence. Her heart misgave her. Evils unknown might be impending. She had heard of the outlaw—and Conrade of Colderg instantly occurred to her. Trembling like the leaf above her, and pale as the moonbeam that yester evening had rested upon the vale, she rose, and snatching up her faithful companion, hastened, as fast as her agitated limbs could carry her, towards the security of that glen, from which she had

recklessly withdrawn. But she had to contend with those who, from infancy, had been trained to the mountains; who

"Had roam'd the valleys with the browsing flock,
And leap'd in joy of youth from rock to rock;
Whose feet, o'er highest hills, would tame the hind,
And tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind."

In vain then she flew. The steps of her pursuers were already behind her—her burthen dropped from her relaxed hold,—and with one faint shriek, exclaiming, "Protect me, Heaven!" she fell senseless on the ground. Conrade and his lawless associates were at hand; and with the cruel delight of the tiger, when it springs on the antelope bounding over the plain, leaped upon their lovely and defenceless prey.

Noon meanwhile had come. It was the usual hour of Gertrude's return from her tender task. Accompanied by her charge, who knew and obeyed her call, she was generally seen ascending the rising ground that lay in front of her father's abode, as the sun of mid-day fell full on the northern declivity of the glen. But to-day, one of the flock was observed—or another, bleating, as if it had missed a friend; and wandering here and there, without any voice to guide it, proclaimed unconsciously some melancholy catastrophe. "Where is Gertrude?" was now the anxious cry, that resounded from the cottage to the farthest limits of the glen. "Gertrude, Gertrude," echoed from rock to rock; and the sound—so long had been the search—was already dying on the breeze of evening. Some few of the scattered flock had returned.—The others were still feeding without a monitor to tell them when they strayed, and wondering that the accustomed summons no longer met their ears. All now was terror and dismay. Many, interested in the fate of one so generally beloved, were dispersed over all the adjacent hills—but when night approached, and their enquiries ceased, they had alike to lament the fruitlessness of their endeavours. One by one they revisited the abode lately so happy, but now the seat of mourning and woe: one by one, they returned to tell the same melancholy tale—that their lovely and beloved Gertrude neither in life nor in death was to be found.

PART. XII

"No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favourite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still.
But, ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his gardens be:
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is she?"

From that moment—and days, and months, and years, in their slow round passed away—no tidings came. Time, untiring and heedless, still held his onward flight. Doubt and uncertainty involved the fate of Ger-

trude. All that her parents could do was done to trace her—but all in vain. They had heard of the sudden appearance of Conrade's band in the neighbourhood on the evening preceding the mournful event. But from that hour nothing could be ascertained concerning them. They had had, so rumour said, some disagreement among themselves. Part, in consequence, had withdrawn to the Appennines, where they had united themselves with the banditti that infest those mountains. Others had removed, it was believed, to the most distant fastnesses of the Tyrol; while the remainder, it was thought, had combined with one of those ferocious hordes which render so dangerous the passage of that immense chain which separates France from the Iberian peninsula. Their leader, too, had vanished. Many were the apprehensions, many the surprises of all; but their fears were only uttered in whisper, their conjectures expired upon their lips. His father, indifferent to every thing, had gradually become scarcely human, and was at length swept away by the tide of time. His memorial had perished with him, or was remembered only as of a being who had been. On his dying bed, it was related, he had declared, that a child was living on whom would devolve his titles and possessions. Still, however, no heir claimed his domains; and they were in process of years annexed to the Imperial crown.

The glen, too, was changed. Happy it had once been, and peaceful. Morning had risen on it with smiles, as gentle as ever she shed on a world ravaged by sorrow, and stained with crime; and evening had lingered over it with a radiance, as soft as was ever poured upon her native isles. On every side was visible the hand of cultivation. Tree and shrub, herb and flower, knew their places, and adorned each in loveliness the sylvan scene. Now, all was desolation and decay. Distress and anxiety had brought its once blest inmates immaturely to the grave. Margaret first fell a victim. The melancholy intelligence we have previously alluded to had already given her frame a severe shock; and she soon sunk under the sad incertitude of her daughter's fate. Ellen, faithful to the close, never left her. She had nursed her infancy, had tended her maturity, and she watched over her decline. But agonizing as was the pang which tore the maternal bosom of Margaret, Religion shed upon her dying pillow a deep unruffled calm; and she laid her head upon the breast of Ellen—that breast from which she had first drawn the nourishment of life—and without a struggle or a sigh expired. It was not distinctly heard what last she uttered. Ellen thought it was, "Gertrude"—her husband believed it was, "Jesus." But whether the parting moment was darkened by the recollection of her daughter's catastrophe, or brightened by the reminiscence of the Saviour's love, none ever doubted but her end was peace.

Ellen, enfeebled as she had long been, and worn out with attendance on her child, soon followed her to rest. She would not remain under the roof of Arnold, however, though earnestly intreated to do so. "No," she said; "I must return and die, where my husband and my baby died. And under the same tree that overshadows them, there also will I repose. It may perhaps, she would observe, be a woman's thought—but I wish, united as I was to them in life, and undivided from them as I shall be in death, that we may rise together, and go hand in hand to judgment."

Nor did Arnold long survive. Bound up as he was in his wife and child, his bereavement seemed to snap, as it were, instantaneously the ties that held him to existence. He had had his sorrows; but he believed them

sent in mercy ; and he saw now himself descending to the grave with joy. The prospect of his rest was sweetened by the troubles he had met with. His voyage had been over a stormy ocean ; but the haven he was approaching was sheltered from every wind that blew. He died and was buried. One little mound covered him and his partner, and beneath its verdant covering they were again stretched in unbroken slumbers side by side.—While the remembrance of their melancholy story lived, the spot was yearly visited by the neighbouring peasantry, and trimmed afresh, and strewed with flowers. Tradition tells, also, that some maiden of the hills was appointed, on the occasion, to sing a dirge in memory of the lovely Gertrude ;—whose name, though now almost obliterated in the lapse of time, was for ages handed down among the simple natives of the wilds of Switzerland. The mothers prayed that their daughters might imitate her virtuous example ; nor were these unwilling to be considered as treading in the steps of the fair, but hapless, Shepherdess of the Mountains.

STANZAS.

Oh! mourn not for her, who beneath the cold billow
Now tranquilly rests, all her wanderings o'er ;
In silence she sleeps, the wave for her pillow,
And lulled by the breezes that come from the shore :
Oh! weep not for her, for each pleasure had vanished,
Each hope which she cherish'd, had pass'd to decay,
And the cares of affliction each fair dream had banished,
And chased all the bliss of her young heart away.

As bright as the dew-drops, that sparkle on flowers,
Was the first fragrant moment "love's witchery" came,
The sunshine of happiness beam'd on her hours,
And fondly she deem'd that its light would remain ;
But falsehood the sweetness of life soon involved,
And deceit from her bosom made happiness sever,
Too soon the bright hopes which she cherish'd had faded,
And sunk in the whirlpool of sorrow for ever.

She ask'd not for life, for no charm was remaining,
But sought for sweet rest and repose 'neath the wave,
And many a maiden, her mem'ry retaining,
Will oft breathe a sigh o'er her watery grave ;
Then mourn not for her, who beneath the cold billow,
Now tranquilly rests, all her wanderings o'er,
For silent she sleeps, the wave for her pillow,
And lull'd by the breezes that come from the shore.

G. I.

THE SENSITIVE MAN.

THE Pythagoreans, in their doctrines of morality, declared, that human nature partook of those propensities which are common to brutes; but that besides those, and the passions of avarice and ambition, it was susceptible of virtuous impulses and impressions. Observation bears witness, that in the degrees both of this susceptibility, and of feeling, men differ so widely from each other, as almost to appear like beings of a distinct species: the obtuse, or insensible man, not only being an entire stranger to the refined emotions and delights of his more sensitive fellow-creatures, but being also apparently unprovided with any faculty for comprehending them.

The Sensitive Man possesses a strong and fertile imagination, a delicacy and intensity of feeling, much benevolence, and not a little irritability. He enters into every pursuit with ardour, and is a total stranger to apathy. He has the power of discerning the sublime and beautiful, wherever they are to be found; and no sooner does he discern, than he is enamoured of them. He is full of sympathy, entering incontinently into the feelings of his associates; touched by whatever is affecting, charmed with all that is agreeable. A tale of woe wrings his heart: he has not patience to hear it out, but is ready instantly to impoverish himself for the relief of the distressed. At the narration of dreadful accidents, the expression of his countenance would lead one to imagine, that he was the chief sufferer; and on hearing of a surgical operation, he turns as faint as if it were being performed on himself. If he encounters a funeral procession, he gazes wistfully on the mournful train: he does not ask whose remains are being carried to the tomb, or what are the names of the attendant mourners. He knows that a spirit has departed, he sees that a family is bereft: what more then is needed to fill his breast with anguish, and to make his eyes overflow with tears?

In conversation he is full of spirit and vivacity: he speaks without guile or premeditation: there is a glow in his language, an energy in his manner, which show that he is in earnest. If any one seems at a loss for a word, the Sensitive Man is uneasy for him; but in endeavouring to prompt, he only increases the awkwardness of the hapless wight whom he intended to assist, and causes himself to be looked upon as forward and impatient for his pains. Should any insignificant person be present, who is treated with the scornful airs of greater personages, the Sensitive Man feels the insult as if offered to himself, and from that moment he addresses his attentions in a more particular manner to the unfortunate object of contempt.

To the theatre he goes to witness the first appearance of some unpractised candidate for Thespian honours. He trembles before the curtain is drawn up; and when the performer appears, a cold perspiration bedews his forehead: he applauds vehemently, to cheer the *debutant* on his entrance; and when all is hushed, he listens with breathless anxiety for the first sentence. His countenance instinctively assumes all the varied expressions of the actor's. If a hiss is heard, the sensitive auditor is alarmed: if the performer is faulty, he pities him: at the same time that no one suffers so painfully as he from the exhibition of faults, which no one can so readily detect.

Though he be favoured with the surest indications of genius; though versed in all the depths of learning; and polished with every graceful accom-

plishment; his excessive timidity and apprehension will sometimes throw a veil over them all,* and he will almost dread to exhibit his utmost capabilities, for fear of being chargeable with undue confidence and ostentation. He is consumed with an internal fire, of indescribable ardency, at the very time when the superficial and unobservant decide within themselves, that he is a strange, phlegmatic, frigid sort of creature. If he hesitates, it is not for want of feeling or of thought, but on account of the superabundance of both. Solicited by a profusion of beautiful imagery, he knows not how to decide upon the most appropriate: in his haste he utters the last he should select, or, perhaps, two or three commingled; while the cold hearer wonders what can confuse him, and sets him down for a man of weak judgment and barren imagination. But let him retire to his tranquil study, and shut the door upon the distracting impertinencies of the world: there his mind, being left free and at ease, unfolds its varied treasures; and his conceptions, being invigorated with good sense, and arranged with the nicest discrimination, ere while come forth to astonish, delight, and edify mankind. Yet if an attempt be made to force his genius, to dictate what range he is to take, or restrict him to times and forms, he shrinks from the trial; he makes a feeble effort, which, if not abortive, is much less productive than the heedless exertions of less gifted, less susceptible individuals.†

The Sensitive Man is actuated by many fine springs, of which the common herd of men know nothing, he is also exposed to many annoyances which others disregard. The sight of a disproportioned building; the din of discordant sounds, "all jingling out of time;" the jostling and incivilities of the busy multitude, are sufficient to disgust him with the town, and drive him for enjoyment into the country. There he may wander through sequestered vales, or along the margin of some peaceful stream, having his eyes charmed with an infinity of pleasing objects, his ears regaled with the sweetest effusions of natural harmony, and his every sense and faculty absorbed in lofty meditations. I should not desire to cross his path at such a moment; for were I to interrupt his contemplations, even though he had been occupied in devising schemes for my happiness, I should receive but supercilious looks, testy exclamations, short answers, and hints to be gone.

There is a natural tendency to impatience in the ultra-sensitive, which those certainly deserve to experience who officiously or inconsiderately interfere with his peculiarities, but which none can regret so bitterly, and none more sincerely desire to subdue, than the possessor. The thought of saying an unkind word, of using a peevish tone, or of wounding in any way, the feelings of another, fills him with uneasiness and self-dissatisfaction. To expiate his offence, he overwhelms you with apologies and good

* He who shone as the Father of Roman eloquence, never commenced an oration without feeling a secret emotion of dread, and evincing symptoms of timidity.

† Addison, before the arrival of King George, was Secretary to the Regency, and in that capacity was required to send notice to Hanover that the Queen was dead, and the throne vacant,—a task which would not have seemed difficult to an ordinary scribe. But Addison was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so perplexed in the choice of expressions, that the Lords, thinking it no time for heeding the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a Clerk of the House, and instructed him to despatch the message. Southwell presently wrote what was necessary, in the common form of business, and valued himself upon having done that which proved too difficult for the learned Secretary.

offices. Indeed this weakness has been too frequently turned to the advantage of the designing, who have not cared to receive a momentary displeasure, when they knew that it would be succeeded by a spirit so subdued and so complaisant, that *then* was the moment for asking favours, and making encroachments.

Love, which awakens the finest sensibilities, even in the most obdurate bosoms, in him produces the most extravagant and romantic emotions. He catches a glimpse of some fair creature, perhaps at church kneeling at her devotions: her down-cast eye he in vain endeavours to attract. He retires without attaining his object; which he considers one of inestimable importance. Her lovely form is ever present to the eye of his imagination, his nights are sleepless, his time drags on slowly till the returning Sabbath: then he repairs to the same blessed spot: again beholds the idol he came to worship, gazes upon her, their eyes meet, he is confused, he blushes like a girl. He watches her home, trembling at a distance, and looking like a criminal afraid to be detected in the preparation of some guilty deed. Perhaps he sees her enter some stately mansion; and when the door is closed upon her, he feels as if for ever shut out from the society of the only being with whom he could be happy. Then does his ardent fancy engender a world of horrible imaginations. He contrasts his humble style of life with the pomp and magnificence which attend upon her: he conjures before him a legion of admirers, who must needs aspire after one so lovely; he thinks of an ambitious mother, an avaricious father, and hard-hearted brothers, all ready to despise, reject, and ridicule the passion of a man whose fortune is soon told, and whose reputation is yet to be established. Goaded with desperation, he is either urged to zealous exertions for the attainment of fortune and eminence, and cheered with the hope of at length receiving what he conceives a transcendant reward, or he welcomes gloom and hopelessness: becomes negligent of his health and person—wearied of his life:—he languishes—and sinks into an untimely grave.

AN HIBERNIAN WITTICISM.

Five bright Irish lads of discretion,
Fell once in a sweet botheration :
They bother'd so tightly,
One might have thought rightly,
Unriddling the affairs of the nation.

But this was the cause, d'you see :—
At breakfast they had but eggs three,
And they being five,
Their wits 'gan to strive,
How they equal divided should be.

Says one,—“ Now I'll end all your care ;
Just set you four down in two pair.
There's one for you two,
And one for you two,
And one for me too, very clars.”

VEDO.

BELZONI.

THE active and enterprising Belzoni lives no more, for *Science* and his *Country*! He expired at Benin, of dysentery, at the time he was contemplating a journey to Houssa and Tombuctoo, and the prosecution of farther African discoveries. He was also a native of Padua, and the inhabitants of that city some years since caused a medal to be struck, in honour of their scientific countryman. He was tall and of Herculean proportion, and in the earlier part of his life performed the part of Sampson in a religious drama enacted at Lisbon.

The researches which he made in Egypt among those interesting antiquities, the relics of "*forty ages*," and the discovery that the Pyramid of *Cephrenes* contained, not the remains of the former monarchs of the country, as Herodotus erroneously imagined, but of an animal venerated as one of their tutelar deities, must for ever endear him to the lovers of historical antiquity, connected as that science is with the study of ancient customs and manners—*notices of generations that have long passed away.**

Copy of the Medal.

IO BAPT BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI CEPHRENIS PYRAMIDEM
APIDISQ THEB SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVS APERVIT
ET VRBEM BERENICIS
NVBIAE ET LIBYAE MON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT.

PATRIA GRATA
DONUM
Here are Two
lion-headed sta-
tues of granite.
MDCCCXIX.

CURFEW.

SOME mistake has arisen concerning the precise meaning of the word *Curfew*, which does not only signify a bell to be rung at a certain hour in the evening, for the extinguishing of lights, but an instrument (as its name, *Couvre feu*, imports) used as an extinguisher. A Mr. Gosling, of Canterbury, had in his possession an utensil, which he said had been in his house from time immemorial, called a *Curfew*, or *Couvre feu*, from its use, which is that of putting out fire suddenly. It is of copper, *rivetted* together, as solder would have been liable to have melted with heat. This utensil is supposed to have been first used in the time of William the Conqueror, to whose orders, about putting out fires and candles, is attributed the rise of the *Curfew Bell*.

* Belzoni brought from the Pyramid of Cephrenes a bone of an animal, which, on being subjected to the inspection of an eminent surgeon, proved to be the thigh bone of a Cow.

ANCIENT PAINTINGS.

MR. EDITOR,

SEVEN years after the occurrence of the event commemorated by the picture already described,* another took place of a character totally different, but which was deemed no less deserving of record; and in this, as in the former instance, the Painter was called in, to illustrate and strengthen the memorial of the historian. The two pictures, of which I am now to give some account, relate to the friendly interview between Henry VIII. of England, and Francis I. of France, near Calais, on the 31st of May, 1520. Of a Pageant so splendidly conducted, it cannot be doubted that the most interesting periods for representation would have been the embarkation on the English coast, the landing and procession on the foreign shore, and the interview between the monarchs. The second and last of these periods are combined in one subject, but it is difficult to guess the precise object of the first picture, unless we admit it to have been for the display of the ships, which doubtless might have been shown to more than their present advantage off the port of Dover; and the painter, who has distinctly represented the English fortress from that of Calais, could surely have felt no difficulty in delineating Calais from the heights of Dover, supposing—what is very probable,—that he wished to exhibit at one view, the places of embarkation and disembarkation. But it is my business to notice what the painter has done, not what he has left undone, or what, according to our present notions, he should have accomplished.

The place appointed for the meeting of the monarchs was between the small towns of Guisnes and Ardres, on the frontiers, within the English pale, and from the uncommon splendour of the preparations, it was emphatically called *the field of the cloth of gold*. For ten or twelve days scenes of the most costly and magnificent description took place. Banqueting, balls, and tournaments were successively exhibited; the kings themselves bore away the prizes of valour and dexterity. “In these entertainments, more than in any serious business, did the two kings pass their time till their departure.” Such is the account of the historian. It will be imagined that no expence was spared on the part of either nation, to give effect to this ceremonious and unexampled meeting of their Sovereigns.

The painter has in part supplied the deficiencies of the historian: he has afforded us a competent idea of the beauty and magnificence of the squadron, which appears to have consisted of five ships, though twice that number are to be seen. The port of Calais is distinguished by a fort flanked with two circular bastions, whose battlements are furnished with guns, and occupied by armed men and spectators. In the distance appears Dover Castle, or rather a building intended to point out the relative situation of that fortress. It is elevated on white cliffs, which together with the building on their crest, were entirely the invention of the artist. The ships are huge structures, carrying three masts, unencumbered with sails; they are very lofty at the stem and stern, and are splendidly adorned with armorial bearings. The king's ship is only distinguished from the rest by its situation, and by the royal arms and supporters on its stern. Boats are passing to and fro, from the different vessels, one laden with persons of the king's suite,

* See page 158.

has four banners flying, and displaying the Tudor badges. It is probable the painter chose rather to represent the close, than the commencement of debarkment, because in the next picture he exhibited the procession on its way from the shore, which is seen in the landscape. An exact repetition of the figures is thus avoided. Arranged in its proper order, the grand cavalcade pursues a serpentine course through the country, and enters the gates of Guisnes, a little town defended by a strong fortress, whose guns announced the approach of the English Monarch and his court. In the foreground appears Henry the VIII. mounted on a white charger, whose prancing attitude bespeaks the pride which the animal seems to share with his high-spirited rider. The king is attired in crimson, but his dress is nearly covered with a loose flowing mantle of gold, splendidly embroidered; his face is turned towards his right shoulder, consequently its features are fully displayed; he wears a flat hat or cap of black velvet, with a white feather, and the character of the whole figure is so striking, that we may pronounce it to be a portrait of the monarch, and perhaps as faithful a portrait as any in existence. The king is preceded by the sword-bearer, on horseback, the Heralds wearing their tabards, and various other officers. On his left hand is Cardinal Wolsey, seated on an ass. The procession is flanked by Halberdiers on foot. The mingled groups of spectators add greatly to the merit of the picture—they are scattered agreeably to the fancy of the artist, and are clothed in finery or rags by the same power. In one place we observe careless loungers in their holiday finery, in another spruce *beaux*, and their fair companions; here strolling musicians, and old women, regardless of every thing but gossip and liquor, of which they are jointly partaking in the gipsy attitude. A sumptuous building occupies a conspicuous situation in this picture: before it is a large conduit, and over its gate-way are displayed the arms of England, the red and white roses, and festoons of flowers. In the landscape are crowded together subsequent scenes of the pageants. As no distance obscured the prospect of an object, when our forefathers deemed its presence necessary, the town of Ardres is brought into view. The field of the cloth of gold lies before it, the dazzling splendour of which has been faithfully represented on the canvas. The two kings are seen mutually embracing each other at the door of the principal tent, which is entirely surrounded by smaller tents, occupied by spectators, as is also all the neighbouring ground.

This presented a noble subject for a separate picture, and as it was the object of the pageant, deserved to be more particularly exhibited to view; but the painter, perhaps mistrusting his skill for executing a tent scene, has, by showing at one time, the same personages under two distinct circumstances, fallen into a very displeasing inconsistency. The places prepared for the various kinds of sports and spectacles, are also delineated in this corner of the picture, and probably occupy their relative situations, of course granting the usually large quantum of liberty exercised by ancient artists. All the preparations, as they are delineated in the picture before us, bear the appearance of unlimited expence and splendour, and seem to justify the remark of Hume, namely, that "the nobility of both nations vied with each other in pomp and expence; many of them involved themselves in great debts, and were not able, by the penury of their whole lives, to repair the vain splendour of a few days." A flying dragon of considerable size, in the upper part of this picture, has given rise to various conjectures, but its meaning has never yet been satisfactorily interpreted.

If it had any important relation to the subject with which it is associated, it would not have been omitted by the sculpture which, in commemoration of these remarkable events, was placed on the interior of the cathedral at Rouen, by order of the French King: perhaps it was a fancy of the painter, and if so, is utterly incapable of further elucidation.

This curious specimen of the art would now have been in the possession of the French, but for the ingenious contrivance of a patriotic person, who wished to preserve it to the country to which it properly belonged. The name of this person, though it deserved to be remembered, is nevertheless forgotten. He carefully cut out the head of king Henry, which of course so greatly reduced the value of the picture, that the foreigner refused to attempt it on the terms to which he had before agreed. The picture remained in this mutilated condition till all thoughts of parting with it were at an end, when the head was restored, and replaced with so much neatness, that the mark of the knife is only visible from certain positions. The head of a warrior in the picture of the Battle of the Spurs appears to have been cut out in a similar manner, but I never heard that this valuable painting was saved by such an artifice, though it is not unlikely to have been the case.

It only remains to offer a few remarks on the picture of Henry the VIII. and his family. The king is seated under a canopy of superb workmanship. On his left hand is his queen, and on his right the young prince, whose costume is neither inferior in richness, nor very different in character, to that of his father, who wears a low crowned velvet hat, and a coat of ample dimensions, with sack sleeves; the whole of cloth and gold, splendidly embroidered. The queen is elegantly attired. She is represented as youthful and handsome. The canopy and pillars which support it, are sumptuously ornamented, and the floor is covered with a carpet of the richest pattern. An open door in one corner of the picture, exposes the zany who seems prepared to act his fooleries. The execution of the picture is elaborate beyond description. It is literally a mass of ornament, which is detailed with the greatest exactness in every part. Gold and silver glitter alike in the shade and in the sun. The artist left nothing to the imagination; he had few faults to hide, and if the defects of his outline had been ever so glaring, he wanted the skill to conceal them by a confused mixture of colours, and the random touches of his pencil.

Your's &c.

U.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I shall die in the height of despair,
Should my Celia persist to deny;
I shall die—with delight—should the fair
But smile on my love, and comply.

How can I then cease to lament,
Since the fate of my passion is sure,
My death is the certain event
At once of the evil and cure.

THE INVITATION.

"And what art thou, idle ceremony?"

SHAKESPEARE.

SINCE the time of the Spectator's perambulations through the various scenes of life, his only object—to drag folly and vice from their hiding places, and hold them up to scorn and detestation,—the authors who have followed the same track, or at least the greater part of them, have always seemed to have another object in view, which has counteracted that which should have been the main, if not the only one. They have visited only the extreme spheres of human intercourse, the highest and the lowest, thereby to show indirectly their own good-breeding: For as they evidently, from their literary acquirements, and from their knowledge of the dead languages, which they took care to sprinkle plentifully through their writings, could not be taken to belong to the latter, they might necessarily be deemed to associate with the former, and thus escape the galling suspicion of belonging to the middle class of society, or of having their manners and habits contaminated by those of honest tradesmen or merchants' clerks. Now, in my opinion, if there be any class of the general body of mankind, by whom the shafts of satire, or the lashes of reproof, would be most severely felt, and beneficially applied, it is by the middling class—far the most numerous, and I might almost add, important of society—and for that reason it is that, although afflicted with the "never-failing vice of fools," I acknowledge myself to be a growth of the latter sphere, and shall not, I trust, be therefore considered less calculated or qualified to aim a few random shots at its prevailing follies.—Pardon this digression, and now to my subject.

While sitting the other evening over a dish of tea, and reading, for the twentieth time, I believe, Johnson's prosaic poem, or poetic prose, of *Rasselas*, and taking at every full period another sup, as he, perhaps, when writing it, might have done; the rapid rap—rap, at the street door, announced the presence of that dispenser of joy and sorrow—the post-man. And being out of humour with every thing that surrounded me, and my own reflections pursuing the same "old slabber'd tale" of human infelicity, I listened with anxiety in hopes that it might be a letter for me, which might rub off the rust of sameness from the moment, and turn the current of thought into a new stream; for I was in one of those fits of *ennui* in which, as Young says, we would

"Thank a *misery* for change, though sad."

Guess, then, with what delight I heard the servant's footsteps approach my room.—"Come in," succeeded the accustomed gentle tap at the door, and I pulled out my three-pence (being compelled to pay the extra penny for being about twenty yards off the stones,) and took the letter.

Before I broke the seal, I endeavoured to prolong the enjoyment, by amusing myself in guessing from whom it could come.—I had no *chère amie*, no friend with whom I was in the habit of corresponding; and this increased my curiosity.—I feared to break the seal lest, according to

the moral of the book I had just put down, in the moment I expected to enjoy the pleasure, I should find that it was *past*. However, after tantalizing my imagination with a thousand schemes of lovers and antagonists, appointments and disappointments, mistakes and misfortunes; unable longer to restrain my curiosity—I broke the seal,—when lo! a blank sheet of paper and a printed card presented themselves: and thinking it merely the impudence of some *persevering* tradesman, as they are called, or that of a not less mis-called wag, by way of hoax, my spirits sunk down to Zero again. I had put the envelope into the fire, and was holding the card carelessly, just to cast my eye over it before I served it in the same manner, when I read, *Mr. C. C——’s compliments to Mr. Brownstudy, and will be happy of the honour of his company on Wednesday next, to tea and supper at seven o’clock.*” Unable at first to comprehend its meaning, I read it over again, and was still unable to decide in my own mind whether to take it in jest or earnest; but I remembered that the day mentioned was Mr. C. C——’s birth-day, when he would come of age, and not till then was I satisfied that it was intended as a serious invitation to a social party—and then remembered having seen such things in some of the shop-windows, at the west end of the town. “And is this,” cried I, “from my old school-fellow Blunt Charley, as they used to call him at school—has *he* been pared down to modern etiquette, and begun to ape the manners of his betters?—Then are they indeed his betters, for truly they have more wealth, and I now fear what I before disbelieved, that they have at least as much sense. I always thought him their superior in the latter point till now.” But, accustomed to doubt my own judgment, I began to look at the thing in a different light, to argue with myself whether the world might not be right, and I wrong. What an advantage would it be to society, if all the transactions of men could be reduced to a settled form, but especially in their epistolary concerns. What disputes it might save! There would be no longer any disputes on the doubtful meaning of a word, sarcasm and satire might be abolished. There would be no more danger of a trait of genuine feeling or amiable sensibility escaping to give subject of ridicule, than of a grammatical error or a false metaphor, to refresh the palate of friendly criticism. It seems likewise that a strong argument may be drawn from analogy in favour of this formal correspondence; for as the object is to protect the weak from the insults of the strong, and to reduce the state of every man to a common level of muscular power—so the effect of this refinement upon feeling might be to reduce the power of intellect to an universal equality, and ignorance might then no longer have to “hide its diminished head,” but might stalk abroad in full day, secure from the detection of wisdom or experience:

Then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin’d and kin:—

which operation, to speak in the language of a stock broker, would give a rise to riches over knowledge of 20 per cent. What might be the effects of such a system upon the unfortunate race of Authors, I will not pretend to divine; but I cannot think it would be less calamitous than the blue bags and black robes. “Farewell, a long farewell,” might they exclaim, to all slanders, breach of promises, guarantees, parole agreements, &c. &c. Crim.

con.'s even would lose half their attractions, and briefs, half their length. Scandal would exclaim that there had been a devastation of all that gives life to life; while on the other hand lean *Propriety* would fatten on the vapours of stagnant passions. Here my theory broke down—I took my cup to wash down the dry subject; but my tea, not partaking of any of the warmth of my ruminations, but rather of the frigidity of the fashion I deprecated, I took one sup as a cooling draught to my feverish sensibility, and emptied the rest into the slop-basin. Just then a thought struck me, like one of those important philosophical truths which accident alone discloses—thus I reasoned—my tea has cooled. Why has it cooled? From a natural inclination, or disposition, which all warm bodies have to give out caloric; may not this principle, thought I, be applied more universally? nay, even to morals and feelings? And then I have at once a Newtonian cause, both efficient and true, for fashionable refinement. It is no longer a gradual depravity of manners, but the effect of a natural and pre-existent cause. The manners, I then called to mind, have, according to general report, become less warm than formerly, and this to my new theory was “confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ;” so I resolved to write a full elucidation of the *decay of heats*. The pleasure of this reverie absorbed for a moment my former warmth, and turned the flood of thought another way. However it soon ebbed again, and my feelings now vented themselves upon the offending card, which in a moment of disgust I tore up, and, not to give it a chance of exposing its own folly, stuffed it between the bars of the grate; and as I watched its last sparks, “Thus,” cried I, “perish all the enemies to unshackled friendship and genuine feeling!”

I immediately sat down to pen an answer:—“Mr. Brownstudy’s compliments to Mr. C. C —, deeply regrets”—here I paused to consider whether “deeply” was not an unnecessary word, and might not offend *good-breeding*, by discovering a spark of real feeling. I accordingly erased it and proceeded,—“the cause which will prevent him from accepting his kind invitation. Here I should have stopped, and the thing would have done well enough, but feeling got the better of me—and I added, “He is also sorry that he has no *polite letter-writer*, or printed forms, to return his answer in terms of fashionable correctness; Mr. B. trusts therefore that Mr. C. C —’s goodness,” which latter word was written over an erasure of *friendship*, “will place all errors in that respect to the score of ignorance, rather than to any intentional offence.” I folded it up, sealed and directed it, and placed it on the table ready to be sent to the post.

After this was over, and I began to cool a little on the subject, I be-thought me of the invitation, and reflected on the feast of observation I might enjoy in such a meeting; I began to waver in my former determination. The letter was not yet gone; there was still time to retract; and if I should accept the invitation, I could be none the worse, and might be something the better. Besides, the true reason of my refusal might only expose me to ridicule, and a false one I disdained to give. It is with those things for which we have the *inclination*, as with poor chastity; when once we admit the “*if I should*,” it is all over with us, “he who hesitates is lost.” So it proved with me; and the result was, that the note followed the card, and I made up my mind to follow the fashion, however unfashionably.

Having thus disposed of the invitation, I heaved a sentimental sigh, thanked my stars that fortune had placed me in a sphere where the corroding rust of refinement had not yet penetrated, nor spread its baleful influ-

ence; where the name was not yet wholly disjoined from the attractive form of friendship, and where the plain, honest, open-hearted Englishman might still be found, though surrounded by the puffs and perfumery of foreign *politesse*. And though these be now hovering over my own sphere, ready to descend when honesty shall give them place, yet, ere they fall, I trust that I shall have ascended to that sphere, where the forms of friendship shall be no more confounded with the marks of hypocrisy, or feeling compromised for the sake of refinement.

TO MARCO BOZZARRI.

SUBLIMELY ascended thy soul,
Bozzarri,—thou chief of the brave!
How serene was thy death in the battle-storm's roll,
How tranquil thy glorious grave!
Thy spirit was radiant in light,
A beautiful star of the morning!
It shone mid the host of the firmament bright,
And glanced in the time of the dawning!

The fam'd classic land of thy birth,
Awoke at thine echoing voice;
And the shades of the ancients descended to earth,
As it summon'd their children to rise.—
In the conflict's infuriate tide,
With a band of thy chosen ones round thee,
And stemming the flood of the enemy's pride,
The laurels of victory crowned thee.

When the foe was dispersing and fled,
The career of thy gallantry closed,
And thy spirit rejoined the illustrious dead,
And thy form with their ashes reposed.
Thou art set in the noon-tide of fame,
Thy spirit has fled in its glory,
But the lustre that plays round the patriot's name,
Shall brighten the annals of story!

I. R.

TO * * * * *

I saw thee, when in attitude of prayer
Thy countenance was raised towards the sky,
Pale as the hues of angel purity!
Without one tinge of earthly passion there:
While the luxuriance of thine auburn hair
Shaded thy brow, and half conceal'd the eye
Which sparkled with celestial brilliancy.
I thought thee like some guardian seraph fair,
Who his appointed charge on earth is tending;
But ever and anon his looks of light
Are to his native clime of bliss ascending,
As there he longs again to wing his flight!
—And though my knee before my God was bending,
I worshipp'd thee, his emanation bright!

I. R.

The MODERN TRAVELLER, a Popular Description, Geographical, Historical, and Topographical, of the various Countries of the Globe. Vol. I. PALESTINE. 18mo. Plates and Maps. London. James Duncan.

THIS Work is a condensation of the most interesting and valuable documents that are to be found in the works of our recent travellers, and is edited by a gentleman obviously acquainted with the nature of his office, from the care, perspicuity, and diligence, with which he has executed it. The Work is printed in an elegant cabinet form, is ornamented with Copper Plates and Maps, and will doubtless prove a valuable addition to the libraries of all classes of "his Majesty's liege subjects."

The *present* state of "God's chosen people," in the land of their forefathers, is laconically and energetically depicted. Their numbers, possessions, feasts, synagogues, peculiarities, and the beauty of their females, are thus delineated.

"The Jews reside chiefly on the edge of Mount Zion, and in the lower part of the city, near the shambles, which, in summer, are dreadfully offensive. Their number is 10,000; an amazing increase, within the past thirty years.

"Many of the Jews are rich and in comfortable circumstances, and possess a good deal of property in Jerusalem; but they are careful to conceal their wealth, and even their comfort, from the jealous eye of their rulers, lest by awakening their cupidity, some vile, indefensible plot should be devised to their prejudice. In going to visit a respectable Jew in the holy city, it is a common thing to pass to his house over a ruined fore-ground, and up an awkward outside stair, constructed of rough unpolished stones, that totter under the foot; but it improves as you ascend, and at the top has a respectable appearance, as it ends in an agreeable platform in front of the house. On entering the house itself, it is found to be clean and well furnished; the sofas are covered with Persian carpets, and the people seem happy to receive you. The visitor is entertained with coffee and tobacco, as is the custom in the houses of the Turks and Christians. The ladies presented themselves with an ease and address that surprised me, and recalled to my memory the pleasing society of Europe. This difference of manner arises from many of the Jewish families in Jerusalem having resided in Spain and Portugal, where the females had rid themselves of the cruel domestic fetters of the East, and, on returning to their beloved land, had very properly maintained their justly acquired freedom and rank in society. They almost all speak a broken Italian, so that conversation goes on without the clumsy aid of an interpreter."

THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

"It was the feast of the Passover, and they were all eating unleavened bread; some of which was presented to me as a curiosity, and I partook of it, merely that I might have the gratification of eating unleavened bread with the sons and daughters of Jacob in Jerusalem; it is very insipid fare, and no one would eat it from choice. For the same reason I went to the synagogue, of which there are two in Jerusalem, although I visited only one. The form of worship is the same as in this country, and I believe in every country which the Jews inhabit. The females have a separate part of the synagogues in Europe, and in the Christian churches all over the Levant. They are not, however, expected to be frequent or regular in their atten-

dance on public worship. The ladies generally make a point of going on the Sunday, that is the Friday night or Saturday morning, after they are married; and being thus introduced in their new capacity, once a year is considered as a sufficient compliance, on their part, with the ancient injunction to assemble themselves together in the house of prayer. Like the votaries of some Christian establishments, the Jewesses trust more to the prayers of their priests than to their own."

THE SYNAGOGUES.

"The synagogues in Jerusalem are both poor and small, not owing to the poverty of their possessors, but to the prudential motives above-mentioned."

THE JEWESSES.

"The Jewesses in Jerusalem speak in a decided and firm tone, unlike the hesitating and timid voice of the Arab and Turkish females; and claim the European privilege of differing from their husbands, and maintaining their own opinions. They are fair and good-looking: red and auburn hair are by no means uncommon in either of the sexes. I never saw any of them with veils; and was informed that it is the general practice of the Jewesses in Jerusalem to go with their faces uncovered; they are the only females there who do so. Generally speaking, I think they are disposed to be rather of a plethoric habit; and the admirers of size and softness in the fair sex, will find as regularly well-built fatties, with double mouldings in the neck and chin, among the fair daughters of Jerusalem, as among the fairer daughters of England. They seem particularly liable to eruptive diseases; and the want of children is as great a heart-break to them now as it was in the days of Sarah.

"In passing up to the synagogue, I was particularly struck with the mean and wretched appearance of the houses on both sides of the streets, as well as with the poverty of their inhabitants. Some of the old men and old women had more withered and hungry aspects than any of our race I ever saw, with the exception of the cavered dames at Gornou in Egyptian Thebes, who might have sat in a stony field as a picture of famine the year after the flood. The sight of a poor Jew in Jerusalem has in it something peculiarly affecting. The heart of this wonderful people, in whatever clime they roam, still turns to it as the city of their promised rest. They take pleasure in her ruins, and would lick the very dust for her sake. Jerusalem is the centre around which the exiled sons of Judah build, in airy dreams, the mansions of their future greatness. In whatever part of the world he may live, the heart's desire of a Jew, when gathered to his fathers, is to be buried in Jerusalem. Thither they return from Spain and Portugal, from Egypt and Barbary, and other countries among which they have been scattered; and when, after all their longings, and all their struggles up the steep of life, we see them poor, and blind, and naked in the streets of their once happy Zion, he must have a cold heart that can remain untouched by their sufferings, without uttering a prayer that the light of a reconciled countenance would shine on the darkness of Judah, and the day-star of Bethlehem arise in their hearts."

JERUSALEM.

"The Jews are the best cicerones in Jerusalem, because they generally give the ancient names of places, which the guides and interpreters belonging to the different convents do not. They are not forward in presenting themselves, and must generally be sought for."

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

"Oh! there's a charm,—a spell,
In Sorrow's plaintive measure."

LIT. MAG.

OF all the various pleasures of which the human mind is capable, the sensations caused by gloomy and melancholy thoughts are the most sensibly felt, and yet, at the same time, the least understood or defined. Not only can we fully enter into the feelings of mourning and dejected friends or companions,—not only can we readily believe that they find a real delight in brooding over their own misfortunes,—but we can ourselves participate in those feelings;—and while we are endeavouring to console them, we perceive that we ourselves are imperceptibly affected with the same tender and opposite, though unaccountably mixed, emotions of sorrow and delight. We see the almost heart-broken parent, bereaved of the only surviving hope of perpetuating the name of his family, or deploring the loss of the affectionate partner of all his hopes and all his fears, his joys and sorrows, his prosperity and adversity;—we see the son, whose whole care was wound up in the life of a doating mother, and who now appears inconsolable for her loss,—amidst all their fears, amidst all their pangs, still seeking the tomb, and weeping over the spot, beneath which are concealed the remains of those once so dear to them. And we are at no loss to conceive the motive for actions apparently so contrary to reason. The mind feels a secret satisfaction in the contemplation of its sufferings, and finds relief from the very quarter from which all its anguish springs.

It is to the deep melancholy which pervades it, that Tragedy owes that decided superiority over comic representations, which is acknowledged and felt by all. How is the heart moved, how are the passions excited, by the raving madness of a Lear, or the gloomy resolution of a Hamlet, when they would remain untouched by the finest specimens of Comedy!

In nature too, it throws a beauty upon the grandest objects, and heightens the effect of the most delightful prospects. Who does not feel the truth of that observation of the "poet, that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest:"—

"Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora vertis
E terrâ alterius sævum spectare dolorem."

For the sight is accompanied by awfully moving and sublime, because melancholy and pathetic, feelings.

IDEAS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE Indian notion, that the world was supported by an elephant, which stood on the back of a tortoise, is surely paralleled in absurdity by that idea of some of the ancients, as noticed by Spence, in his *POLYMETIS*, that the heavens were supported by a brazen vault, while they attributed the noise of thunder to Jupiter's chariot and horses rattling along that arch; and they supposed he darted the thunder out of his hand from the clouds beneath that arch. They also imagined that the whole sea rested on an arched work, under which ample space were the habitations of the sea-gods and goddesses.

MORE PROPHECIES FOR POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

See New Monthly Magazine for March.

WHEN maids, about to marry,
Shall quickly change their minds;
When famous Captain Parry
A northern passage finds;
When cits shun turtle dinners,
Their daughters hate a ball;
Then count your beads, ye sinners,
The sky's about to fall!

When authors cease to scribble,
And taxes cease to vex;
When Lawyers find no quibble,
Their cases to perplex;
When Whigs and Tories mingle,
Fishwomen cease to bawl;
Then, rhymers, quit your jingle,
The sky's about to fall!

When Mrs. Fig, of Cheapside,
At Almack's takes her place;
When Lady Harriet Highpride
The civic balls shall grace;
When tiny boys love birches,
And shun an apple-stall;
Then, usurers, build up Churches,
The sky's about to fall!

When John Bull loves starvation,
And Paddy shuns a row;
When Scotchmen swear their nation
Produces nothing now;
When Richard Martin's speeches,
Tough drovers shall appal;
Then shut your shops, ye leeches,
The sky's about to fall!

When Frenchmen cease to caper,
And Germans love a spree;
When Stock, the city draper,
Prime Minister shall be;
When Hume in place rejoices,
Hard by Westminster Hall;
Then, preachers, raise your voices,
The sky's about to fall!

When in the east descending,
The sun shall set at noon;
When air-balloons ascending,
Shall journey to the moon;
When pris'ners on the tread-mill,
Are happy one and all;
Then cheer, ye wretches fed ill,
The sky's about to fall!

ALLAN FITZALLAN.



Engd. on Steel by E. B.

ESKIMAUX IN THEIR CANOES.

Published by William Currier & Co. 65, Nassau Street, New York.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S SECOND ARCTIC VOYAGE.

FEW Voyages of Discovery have possessed so strong a claim upon British patronage, as those for finding a North-west passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean. This object has, from time to time, engaged the attention of our Government for nearly 300 years. The prosecution of the attempt has employed the talents, and exercised the powers, of several of our ablest seamen: and, with means of a very inadequate description, they have overcome many difficulties, and made discoveries, which have not only established the resolution of our circumnavigators, but have added to the credit and importance of their country. The passage—if there be one—is, doubtless, either within the limits of the British Dominions, or in their immediate vicinity; so that whether its discovery is effected, or the non-existence of it proved, there must be a considerable advance made towards perfecting the geography of this part of our widely-extended empire. It is impossible, therefore, to pursue this object without reaping many important advantages.

The difficulties attending the attempt to find this passage by sailing through Lancaster Sound, having been clearly ascertained during Captain Parry's former Voyage, the Lords of the Admiralty determined to examine whether it could not be effected by passing through some one of the numerous inlets, scattered along the Western coast of Hudson's Bay. Could such a one be found—being far south of Lancaster Sound—it seemed highly probable that it would be situated in a climate where the effects of the winter might be of shorter duration, and consequently the navigation open for a much longer period. The discovery of Prince Regent's Inlet, in the preceding Voyage, held out a strong presumption that the sea extended itself behind the Western coast of Hudson's Bay, and at no very remote distance from it; and that the land, known to exist here, might be formed of one or more islands, between which the passage could be made. This coast had been so far examined by former navigators, as to preclude any expectation of finding it to the South of, or through, Wager Bay. Captain Parry was therefore instructed to commence his examination in Repulse Bay, and if unsuccessful there, to direct his course northwards, surveying the whole line of coast as he proceeded so strictly, as to ascertain the existence of a strait leading into the Polar Sea, or to put the question completely at rest as far as related to that quarter.

The preparations with regard to the ships, their outfit, officers, crews, and instruments, were as complete as possible: the description of vessel best suited for this sort of service, and in these seas, had been ascertained by previous voyages. Experience had pointed out what had been before wanting, to protect the men from the inconveniences necessarily resulting from the extreme severity of the climate, in which it was likely they would have to spend one or more winters; and these were guarded against with a prudence, foresight, and ingenuity, highly creditable to the ability and humanity of those distinguished persons, under whose inspection and control the whole was conducted. The births were removed from the ship's sides, and the men took their rest in hammocks slung for the purpose. A Sylvester's stove was fitted up to distribute warm air through the various parts of each ship, and this was found to answer the purpose so effectually, that at the trifling expenditure of a bushel of coals in twenty-four hours,

the temperature of the internal parts of the vessels was maintained at about 60° of Fahrenheit, when that of the atmosphere was 30° below Zero. The breath no longer formed a sheet of ice on substances adjoining the sailors during their repose; but, amidst the rigours of an arctic winter, they slept in apartments warmer and more comfortable, than nine out of ten of their countrymen at home.

The officers were all men of science, and very respectable proficient in various branches of learning, not necessarily connected with their professional duties. And here occurs the only omission which can be said to have existed—the Expedition was not accompanied by a professed Naturalist, which we think it ought to have been. “Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well:” this is an opinion which the Lords of the Admiralty evidently felt, and for which, in the case of this Expedition, they made every provision, with this single exception. The officers had various and important duties to attend to, which precluded their adequately performing this part of the service. They have indeed done much, and it raises our admiration of their ardour and industry to a very high pitch, when we observe how much they have done to supply this omission, without failing in attention to any of those objects more particularly connected with their respective appointments.

Every preparation being completed, the *Fury* and the *Hecla*, the ships appointed for this service, took their departure from the Nore on the 8th of May, 1821. To facilitate the object of their voyage, the *Nautilus* accompanied them as a store-ship, with orders to return as soon as she had transhipped the stores she carried for them, after their arrival at the ice. Passing through the Pentland Firth, and across the Atlantic, they reached the ice near the entrance of Hudson's Straits, on the 18th of June. Captain Parry immediately proceeded to clear the *Nautilus* of the stores intended for the ships under his command, but was not able to complete this operation until the 30th. On the following day the *Nautilus* commenced her voyage homewards, and the ships belonging to the Expedition pursued their course up Hudson's Straits.

It may seem remarkable that, when Captain Middleton was employed on a series of discoveries up these Straits, about the middle of the last century, the observations made and reported by him and his officers, after ocular demonstration, should have been disputed by persons at home, who had no evidence at all to guide them, but only arguments drawn from supposition and a fanciful hypothesis. Such, however, was the fact; and Captain Parry, having so great a trust devolved upon him, felt no small difficulty in determining how far he ought to depend upon information, boldly impugned at the time it was published, seeing that the safety of all under his command, as well as the final result of his labours, might be involved in his determination.

Whilst the Commander was agitated by such considerations, the Expedition was making its way up the Straits, from the north shore of which it was visited by a tribe of Esquimaux on the 21st of July. As these were the first of that race which they had seen since they entered on their present voyage, so they were by far the worst specimen of their race. Familiarized to European intercourse, they had largely imbibed the corruptions, without having acquired any of the advantages, of civilization. They were exceedingly clever in making a bargain, remarkably dexterous in thieving, and void of all shame when detected; whilst their habits were filthy and dis-

gusting in the extreme. These traits do not appear to have been relieved by one redeeming quality. "Two women alongside the *Hecla* offered to barter their children for some article of trifling value, beginning very deliberately to strip them of their clothes, which they did not choose to consider as included in the intended bargain."

Continuing his course westward, without any remarkable occurrence, Captain Parry entered an inlet on Southampton Island, which he hoped would have brought him into the welcome passage; but to his disappointment, he found himself embayed in a magnificent harbour, of great extent and security, and which, in any more hospitable climate, would be of the first importance. Having discovered this on the birth-day of the Duke of York, he named it after his Royal Highness, and retraced his course to proceed to the westward; in doing which he entered Repulse Bay before he was fully aware of it, and decided the dispute between Captain Middleton and Secretary Dobbs, in favour of the former. Coasting all round this bay in boats, the continuity of land was ascertained; and on the following day he renewed his voyage through the frozen strait. On the Northern shore a passage seemed to open itself. Captain Lyon, who commanded the *Hecla*, undertook to explore it with a party in a boat, and performed the service under circumstances of great difficulty, increased by the unfavourable state of the weather. He returned on the 25th, without having found it passable. On the 27th another passage was attempted with better success through a strait which was named Hurd's Channel.

The shores were carefully surveyed by parties in boats, but without any beneficial results, and after proceeding to the North till the 6th of September, they were forced back to Southampton Island by a contrary wind, and a current full of large masses of ice. Thus a month was lost in contending with difficulties, which were found insurmountable.

But the sea was soon cleared of this ice, and they had a fine run to the northward, and entered a bay, which they called Hopper's Inlet. It proved impervious, as did a larger adjoining one, to which they gave the name of Lyon's Inlet. In surveying these and Gore's Inlet, and correcting the survey with the parts of the coast before examined, they spent the remaining portion of open weather, and on the 8th of October they entered a bay on the South side of Winter Island, where they took their station for the winter.

The first summer was thus terminated, and though no success had been obtained as to the object of the undertaking, yet a great deal had been accomplished. They had carefully surveyed more than 200 leagues of coast, and ascertained that no passable strait or opening existed along the whole extent of it, and they had so far shown where the passage did *not* exist. They had done this under circumstances of great peril and difficulty, and proved themselves fully competent for the arduous service in which they were engaged.

Traces of Esquimaux inhabitants were observed continually, during the whole of this period, by the parties who were on shore. But the people themselves do not appear to have been met with more than once, after they had left Hudson's Straits, up to the period of their arrival at Winter Island. These last differed much from the former, being cleanly in their habits, and displaying much more intelligence and good feeling: they were also simple and honest; only one occurrence of a contrary nature took place, involving two individuals, and which compromised the character of no other.

Rein-deer were frequently seen during this period, but they were in

general too shy and too fleet to be secured—other game was plentiful, and more easily obtained. The supply was sufficient to furnish the party with an agreeable and salutary change of food.

Whilst the ships remained stationary, various methods were employed to pass the time pleasantly, and to prevent that *ennui*, so fatal to the health, as well as comfort, of persons secluded as they were from all the common resources of society. Government had provided the dresses, scenery, and other “properties,” necessary for theatrical exhibitions; and these were employed, as on a former voyage, to the evident comfort and satisfaction of all persons engaged in the Expedition. A kind-hearted and intelligent lady, anticipating the amusement which might be derived from a Phantasmagoria, had presented the party with an excellent apparatus of the kind; and, with a delicacy equal to her liberality, had concealed her name, thus “doing good by stealth.” It fully answered the expectation of the benevolent donor, and we do not doubt but the effects proved really as serviceable, as the exhibition was agreeable and amusing.

A school was established on board each ship, and such of the crew as could not read or write, were taught. Captain Parry makes the pleasing report, that at the termination of his voyage, there was not a single individual belonging to either vessel that could not read his Bible.

A room was fitted up on shore for the purpose of making experiments, and an observatory was added to it; but as the latter, for obvious reasons, did not admit of being warmed, the clock was prevented going by the severity of the cold—a circumstance which must have proved very inconvenient to their astronomical observations, but which the number and excellence of their chronometers in a great measure obviated. Attention to these duties, making the requisite calculations, and taking sufficient exercise, occupied all their time tolerably well, and left them no leisure to indulge fanciful wishes or vain regrets. The shortest day arrived. In the preceding voyage this had been the subject of very general and anxious observation, connected with feelings of home, and anticipations of returning thither; but on the present occasion it passed over without exciting any particular notice.

Many useful and important discoveries have been the effect of accident—one such occurred to our countrymen, and they did not fail to take advantage of it. These seas abound with a small shrimp, (*Cancer nugart*.) It happened that when the meat, previous to being cooked, had been immersed in the sea, for the purpose of thawing, or extracting the salt, the sailors had fancied it to be reduced in quantity. On one occasion a goose was left under water for forty-eight hours, and when drawn up, the cook, to his great astonishment, found only the skeleton remaining, but that was left in the nicest state of preservation. After this, the bodies of those animals, whose skeletons were wanted for preservation, were exposed to the depredations of these insects, and thus admirably prepared, with little or no trouble to the student.

Various phenomena were observed during the winter—a double moon, the imaginary one being below the real one;—some very brilliant Auroras;—and some very singular effects of refraction, causing uncommon and interesting illusions. For these we must refer to the Journal, as the details would occupy a larger space than we can spare for the purpose.

We cannot pass on without remarking the proper sense entertained by the crew of the *Hecla*, of the value of religious instruction. Only one

chaplain accompanied the expedition, and of course he was on board the *Fury*, Captain Parry's ship. After the Expedition had gone into winter quarters, divine service was ordered to be regularly performed every Sunday. We should have expected that, under such circumstances, the crew of each vessel would have been required to attend—that was not the case; but the people belonging to the *Hecla* were too sensible of the value of the privilege of assembling for divine service, to suffer the opportunity to pass unimproved; they petitioned to be allowed to share in this advantage with their companions of the *Fury*, and the petition was immediately granted. This is only one of many instances which have come to our knowledge, of the desire felt by our seamen to receive religious instruction. It is a feeling very general among them, though very little known, or expected, by those who have not closely observed the peculiar character of that very peculiar class of our fellow-subjects. If they are generally ignorant of the doctrines of Christianity, and the practice necessarily flowing from a knowledge of, and belief in, those doctrines, it is because they are, by the nature of their calling, too frequently destitute of the means of receiving instruction. When the opportunity of being taught occurs, they uniformly avail themselves of it, with an alacrity which proves how sensible they are of the value of it; and which ought to stimulate those, who have the power of extending these advantages to them, to lose no opportunity of doing it.

In the month of February the ships were visited by another tribe of Esquimaux, whose manners, habits, and intelligence, were far superior to those of either of the parties they had before met with. We defer entering into particulars at present, as we shall have occasion to speak more fully of these people hereafter. They afforded our countrymen a great deal of amusement, which, being wholly unanticipated, was so much the more agreeable. They signified that two or three of them had before seen strangers (*Kabloonas*,) similar to those they were then talking with, and it was afterwards ascertained that they sometimes wandered so far to the southward, as to have seen some of the Hudson's Bay ships passing to the Factories of that Company. Captain Parry immediately conceived, that if any accident should befall the Expedition, this circumstance might be made available to convey some kind of intelligence home; and for this purpose he distributed amongst them pieces of copper, bearing the inscription, "*Hecla and Fury—All Well—1822.*" The measure was wise, but, happily, it became unnecessary.

During the time they were frozen up in Winter Island, several expeditions were undertaken overland, to investigate the probability of finding an opening to the westward, on the borders of the coast in that direction. These were attended with great hardships, and with no ultimate success. In one they proceeded so far North, as to Point Elizabeth, when they fancied they had reached the farthest point to the eastward; and this being passed, they expected to find the opening, which was to lead to the successful termination of their labours. Their supplies, however, were too far exhausted to allow them to pursue the examination farther at that time; but the expectation cheered their spirits, and therefore was not without its benefit.

We were surprised to find an attempt made to raise vegetables on shore, by the application of means used for forcing them. It failed, as might have been expected.

The longest day was now fast approaching, but no indication could be traced of the return of summer, that of the increased length of day-light excepted.—At Melville Island, so much farther to the North, they had found the season much earlier.—There was an increased quantity of open sea visible, but nothing to promise a speedy release. On the 3d of June the ships were 2,300 feet from the nearest opening, and Captain Parry judged it advisable to attempt cutting through this extent of ice, which was generally four, and sometimes ten feet thick, in order to open a passage, for enabling him to avail himself of the first opportunity of resuming operations. This great work was completed, when a change of wind, driving a large quantity of ice against the floe, caused a large extent of the latter to crack, and drive across the opening they had made with so much toil and labour; nor could they remove this new blockade, by the application of any power, to repel it into its former position; but the wind rising from an opposite quarter removed the obstruction, and restored the opening.

After a confinement of nine months' duration, they quitted Winter Island, putting to sea on the 2d of July. The coast of the Mainland was then completely lined with ice, and that extending to a depth of from two to five miles to sea-ward, and apparently firmly attached to the shore. For seven days the ships were exposed to the greatest danger, from the quantity and pressure of the floating ice, but on the 12th they found an opening, which promised them a secure shelter from the perils which threatened them. It proved to be the mouth of a river, to which they gave the name of Barrow's River, after the Secretary to the Admiralty. The following day they landed, and ascended the course of the stream, when a grand water-fall displayed itself to their view. The impression must have been striking under any circumstances, but to Captain Parry and his associates it must have been peculiarly so. The following is the Captain's own account of it.

"On the morning of the 13th, the ice being still close in with the land, just to the northward of us, I determined on examining the supposed river in the boats, and at the same time try our luck with the seine, as the place seemed a likely one for salmon. Accompanied by several of the Officers, therefore, as well as by Captain Lyon, in his own boat, I left the *Fury* at half-past eight, A. M., and was soon followed by a second boat from each ship. Immediately on opening the inlet, we encountered a rapid current setting outwards, and after rowing a mile and a half to the N. W. by W., the breadth of the stream varying from one third of a mile to four or five hundred yards, came to some shoal water extending quite across. Landing on the South shore, and hauling the boats above high water-mark, we rambled up the banks of the stream, which are low next the water, but rise almost immediately to the height of about two hundred feet. As we proceeded, we gradually heard the noise of a fall of water; and being presently obliged to strike more inland, as the bank became more precipitous, soon obtained a fresh view of the stream, running on a much higher level than before, and dashing with great impetuosity down two small cataracts. Just below this, however, where the river turns almost at a right angle, we perceived a much greater spray, as well as a louder sound; and having walked a short distance down the bank, suddenly came upon the principal fall, of whose magnificence I am at a loss to give any adequate description.

"At the head of the fall, or where it commences its principal descent, the

the river is contracted to about one hundred and fifty feet in breadth, the channel being hollowed out through a solid rock of gneiss. After falling about fifteen feet at an angle of 30° with a vertical line, the width of the stream is still narrowed to about forty yards, and then, as if mustering its whole force, previous to its final descent, is precipitated in one vast continuous sheet of water, almost perpendicular, for ninety feet more. So nearly, indeed, is the rock perpendicular, that we were enabled to let down a sounding lead and line, for the purpose of measuring its actual height, while a man descended from crag to crag, with a second line attached to him, to see when the lead touched the water below. The dashing of the water from such a height, produced the usual accompaniment of a cloud of spray, broad columns of which were constantly forced up, like the successive rushes of smoke from a vast furnace, and on this, near the top, a vivid *iris*, or rainbow, was occasionally formed by the bright rays of an unclouded sun. 'The roaring of the mountain cataract,' which constitutes a principal feature of the sublime in scenery of this magnificent nature, was here almost deafening, and as we were able to approach the head of the fall, even as close as a single yard, the very rock seemed to suffer a concussion under our feet. The basin, that receives the water at the foot of the fall, is nearly of a circular form, and about four hundred yards in diameter, being rather wider than the river immediately below it. The fall is about three quarters of a mile above our landing-place, or two miles and a quarter from the entrance of the river.

"After remaining nearly an hour, fixed, as it were, to the spot by the novelty and magnificence of the scene before us, we continued our walk along the banks; and after passing the two smaller cataracts, found the river again increased in width to above two hundred yards, winding in the most romantic manner imaginable among the hills, and preserving a smooth and unruffled surface for a distance of three or four miles, that we traced it to the South-west above the fall. What added extremely to the beauty of this picturesque river, which Captain Lyon and myself named after our mutual friend, Mr. BARROW, Secretary to the Admiralty, was the richness of the vegetation on its banks, the enlivening brilliancy of a cloudless sky, and the animation given to the scene, by several rein-deer that were grazing beside the stream. Our sportsmen were fortunate in obtaining four of these animals, but we had no success with the seines, the ground proving altogether too rocky to use them with advantage or safety. The eider-ducks were here tolerably numerous, and we also met with some black-throated divers, golden plovers, and snow-buntings. On first entering the river two birds flew over our heads, appearing larger than eider-ducks, but with much less white on their backs and wings, and without the duck-bill. On our return down the river, Captain Lyon landed on the opposite side, for the purpose of making a drawing of the fall in the best point of view; and we then returned on board at thirty minutes past two P. M., after the most gratifying visit we had ever paid to the shore in these regions.

"The entrance of this river lies in lat 67° . 18 min. 05 sec., and in longitude by chronometers, 81° . 25 min. 20 sec. We found at half tide from ten to twelve feet water in mid-channel for a mile below the first shallows, and it then quickly deepens to as many fathoms. The banks of the river had still a good deal of snow cleaving to them in some places, and we narrowly escaped being swamped by a heavy mass falling off into the water, just after we had

rowed away from the spot. The mineralogical character of the land in this neighbourhood continued the same as that last described."

When they returned from this excursion, they found a southerly breeze had cleared the sea of all the floating ice, and they pursued their course northward, with an unusual facility, and had the additional pleasure of finding the land turned a point or two to the W. of W. As they advanced, the walruses became very numerous, and afforded our mariners excellent sport: they were collected in flocks of from twelve to thirty each, on pieces of floating ice; when fired at, they shewed little disposition to move, and when attacked more closely, they manifested a strong inclination to repel force by force. Three were harpooned whilst in the water, and killed. When first struck, they became furious; one made an attack on Captain Lyon's boat, and injured several of the planks with its enormous tusks. They also united their strength to defend each other, as the sperm whales in the South Seas are often found to do. The largest walrus killed by the *Fury's* boats weighed nearly fifteen hundred weight and a half, and was by no means remarkable for its dimensions: being thin, and in bad condition, they produced very little oil, but the lean part of the flesh was much relished by all who felt no repugnance to it on account of its dark colour. We presume these would be very few in number: the general opinion is reported to have coincided with that of Captain Cook, who considered the flesh of the walrus as "excellent marine beef."

On the 17th they had the mortification to find their farther progress to the North completely stopped, by a barrier of ice, which had not yet been broken up: they put into the island *Igloolik*, where they found another tribe of Esquimaux, one which they had not previously met with, but whose dispositions and intentions were as kind and friendly as those of any of the former. On the 20th Captain Lyon undertook an excursion over the ice, to examine the country beyond it, from which he returned on the 31st. It contributed to extend their knowledge of the natives, and promote the good understanding already subsisting between them, but yielded no discovery of importance.

Two instances of remarkable magnetic attraction occurred during their stay at this island. On the 6th they succeeded in killing a black whale, which afforded them a seasonable supply of oil; white whales afterwards showed themselves in abundance, but they were so wary, that every attempt to catch them proved fruitless. Partial disruptions of ice continued to take place, but not sufficient to open a passage. Several excursions were made overland during the interval, to examine the coast, and at length they reached a point which appeared so decidedly to suit their wishes, that Captain Parry named it Cape North East, in confident expectation that it would prove the extreme point of continental land in that direction. The inlet adjoining evidently led to the westward, and the tide came through it so full and strong, that he had no doubt remaining on his mind, of this being a passage through to the Western, or Polar Sea; and to perpetuate the memory of the ships by which it was first entered, he called it the Strait of the *Fury* and the *Hecla*. They passed this on the 26th, but had not gone far before they had the mortification of finding it completely blocked up by a fixed barrier of ice. After repeated attempts to find another passage, and waiting in hopes of a disruption of this barrier, which never took place, they returned to look out for a station where they might lay up the ships in apparent safety for the winter. The

officers were unanimously of opinion, that it would be attended with great danger to pass that season in the Straits, and that there was no promise of any advantage from attempting it, that could counterbalance the risks. They therefore returned to *Igloolik*, as the place offering the greatest conveniences for that purpose.

The events of the second summer had therefore accomplished the intent of the Expedition: *they had found a passage*; but attendant circumstances forbade their going through it. They had pursued their survey of it by excursions on the shore and ice so far, as to ascertain the existence of a sea beyond it, at the distance of about sixty miles from the Eastern entrance: they had surveyed all the intermediate coast, from the point where the labours of the preceding summer terminated, to the shores at some distance to the North of the Straits; and though they did not actually sail to the mouth of Barrow's Straits, yet the communication by sea from Fox's Channel to Baffin's Bay, cannot be doubted; and they continued active operations until the season had set in with such severity, that they had to cut through the ice for the extent of four thousand three hundred and forty-three feet, before they could lay up the ships in a situation of security.

The well-being of the ships and men was attended to with the same diligence and solicitude as during the preceding winter, but not exactly upon the same plan. The situation of the vessels rendered the exhibition of theatrical pieces less convenient; they were therefore discontinued; but the constant intercourse with a tribe of the natives afforded so much amusement, as to prevent any feeling of the want of them, and the season passed with as much comfort and pleasure as could reasonably be expected. The utility of snow, as a non-conductor of heat, was so well ascertained, that the ships were inclosed in a body of it three or four feet in thickness, and a covering of eight inches deep was applied to the decks. A space round each vessel was inclosed by a snow wall of about twelve feet high, which furnished space for walking and exercise, sheltered from the blasts of the wind: the schools were revived, and diligently attended.

On the 1st of December another very singular instance of *para selenæ* occurred: a false moon appeared on each side of the true one, and at the distance of 23° from it. *Parhelia* were frequent, and usually at the same angular distance of 23° from the sun. One of these occurred on the 23d of January, 1823, and was very confidently predicted by several Esquimaux, who were at the ship some hours before sun-rise. It is surprising that a race so little civilized should take more than a superstitious notice of such events, much less could we expect them to have observed any signs preceding their appearance; and which had escaped the notice of scientific persons, and even professed meteorologists. Nor does it appear that any enquiry was made, or any information obtained, of the symptoms from which they deduced their expectation.

About this period Captain Parry came to a resolution to remove from the *Hecla* to the *Fury*, such stores as the latter might be in need of for the further prosecution of the enterprize, and send the former home. He was induced to adopt this course, by the desire of prosecuting the undertaking without the loss of another season, which must necessarily have taken place, if both ships had returned; and by the urgency of communicating to the Admiralty correct information of all that had been accomplished; more particularly, as he had been informed, that if no news arrived before the close of that year, it would be presumed that he had penetrated the Polar Sea, and was making his way by Icy Cape into the Pacific Ocean;

in which case a store-ship would be sent round Cape Horn, to arrive early in the spring of 1824, at a place named to him, there to wait his arrival. Some of the stores were removed for this purpose, when symptoms of scurvy appeared amongst the crews, and the effects of such a complaint, during such a length of voyage as must have been anticipated, and amongst a company who had already spent two years in those severe climates, induced Captain Parry to give up that part of his plan, and adopt the more prudent one, of returning home with both ships, which he effected without meeting with any event which calls for present observation.

The time spent at Winter Island was not altogether lost to the object of the Expedition : amongst the natives, who were in the habit of frequenting the ships, there were some whose superior intelligence marked them as persons very likely to furnish information which might be useful in the further prosecution of the voyage. A woman named Iligliuk was decidedly pre-eminent, and she seems to have possessed a mind of such powers, that we cannot help feeling a regret that she had not been born in a country, and amongst a society, where they could have been employed to some valuable purpose.

Captain Parry conceived that she might be made to understand the nature of a chart ; he therefore endeavoured to interest her mind in the formation of one, not by scale, but by drawing the coast by hand, with all its sinuosities ; and having made her comprehend the business in which he was engaged, he prevailed on her to carry it forward—she did so ; and as she proceeded to fill one sheet, another and another were added, until she had run over twelve or thirteen sheets of paper. The chart thus obtained was manifestly incorrect, yet it gave information which, if it could have been depended on, would have been extremely valuable. Captain Parry thought that probably the large scale upon which it was drawn, and the operation of adding sheet to sheet, might have been the cause of those deviations from the truth, of which he was already sensible ; he therefore explained to her that he wished to have the same drawn on a much smaller compass, and supplied her with the requisite materials. Accordingly she began, and to his great astonishment and gratification, corrected the errors which she had committed in the former, and drew a chart surprisingly accurate. By this they were taught to expect where the passage into the Polar Sea might be effected, and they found it, as described. Her drawing, as well as that of another of the natives, named *Ewenal*, made the coast, after passing this Strait, run Southward, and at no very great distance. Captain Parry recollected that, from the top of a hill near Repulse Bay, he had noticed a peculiar appearance of the heavens, very much resembling the ice blink ; and Messrs. Ross and Bushnan, from the summit of another hill, clearly saw an expanse of water to the westward, with capes and islands ; but the sun setting almost as soon as they had gained this view of it, and lakes being numerous in this country, they concluded that it was only a large piece of water of that kind. We are not surprised that they drew this conclusion—they could hardly have expected to have found themselves within thirty or forty miles of the Polar Sea, for the interval does not appear to be greater.

We shall now relate a few particulars descriptive of the inhabitants of these regions, and in doing this we shall often employ Captain Parry's own words ; the descriptions given by an eye-witness being not only the most correct, but also the most lively and impressive : therefore, except where the Captain's account, we shall use his own words.

These tribes are wanderers in the fullest sense of the word; they have no settled abode, but traverse the country, as a supply of food, or convenience, influences them. They are but few in number, yet probably as many as the country is capable of supporting, with the existing means of exercising their powers. They are divided into distinct bodies, consisting of a few families each; and when these meet, it does not appear as if they ever united into larger bodies. Indeed, as they have a perfect horror of war, there is no motive for a union, which would only render more difficult the means of subsistence. Many individuals must perish for want every winter, and the urgent necessities which were endured by those in the neighbourhood of the ships, notwithstanding the bounty of Captain Parry and his associates, leaves no doubt of the miserable lot which must have befallen them, had they not received this assistance. Inured to no labour but that of hunting and fishing, they seem to have no idea of accumulating the fruits of their exertions. The only circumstance that offered itself in opposition to this assertion, being, of their having, on one or two occasions, preserved a small quantity of rein-deer's flesh under some stones; but to prepare a stock of oil for the use of winter, on which both the light and warmth of their habitations depend—to dry or preserve the surplus of food obtained either by the chase or fishing, seems beyond their knowledge or capacity—they live literally from hand to mouth, wallowing in luxury whilst they have plenty, and pining in want when all is devoured—yet not neglecting to pursue their game whilst they still have plenty, and exercising much patient perseverance in their endeavours to catch it.

No form of government can be said to exist, in the slightest degree, amongst this simple people, nor does any one possess any other authority or influence, than what he may derive from his own personal superiority—a species of distinction that must exist every where, though it is most powerfully felt in a state of society like theirs. Iligliuk, before mentioned, came in for her full share of confidence; she seems, moreover, to have been actuated by a sense of honour, which could scarcely have been expected to subsist among a people so rude and ignorant. She had been charged by Captain Parry with not having fulfilled an engagement, but the Captain's own account will best state the case.

“On the 28th, Okotook and Iligliuk coming on board, an occurrence took place, which, as it shews the disposition of the Esquimaux, and especially of one of the most intelligent and interesting among them, I may here relate:—Some time before, Iligliuk, who, from the superior neatness and cleanliness with which she performed her work, was by this time in great request as a sempstress, had promised to cover for me a little model of a canoe, and had in fact sent it to me by the serjeant of marines, though I had not rightly understood from the latter from which of the women it came. Believing that she had failed in her promise, I now taxed her with it, when she immediately defended herself with considerable warmth and seriousness, but without making me comprehend her meaning. Finding that she was wasting her words upon me, she said no more till an hour afterwards, when the serjeant accidentally coming into the cabin, she, with the utmost composure, but with a decision of manner peculiar to herself, took hold of his arm to engage his attention, and then looking him steadfastly in the face, accused him of not having faithfully executed her commission to me. The mistake was thus instantly explained, and I

thanked Iligliuk for her canoe ; but it is impossible for me to describe the quiet, yet proud satisfaction displayed in her countenance, at having thus cleared herself from the imputation of a breach of promise."

That such a woman should receive marked attention and great indulgence from our navigators, follows of course. It was necessary that they should avail themselves of every incident which could be improved to their own convenience, or the advantage of the Expedition ; many such arose, from the shrewdness and ability of this female ; and had they been fewer and less obvious, the mere meeting with one so superior to those around her, would naturally enough excite an attention which could not fail of creating those vain and self-important feelings, which an untutored mind like her's can never be expected to subdue.

"I am, however, compelled to acknowledge that, in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned with the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency, and even modesty of her behaviour, had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions ; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligliuk alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained, which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gang-way never thinking of refusing entrance to "the wise woman," as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligliuk was sent for quite as an interpreter ; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising to a degree of consequence, to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at, if she became giddy with her exaltation ; assuming certain airs which, though infinitely diversified in their operation, according to circumstances, perhaps universally attend a too sudden accession of good fortune in every child of Adam, from the equator to the poles. The consequence was, that Iligliuk was soon spoiled ; considering her admission to the ships, and most of the cabins, no longer as an indulgence, but as a right, ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or present ; became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligliuk in February, and Iligliuk in April, were confessedly very different persons ; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that a woman, who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual."

Two of the great sources of human misery, war and fermented liquors, are quite unknown to them ; this happy ignorance accounts for a great portion of the peace and quiet which prevails through their tribes. Void of all religious knowledge, and of the noblest feelings of humanity ; the perfection of all law, the divine rule of "doing to others, as we would they should do unto us," is unknown amongst them. Like other uncivilized people, they have no notion of supporting those who cannot support themselves ; and the aged, the widow, and the orphan, have little chance of

escaping the effects of destitution. All their actions are tinged with selfishness; they part with nothing but for what they fancy an equivalent; and though they accommodate each other, it is always in expectation that it will be returned when opportunity offers. They uniformly desire male in preference to female children, as the former alone can contribute to their assistance, when subject to the infirmities of increasing years. Children are sometimes adopted, but almost always males; the case of adopting a female is exceedingly rare.

The acquisition of property can hardly be carried farther than the possession of arms, a canoe, and some few very simple articles of necessary furniture; and even these are far from being very generally coveted. In one tribe there were above twenty men capable of managing a canoe, and not more than five or six of them possessed, or desired to possess one: they have not tamed the rein-deer, nor have they any idea of the relation of master and servant.

Their general character for honesty is very creditable. The exceptions are very few, and the temptations must often have been very great. Their connubial fidelity has no claim to our admiration; and living in the close quarters to which they are confined, nothing like delicacy can be expected. Bigamy is not an uncommon practice.

“Twelve of the men had each two wives, and some of the younger ones had also two betrothed; two instances occurred of the father and son being married to sisters. The custom of betrothing children in their infancy is commonly practised here, in which respect these people differ from those of Greenland, where it is comparatively rare. A daughter of Arna-neelia, between two and three years old, had long been thus contracted to Irotook's son, a hero of six or seven, and the latter used to run about the hut calling his intended by the familiar appellation of Noolle-a (wife), to the great amusement of the parents. When a man has two wives, there is generally a difference of five or six years in their ages. The senior takes her station next the principal fire, which comes entirely under her management; and she is certainly considered, in some respects, superior to the other, though they usually live together in the greatest harmony. The men sometimes repudiate their wives without ceremony, in case of real or supposed bad behaviour, as in Greenland, but this does not often occur. There was a considerable disparity of years between many of the men and their wives, the husband being sometimes the oldest by twenty years or more, and this also when he had never married any former wife. We knew no instance in which the number of a man's wives exceeded two, and indeed we had every reason to believe that the practice is never admitted among them. We met with a singular instance of two men having exchanged wives, in consequence merely of one of the latter being pregnant at the time when her husband was about to take a long journey. The authority of the husband seems to be sufficiently absolute, depending, nevertheless, in great measure, on the dispositions of the respective parties. Iligliuk was one of those women who seem formed to manage their husbands; and we one day saw her take Okotook to task in a very masterly style, for having bartered away a good jacket for an old useless pistol, without powder or shot. He attempted at first to bluster in his turn, and with most women would probably have gained his point, but with Iligliuk this would not do; she saw at once the absurdity of his bargain, and insisted on his immediately cancelling it, which was accordingly done, and no more said about it. In general, indeed, the husband maintains his authority, and in several in-

stances of supposed bad behaviour in a wife, we saw obedience enforced in a pretty summary manner. It is very rare, however, to see them proceed to this extremity; and the utmost extent of a husband's want of tenderness towards his wife, consists, in general, in making her walk or lead the dogs, while he takes his own seat in the sledge and rides in comfort. Widows, as might be expected, are not so well off as those whose husbands are living, and this difference is especially apparent in their clothes, which are usually very dirty, thin, and ragged; when, indeed, they happen to have no near relatives, their fate, as we have already seen, is still worse than this.

"I fear we cannot give a very favourable account of the chastity of the women, nor of the delicacy of their husbands in this respect. As for the latter, it was not uncommon for them to offer their wives as freely for sale as a knife or a jacket. Some of the young men informed us that, when two of them were absent together on a sealing excursion, they often exchanged wives for the time, as a matter of friendly convenience; and, indeed, without mentioning any other instances of this nature, it may be safely affirmed that, in no country is prostitution carried to greater lengths than among these people. The behaviour of most of the women, when their husbands were absent from the hut, plainly evinced their indifference towards them, and their utter disregard of connubial fidelity. The departure of the men was usually the signal for throwing aside restraint, which was invariably resumed on their return. For this event they take care to be prepared by the report of the children, one of whom is usually posted on the outside, for the purpose of giving due notice."

The arts, of course, exist in a very low degree, yet are not entirely unknown. The article most in demand amongst them is wood, and the country producing none, not even a shrub, they can have no supply, but from the drift wood from the Polar Sea, which is thrown up on their Western coast extending northwards from Wager River, to which Captain Parry has given the name of Melville Peninsula. For all the purposes of building, frozen snow is their universal material; they cut it into masses, and build walls with it: they construct huts with the same, and cover them with domes raised of the same substance: and when the circular courses are brought within a certain compass, the hole is neatly closed with a piece of transparent ice, which admits a sufficient portion of light to render these habitations far more comfortable than has been imagined. It is truly surprising to see so ignorant a people acquainted with the structure of the arch, a principle unknown to the architects of Palmira and Persepolis. The taste for drawing appears to be prevalent amongst them; and in spite of those habits of selfishness which are inseparable from their semi-barbarous state, the kindlier affections sometimes displayed themselves with vigour.

"Tooloak, who now considered himself as quite privileged to find his way into the cabin without a conductor, and was not backward in thus practising his newly-acquired art of opening and shutting the door, sat with me for a couple of hours on the 18th, quietly drawing faces and animals, an occupation to which he took a great fancy; and we were often reminded, by this circumstance, of a similar propensity displayed by his amiable countryman, our lamented friend, John Sackhouse. We soon found that Tooloak possessed a capacity equal to any thing he chose to take an interest in learning; and could he, at his present age, have been voluntarily removed from his companions, and his attention directed to the acquirement of higher branches of knowledge than that of catching seals,

he would amply have repaid any pains bestowed upon his education. I had always entertained great objection to taking any such individual from his home, on the doubtful chance of benefiting himself, or of his doing any service to the public as an interpreter. My scruples on this head had hitherto been confined to the consideration due to the individual himself, and to the relatives he leaves behind. In our present case, however, not the smallest public advantage could be derived from it; for it had long ago become evident, that we should soon know more of the Esquimaux language, than any of them were likely to learn of English in any reasonable period of time. I was, therefore, far from desiring to receive from Toolooak an answer in the affirmative, when I to-day plainly put the question to him, whether he would go with me to *habloana noona* (European country). Never was a more decisive negative given than Toolooak gave to this proposal. He eagerly repeated the word *na-o* (no) half-a dozen times, and then told me, that if he went away his father would cry. This simple, but irresistible appeal to paternal affection, his decisive manner of making it, and the feelings by which his reply was evidently dictated, were just what could have been wished. No more could be necessary to convince those who witnessed it, that these people may justly lay equal claim with ourselves to these common feelings of our nature; and having once satisfied myself of this, I determined never again to excite in Toolooak's mind another disagreeable sensation, by talking to him on this subject.

"After remaining with them a couple of hours, and proposing to spend the following day amongst them, we set out on our return to the ships. Being desirous of trying their disposition to part with their children, I proposed to buy a fine lad, named Toolooak, for the very valuable consideration of a handsome butcher's knife. His father, apparently understanding our meaning, joyfully accepted the knife, and the boy ran into the hut to fetch his mittens, which seemed to be all that he cared for in leaving his home. He then set off with us in high spirits, and at first assisted in drawing a sledge we had purchased to carry our things; but as he begun, by our additional signs, more clearly to comprehend our true meaning, he gradually relaxed in his zeal to accompany our party; and being afterwards overtaken by a number of his companions, he took an opportunity to slink off among some hummocks of ice, so that when we arrived on board, Toolooak was missing."

Their knowledge of arithmetic is very limited; most of them could count five, very few indeed could go on to ten, and beyond that they seemed to have only a confused idea of a number that could not be expressed. Their language is singularly copious, and its inflection varied almost to infinity; it is also very soft and harmonious.

We should fail of doing justice to our brave and enterprising countrymen, if we omitted our tribute of praise, most justly due, to their kindness and liberality. Their humanity shewed itself on every occasion which offered of relieving the sufferings, supplying the wants, healing the diseases, or mitigating the pains of these poor people, and that with a promptness which must exalt them in the estimation of every man whose heart is in the right place. We admire their skill, perseverance, and intrepidity; but these are connected with their professional duties, and will be rewarded by those who are entrusted with the administration of that line of service: but their constant attention to lessen the misery, and promote the comfort of the poor and wretched of these wandering tribes, give to their character a real dignity and elevation.

The enquiry will now be made, What advance is there towards the attainment of a North-west passage, the object for which the Expedition was sent out? We reply, a great deal—we have now ascertained the existence of such a passage, and the two openings through which alone it can be made;—this is bringing the subject within very narrow limits. The existence of an open sea on the Western coast of Melville Peninsula is also established beyond all doubt. Open sea has also been discovered at the mouth of M'Kenzie's and Coppermine river,—at that of the last the coast has been surveyed for a great extent, when it was found to turn Eastward in the direction of Repulse Bay; there is, therefore, scarcely a doubt but if Captain Parry could have passed the ice in the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, he would have been able to continue his voyage, without interruption, to the Coppermine River; and most probably, thence to M'Kenzie's River and Icy Cape; but the barrier of fixed ice in those Straits, leaves little hope of being able to penetrate to the Polar Sea by that channel. It will be necessary to renew the attempt by Lancaster Sound; and Prince Regent's Inlet offers itself for another trial, which we hope will be more successful than the former one. Captain Parry, however, on that occasion, merely looked into it, and finding it blocked up with ice, he returned to proceed up the Western Channel. Had he staid a few days in Regent's Inlet, he might have seen the ice broken up, and carried away; or he might have ascertained whether it was a permanent barrier, which left no hope of any disruption that might have ever rendered it passable. If he effects a passage here, as we expect he will, he will then have a voyage of only four hundred and fifty miles to Cape Turnagain, and about twice that distance to Icy Cape; and as it is very probable that these seas are commonly free from any ice that can obstruct his voyage, he may be expected to double that point before the end of this summer. But should that not be effected, he may find a secure place to winter in between the limits of the Polar Sea, and may pass into the Pacific Ocean early in the following season.

That the principal difficulties attending this voyage will be surmounted, as soon as the passage through the Straits into the Polar Sea is accomplished, we may fairly conclude, from the fact that those parties who have reached the shore of this sea, M'Kenzie, Hearne, Franklin, the Esquimaux, and last of all, Ross and Bushnan, though they had only a glimpse of it, all agree that it was quite open water, no ice or other impediment offering to obstruct the navigation. If the question is asked, whence comes the ice which blocked up the passes leading to it?—we answer, from the Northern parts of that sea; and the motion of these masses in that direction powerfully confirms the reasons on which our expectations are established.

Let those who differ from us turn their attention to the Pacific Ocean,—let them consider its form, and the operation of those powers by which the tides are raised. They will immediately observe the extent to which the sea spreads itself towards the South, and the very narrow limits within which it is confined to the North. The causes operating to raise the tides, act with the greatest force on the part within the tropics, elevating the waters to their extreme height; but when these causes cease to act, and the water, no longer supported by them, returns to its level, (being equally distant from the North and South poles,) its reflux will be equal towards each of them, unless opposed by some intervening barrier. The expanse of water to the South affords the great supply for the formation of the rising tide, and receives back its portion diffused over the same wide space, and

therefore it produces only a very slight effect ; but the confined limits on the North render the effects of the returning water on that side very perceptible. The converging shores of Asia and America offer a barrier to it, and the waters are compelled to run in a N. E. and N.W. direction ; and if the Straits of Weigater did not open an escape for them, a most tremendous swell must be formed in the concave which would then exist : but through these Straits they find a passage, and have been observed to turn their course with considerable strength to the Eastward round Icy Cape. In this course they cannot collect any icebergs, not having passed through a climate which could form them ; but they collect wood, the produce of those countries, along the shores of which they have so long swept their way ; and urging their course towards the East, they carry with them the ice broken up from the polar regions, and driven by the winds into their current thus formed, and with it the wood brought from a more genial climate ; thus furnishing the poor Esquimaux with a scanty, though valuable supply, of an article so necessary to them : and which, for reasons now sufficiently evident, they find upon the Western, but not on the Eastern coast of their barren country.

We rejoice to find that Expeditions are now proceeding to various parts, from which we anticipate most important results ; sincerely hoping that the parties engaged in them will not be exposed to the sufferings and distress which befel them in their former voyage. Captain Franklin, we understand, is to proceed in company with his friend, Dr. Richardson, to the mouth of M'Kenzie's River : the former will then commence a survey of the coast Westward of Icy Cape, whilst the latter will engage in the same service Eastward, to the mouth of Coppermine River. We also hear that Captain Lyon will sail in the Griper gun-brig to Repulse Bay, whence he will pass over the Isthmus connecting Melville Peninsula with the Continent of America, and carry on a survey of the shores of the latter from the point where he shall reach the Polar Sea to Cape Turnagain : these three Expeditions will, in all probability, put us in possession of the whole of the line of coast.

The Plate with which we beg leave to present our readers, in illustration of this interesting subject, affords a view of the stupendous Cataract in Barrow's River ; connected with a lively representation of the manner in which the native tribes hunt the rein-deer, at the seasons when the latter are passing the salves, or to and from the islands, with which their shores are so frequently studded.

TO YOUNG ATTORNIES.

" Now hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner."

SWIFT.

THE world will judge you, and esteem,
Or censure, just from what you seem.
This, then, of course, must be your plan ;
Seem well—no matter for the man.
Now, to accomplish this, I hold,
You must be impudent and bold ;
Thro' thick and thin undaunted push,
Nor own the weakness of a blush.

That stamp which heav'n in bounty gave,
 To mark the gen'rous, mild, and brave;
 And meant as a peculiar grace
 To dignify all human race;
 Deny'd to brutes, by nature's plan,
 And only to be seen in man;
 To pride, an utter stranger grown,
 To folly and her sons unknown,
 Is, by the temper of the times,
 Become the very worst of crimes;
 Instead of serving to adorn,
 Subjects of contempt and scorn;
 Esteem'd, at every hour and place,
 A mark of folly, a disgrace
 To manhood, and a fault, proceeding
 Merely thro' want of sense and breeding.
 Now trust me, 'tis absurd to dream
 Of striving against fashion's stream;
 The vilest puppy in the nation
 Will thrust you back, and seize your station.
 Be bold; blush not, but be advis'd,
 Or tamely bear to be despised.
 On barefac'd *impudence* depend,
 And know her for your firmest friend:
 Experience, ev'ry hour may teach,
 That all things lie within her reach;
 She gives, at once, both sense and spirit,
 And bears down modesty and merit.
 To dunners fly for your defence,
 Pay small regard to men of sense;
 When *men of sense* to law proceed,
 The case is pitiful indeed,
 And you may swear, that nothing less
 Than mere necessity must press.
 If, then, you stand in need of tools,
 By all means fasten upon fools;
 For, while you live, you may depend,
 A fool will prove your greatest friend.
 Let all your cunning be applied
 To pry into his *weakest side*;
 Then soothe his darling passion still,
 And you may mould him to your will.
 A client comes to take advice,
 By no means let him ask you twice;
 No doubt or diffidence express,
 But at all hazards, boldly guess;
 Be quick, and solve the point at once,
 Else he will take you for a dunce:
 A clearer case you never knew,
 He must his remedy pursue;
 He cannot fail, in such an action,
 To gain most ample satisfaction;
 A verdict, and without dispute,
 His damages, with costs of suit.
 Thus lead him to your gulph profound,
 (*That gulph where thousands have been drown'd!*)
 His spirits fire, dispel his fears,
 And souse him over head and ears:
 Nor will it signify a groat,
 Whether the carcase sink or float:
 To you the consequence is small,
 You need not be concern'd at all;
 For should, by some unlucky flaws,
 You (blundering) lose your client's cause;

And he, his expectations cross'd,
 Be bound to answer to the cost,
 Again to *impudence* resort,
 Lay all the blame upon *the court* :
 Rise up, and in a horrid fury,
 Curse *judge*, and *evidence*, and *jury* !
 You, if the point were *fairly tried*,
 Had *law and justice* on your side ;
 'Twas very hard, but (fire your blood),
 You did as much as mortals cou'd.
 You thus all censure will confound,
 Your credit shall be safe and sound ;
 You still shall be reputed clever,
 And get as many fees as ever :
 And, should that busy meddling guest,
 That bugbear in the coward's breast,
 That beggar, who sometimes (by stealth)
 Will visit e'en the sons of wealth,
 But wandering far above her sphere,
 She seldom finds a refuge there, —
 Call'd *Conscience*, dare (without your leave)
 To come and pluck you by the sleeve ;
 With such a wretch disclaim alliance,
 And boldly set her at defiance.
 Shall *Conscience* at your elbow stand,
 And from the fee withhold your hand ?
 When clients crowd, shall *she*, unseen,
 Step in and thrust herself between ?
 Tell her, she much her man mistakes,
 You credit not one word she speaks.
 Contempt and poverty her lot,
 Bid her begone—you know her not ;
 Bid her to women and to fools
 Deal out her antiquated rules ;
 Or haunt the cottage of the poor ;
 Or knock at superstition's door :
 These she may scare, but *men of law*,
 Are much too wise to stand in awe,
 Well knowing, he who wears her chains,
 Must die a beggar for his pains :
 Foe to your peace, and int'rest too,
 She's no fit company for you ;
 For you, whose study, to a man,
 Must be —*get money—how you can*.
 In company prate much, and loud,
 Be stupid, positive, and proud ;
 Put on a most important face,
 And swear with a becoming grace ;
 'Tis a sure evidence of breeding,
 This, ev'ry coxcomb has agreed in :
 An oath, when sense is at a stand,
 Will still be ready to your hand ;
 At every pause will help you out,
 And fill up ev'ry blank of thought.
 Your argument by no means quit,
 'Twill blast your credit to submit.
 What tho' the foe should press too hard,
 Take courage, stand upon your guard ;
 Call Froth and Fury to your aid,
 And *Impudence*, all pow'rful maid !
 You conq'ring *Impudence* will shield,
 And bear with honor from the field ;
 Sense, Wit, and Truth before her fall ;
 In short, *she tramples upon all*.

EDGAR.

THE LOVES OF EDWARD BROWNE AND ELLEN, OF SCORESBY HALL.

AUTUMNAL *delights*, harvest *pleasures*, and rural *festivities*, had surrounded the "*Hall of Scoresby*," when one Edward Browne, habited in a shepherd's dress—a kind of pea-green jacket—his throat *a-la Byron*, and a "staff with an ivory crook," the very antipodes of poetry and romance—appeared at the door. His countenance had an expression completely at war with his appearance; it was really noble, and taken individually gave an idea of high birth, and superior station. His features were regular and manly, his brow lofty, and shaded by thick glossy curls: and the young ladies of the family were induced to imagine that he was some runaway youth, who had come to offer his services by way of a frolic. That he *did* offer his assistance—that he entered the family of the Scoresby's—that he became a general favourite with every member, is "*most clear*." Dubious conjectures veiled, at this time, his proper character. Ellen, a lovely girl of seventeen, scrutinized every action, and really had many complaints to make against him; but yet it was rather singular, she always took his part when her father, or any of the family, found fault with him, and blushed *most bewitchingly* when they expressed their approbation at his conduct.

Edward was rather partial, at the close of the day, to saunter by an adjoining wood, and exercise his little pipe, on which he performed very creditably. On these occasions Ellen was very anxious, being uncommonly fond of music, to take a stroll with her sisters; and although *they* liked music very well, they never seemed so much disappointed as she did, when they missed hearing him, or the weather prevented him from following the bent of his inclination.—Ellen, independent of being a very smart housewife, had a relish for more elegant accomplishments; and, for an amateur, painted very pretty flowers and landscapes.

I must not forget to speak of the view behind her father's house, with the river meandering through his meadow; the village spire peeping above the rising corn-fields, and the whole bounded by the sombre wood. No wonder, then, that Ellen should have thought so charming a spot would make a pretty drawing; and accordingly she took it into her head to take a sketch from a little summer-house, in which she and her sisters were accustomed to spend part of their afternoons. The wood, and the meadow, and river, were already committed to the paper, when she remembered that the most delightful landscape was incomplete without a human figure. She first drew some cattle, then a dog; and at last appeared, by the side of the wood, a shepherd; and what was very singular, he seemed playing on a flageolet. She had proceeded so far when, being called away, she left the drawing on the table, where she had been sketching it. The next day, on returning to finish her performance, she was most agreeably surprised to find some one had saved her the trouble, the outlines were filled up, and all the colours looked more glowing; it was evidently finished by a masterly hand, particularly the figure of the shepherd, who strongly reminded her, as she told her sisters, of some one she had seen before, but could not tell whom. "Don't you think it is a little like Edward Browne?" asked Mary, with an arch look. Ellen did not dare to reply, or look up, but hid her face blushing in her sister's bosom. Why, or wherefore, I cannot tell, but certainly it was a curious thing, as none of the family could

draw, how the piece should get finished. Mary herself marvelled, although a girl of much acuteness.

What communication afterwards passed between the sisters we were not fortunate enough to be made acquainted with. They seemed rather reserved towards each other, but still were as tender and affectionate as ever. Edward, in the meantime, got a prodigious favourite with all the family. Mr. Snowdon, at the solicitation of Jack, made him his game-keeper, as he was fond of piping in the woods, and using his fowling-piece. And Henry had him to read for the purpose of improving his Cacology, as Lord Daberley would say. Things went on in this manner for the space of two or three months, when one morning, breakfast having waited a considerable time, Charles noticed that Ellen had not come down; and her brothers and sisters having expressed their astonishment at her laziness, as she was always one of the first, one of them went and tapped at her door. To his surprise, no one answered; he then went into the room, but could see nothing of her; the bird had evidently flown: upon his mentioning it to the family, they thought she had gone to visit one of her pensioners in the neighbouring cottage, as she frequently did for a walk; but breakfast was concluded without her appearance:—another hour elapsed, and they were under some alarm. The brothers went to all the cottages, but she had not been seen: becoming rather fearful, they determined to get their horses, and scour the neighbourhood. However, they thought it was nothing more than a girlish trick of the lovely Ellen, and expected they should only get laughed at by her on her return. Edward, or Mr. Browne, as he was now called, whose advice was asked on all occasions, was now sent for: but, wonder upon wonder, he was no where to be found. This looked amazingly odd, but none suspected, or seemed to suspect, any thing, Ellen was such a good-hearted girl, whose very happiness consisted in obeying implicitly her father, and obliging her sisters. While Edward was so trust-worthy, and honest, and of so honourable a mind, and withal so grateful, and had the interest of the family so much at heart, that all the brothers would have knocked each other down, rather than suspect his integrity. In this doubting and anxiety, determining and undetermining, they remained for some time.

A letter, delivered by a labourer, soon after their disappearance, in some measure dispelled the mystery. The brothers of Ellen swore a number of most gentlemanly oaths, and bestowed a variety of friendly wishes, which had the party they were directed to hear, he would not have felt himself in the least obliged, and the sisters shed many tears. Mr. Snowdon said but little, it was *evident he felt more*. The fact was, Ellen's heart had long since told her, that although Edward was much beneath her in point of rank, yet he was so handsome, so enthusiastic, and played so charmingly, and drew so delightfully, it was a mistake of nature, or at least of fortune, in making him a ploughman, when she evidently intended him for an accomplished gentleman.

It was discovered, shortly after the note was delivered, that a ladder was found against Ellen's window, and that it was, moreover, open when her brother entered the room, which circumstance he had forgotten before to mention. This was indeed the mode of escape, that the young couple adopted. The time was the break of day, and as they had no conveyance whatever, they had to walk till they reached the high road, when they mounted a stage coach which was passing, Edward disguised in a soldier's

jacket, and his bride in an old red cloak. They travelled upwards of fifty miles, by a very circuitous road, till they arrived at a small village. Edward seemed to be remarkably well acquainted with the old couple at whose cottage they stopped, and who received Ellen most kindly. The happy bridegroom, having already obtained a licence, the ceremony was fixed for the next day, the old cottager having most joyfully agreed to give the bride away. This event accordingly took place, Ellen having willingly cut off her long hair, although she kept a few ringlets uninjured, because Edward had always admired them so much; and was married in such a dress as became a labourer's wife.

We had the good fortune to be among the first who visited the new married pair, and although previously we had always held love in a cottage in supreme contempt, yet we saw so much of it here as excited our admiration—we were near saying, envy.

Edward, from being a very industrious young man, got so partial to his wife's society, with playing and drawing, as to do little or no work, save keeping their garden in order, and occasionally selling roots and vegetables to the neighbouring gentleman; but this seemed more for the sake of keeping up some ostensible employment, than through necessity. Edward also became reserved and dejected, and although he treated his wife with as much tenderness as ever, she could not but be affected, and anxiously enquired the cause. He told her the state of his finances was low, and began upbraiding himself that he had been the means of taking her from the enjoyment of every luxury and comfort, to share in his wants and privations. His *angel wife* checked him, by *throwing herself across his bosom* and declaring, that *with him a crust and a draught of water*, with the roof of a hovel over her head, would be a heaven in his company; while without him, all the luxuries and comforts on earth could have no charms; as long as he was contented, she would share his difficulties and hardships.

Edward proposed to her that they should leave their present abode, and seek for employment, as the spring had far advanced, at a farmer's he knew something of, many miles distant. She joyfully assented, and they accordingly set forward; Edward had made a friend of a young man, who volunteered a cart to convey his wife, who could not in her then situation bear much fatigue. They were put down at the entrance of a large town, in going through which, Ellen remarked, for the first time, something odd in her husband's conduct, who pulled his hat before his eyes, and avoided all the public streets.

When they had got out of the town, they found themselves in the grounds of a noble mansion; and to which Edward fearlessly bent his steps, saying, he knew the servants, who would get them some refreshment. "And now, my dearest Ellen," said he, in a tone betwixt gaiety and gravity, "I have a request to make, which is, that you do every thing that may be required of you." His wife cheerfully assented, as all good wives should, and they soon entered the mansion, which was the noblest Ellen had ever seen. Servants out of number were flitting about in rich liveries, some of whom seemed to recognize Edward as an old acquaintance.

They walked on through a variety of splendid rooms, till he desired his wife to sit down, and remember her promise, and he would return immediately. The poor girl, completely bewildered, acquiesced. She had scarcely been left alone a minute, before a respectable aged female,

accompanied by one or two younger ones, respectfully approached her, begging her to follow them into an adjoining room.

Having led the wondering Ellen into a bed chamber, they immediately began to undress her; upon her requesting to know their meaning, they told her such were their orders.—Ellen, who thought she was all the while dreaming, or else under the spell of some enchantment, consented, and they began to array her in a dress which far exceeded her ideas of splendour and beauty.

Having completed her toilet, they led her into a noble room, which was filled with servants in the richest liveries; she almost sinking into wonder at the astonishing change a few minutes had made. The doors of the apartment were suddenly thrown back, and a gentleman, elegantly dressed, with a star blazing on his breast, entered. His air was noble, his step dignified, and his features uncommonly handsome; she rubbed her eyes—she was certainly awake,—no, it could not be real—yet still she had seen that face before: but when the voice uttered, “servants, you see your mistress, to whom for the future look for your commands,—THE COUNTESS OF ROSEDALE!” she did not wait to hear more,—conviction had taken place. It was her own dear Edward, who had won her hand as a peasant; her heart overflowing with wonder, rapture, and love, she threw herself into his arms, and sunk beneath the ecstasy of her feelings.

The servants then withdrew. When she was in some degree composed, her noble husband, still holding her next his heart, exclaimed, “Wilt thou pardon, dearest Ellen, this deception! it was always my wish to win a maid, who would love me without any inducement which rank and fortune could bestow; and on whose affection I could rely, without a fear that should misfortune, or the villainy of the world overtake me. And thank heaven, I have found one!”

A request made in such endearing accents, could not be refused; but it was granted with a tender embrace, and one condition, that her family should be immediate witnesses of their happiness. “That you need not have asked; by the time it is dark, you will see them here.”

The rest of the day was absorbed in reflection. The Countess could not make up her mind that what had occurred was reality; it appeared so much to her like a fairy tale.

* * * * *

The messenger, having arrived at Scoresby Hall, it may be supposed he was greeted by the Snowdons most joyfully, when he told them, if they went with him he would take them to Ellen and her husband. Although the day was far advanced, the whole family instantly prepared for the journey, about which the messenger refused to give the slightest intelligence. The father and sons having mounted their horses, and the daughters being in the carriage of a friend, they set forward with the expectation of seeing their sister in some wretched hovel, suffering most acutely for her disobedience.

It was totally dark when they reached Rosedale Villa, so much so that they could not discern, upon their entrance into the house, (which was the one usually used by the servants) what sort of a habitation they were in. The party, nevertheless, made up their minds with the most Christian fortitude to meet with nothing but meanness and beggary. Their expectations were

almost confirmed, when they were shewn into a small room, which, though not so bad as they expected, did not remove their fears.

They had remained here a few minutes, when, to increase their wonder, the messenger bid them follow him. It was so dark that they hardly could discern his steps, till he came to some folding doors, which, at a signal, flew open, and discovered, to the astonished party, a gorgeous and spacious room, splendidly lighted up. They had scarcely entered, before the Earl and Countess were at the feet of the good old farmer, and in another instant Ellen was in the arms of her sisters.

The old man fairly reeled with joy, while his sons and daughters could not speak, but lavish caresses on their newly-acquired sister.

The Earl, having tenderly embraced the whole, asked forgiveness, which was readily granted, and he could no longer restrain, but gave vent to the luxury of his feelings. Oh that night was, to every soul of the circle, worth a whole life of joy and indeterminable happiness!

* * * * *

I cannot say more, than that the bond of friendship, that always existed between the Earl and the young men was doubly cemented, and that the whole family shortly after came to reside on the Earl's estate, making a union of rank, worth, and happiness: and that old Snowdon died one of the happiest, as he was one of the best, of fathers; seeing his sons beloved and respected, and his daughters ornaments to society; all blessing the name of Rosedale.*

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, constant theme of story,
Source of pleasure, source of pain,
Wherefore comst thou clad with glory,
Like a vision of the brain?

Sober Prudence bids me banish
Every thought of thee away,
But her admonitions vanish,
As the dews at break of day.
If but Ellen, maiden fairest,
Looks upon me with a smile,
Breathing love the purest, rarest,
Thoughtless, artless, void of guile!

Prudence' dictates—out of season
At such moments always prove;
What has love to do with reason?
Reason, what to do with love?

Moralists, who preach of duty,
Keep your wise but cold tirades;
They that pluck the rose of beauty,
Know its every charm soon fades.

But they would not let it wither,
Wasting all its sweet perfumes;
Wiser far, they love to gather
Each fair flower while yet it blooms.

HAL.

* This is no "airy creation" of the author's brain, but an actual narrative of an event that occurred in the Family of the E— of P— th.

LORD BYRON.

THIS distinguished, but eccentric nobleman, expired at Missolonghi, in Greece, on the 18th of April, after an illness of ten days. His heart he literally consigned to the Greeks, but his body will be brought to England. Thus, in the 37th year of his age, has this nobleman quitted a world, which he has enriched by his genius, and not a little amazed by his singularities. But that world, ever inclined to judge from appearances, while it paid the tribute due to eminent talent, unreasonably prejudged feelings of a morbid and too sensitive mind. Similar in many respects to Rousseau, suffering severely from the effects of early disappointment, (probably in love,) a voluntary exile from the land of his fathers, the noble wanderer in Italy and Greece, may not inaptly be compared to the philosophic inmate of *Vevay* or *Ermenonville*.

In the case of Rousseau, disease was superadded, as appears from his "Confessions." The unfortunate tendency of blood towards the head, produced at times a temporary delirium, influenced his whole existence, and finally, hastened its close. This, though it does not palliate his conduct, may account for many actions of his life, his ingratitude to his benefactors, and his irregular existence. Not so with Lord Byron;—his rank in life insured him a freedom from petty cares, and his early mountain habits, gave a firmer tone to his fibres. To swim across the Hellespont was what few poets would have attempted. But though the body was healthy, the mind was not. It is the usual lot of human existence, that in this curious complicated machine the parts are not always in unison. The "*mens sana in corpore sano*," for which the Roman Poet prayed, in its completest acceptation, belongs but to few. "Perhaps," as a writer, who could well estimate the wanderings of the intellect, has forcibly observed, "no human mind is at all times in its right senses." That it is often the lot of those who possess the higher powers of the imagination, to wander and to suffer, every reader of taste and judgment knows. Collins and Cowper, among many others, are melancholy instances of this truth. To this list a future age will add the name of Byron, for the present is too much interested by local events and associations connected with his life, to do adequate justice to the very peculiar frame of mind which he possessed.

I am not inclined to excuse or defend his later works. I can neither admire their beauty, nor admit their merit. Better, perhaps, had it been for his fame and his character, if he had ceased to write, and had earlier defended the Greeks. That misanthropy of existence, which gave a colour to his whole life, and which first employed itself in lamentations over its own misfortunes, and then in cynical satires upon mankind, may be lamented, but ought not to be misrepresented. No one who has read his early poems, (and who has not?) can mistake, we imagine, the feelings of the poet. The Lines to *Inez*, the Stanzas to *Mary*, are evident instances of this. In an eloquent appreciation of female beauty and tenderness, no poet has ever exceeded him. The proemical lines of *Parisina* are unequalled in ancient or modern poetry. Anacreon, Ovid, and Catullus, from the nature of Roman amorous poetry, must of course give place; nor will Moore, in this description, compete with his great rival. Many other striking passages might be adduced; that of *Beauty in the Giaour*, that of *Adah in Cain*, but these are known to every reader.

The distinguished possessor of these talents, and these eccentricities, is now no more; what future powers he might have displayed, how he would have benefitted mankind, it is now useless to estimate. But while we deplore his errors and his failings, we must admire his genius. The English Rousseau has both delighted and amazed his generation; has added one more to the list of extraordinary men, and one more to those anomalies of the moral world, which are perpetually occurring, and the secret springs of which can only be known to the great Arbiter of human life and its varying events.

Φ.

THE FALLEN TREE.

HUSH'D be the song, and mute the voice of mirth!—
 Low lays the tree which flourish'd for awhile
 On the bleak mountains of the "sea-girt Isle,"
 And promis'd to surpass the trees of earth,
 When time its beauties should have all unfurl'd.
 Transplanted to more genial climes, the shoot
 Budded and blossom'd, and gave forth its fruit,
 And grew the wonder of a stoic world.
 Mov'd once again across the mighty flood—
 Proud on the hills of Greece 'twas seen to tower,
 And as a beacon to her warriors stood—
 But in an evil, fate-commission'd hour,
 Death's dread sirrocco, sweeping o'er the shore,
 This giant sapling from its station tore!

HAL.

LOVE'S PERPLEXITY.

"The chaste, the fair, the inexpressive she!"

ORLANDO.

In all the charming train,
 Aquatic and terrene,
 Who follow Thetis in the main,
 Or Venus on the green;
 I cannot—when I turn
 Imagination's glance
 O'er fables, which so brightly burn
 Through poetry's expanse,
 Like planets in the sky,
 Whose borrow'd lustre far
 Surpasseth the mild radiance
 Of Truth's unerring star—
 I cannot, in them all,
 One fitting image find,
 Of her who has my heart in thrall,—
 My heart to thrall inclin'd.
 In each some winning grace
 My fancy can explore,
 Which decorates the form and face
 Of her whom I adore.
 But, ah! there is not one,
 Like Adeline, possess
 Of charms that spurn the mystic zone
 Of Cytherea's vest!

Æ.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE new Exhibition, in Suffolk Street, is neither entitled to the high encomiums which its friends have bestowed upon it, nor to the unsparing censure with which those, inimical to its establishment, have thought proper to load it. The fair and candid critic will consider this display of art as creditable to its professors; and if the Pictures and Drawings, here presented to the Public, cannot be ranked with the highest class of such works, they at least hold a very respectable station in their several departments. The number of Pictures is 700, that of the artists about 250, beside the members, of whom there are 27. There are five rooms. Two are occupied by Paintings, one by Drawings, another by Engravings, and the last by Models. The principal room is of very noble proportions, and, for its purpose, is far superior to any other in London; but its approach from the staircase, at one corner, is neither convenient nor judicious. As a contrivance, the lobby exhibits much ingenuity, but as an intentional design, it is extremely paltry and mean.

It would surely have been more attractive, as well as more original, if this Exhibition had been composed of a choice collection of subjects, rather than a mere repetition of the annual display at the Royal Academy. There are too many Portraits,—a class of pictures which may please those to whom they belong, but cannot prove generally interesting. The historical pieces are few, and not very meritorious. There are some good specimens of Landscape scenery, those by Hoiland and Linton are conspicuous for their merit. No. 267, *Moonlight*; 37, *Hampstead Heath*; and 30, *Brecon Castle*, by the former artist, exhibit considerable talent. Mr. Linton is very happy in his style. It is full of nature; powerful, but not heavy; rich, but not gaudy. No 46, *Gordale Scarin Craven*, is a pretty specimen. The colouring of this tremendous scene is very chaste and natural. No. 149, the *Vale of Lonsdale*,—295, *Hastings*,—and 298, *Kirkby Lonsdale Bridge*, are several among many very successful efforts of the same pencil. Mr. Glover furnishes seventeen pictures, mostly landscapes, but we are among the number of those who do not greatly admire the style of this artist. His colouring is often very natural, but his execution is too elaborate. No. 1, *Italian Scenes*,—52, *A Scene near Byland, in Yorkshire*,—and 182, *Rievaulx Abbey*, unite the merits and defects here pointed out. No. 84, *The Widow*, by Mr. Richter, possesses extraordinary merit. This picture is designed and executed with the greatest taste and feeling. The bewitching grace of the youthful widow, who is adorning herself in gay apparel, and trampling on her mourning vest, and the intelligent expression of her assistants, baffle description. The effect produced by the opposition of the crimson dress to the beautiful arm and light robe of the widow, is very splendid, and in point of fine finishing, this picture cannot be excelled.

No. 129, *Silenus, intoxicated and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne for their lazy and irregular lives*, by Haydon, possesses considerable merit both as to composition and colouring; the latter is forcible, rich, and harmonious, but the figure of Silenus, after every allowance for his nature and his drunkenness, is clumsy, coarse, and vulgar. No. 189, *Sketch for the "Entry into Jerusalem,"* by the same hand, may claim praise for its composition, but the colour is so extravagantly heavy and coarse, so affectedly bold, and so entirely destitute of that determination of outline which even

a "Sketch" should present, that it should never have escaped the artist's study. No. 219, *Sleep*, and several portraits, by Mr. Haydon, are works of considerable talent. The *Seventh Plague of Egypt*, by J. Martin, is one of the very best performances of this artist, whose style is peculiarly his own. In subjects of this sort Mr. Martin is without a rival. His colouring is perfectly correct, when it is associated with an Egyptian story, in which are prominently exhibited palaces of great extent and magnificence, temples, porticoes, colonnades, pyramids, terraces, statues, and sarcophagi. The picture now under notice is one of this description. Architecture is its prominent feature, and the accuracy with which it is outlined, and the sublimity of its effect under the aerial tone of colour which prevails in the middle distance of this interesting composition, are striking excellencies.

The *Drawing Room*, which we could have wished to have been conspicuous for the merit of its pieces, is remarkable only for the poverty of its display. This censure applies to all the subjects, whether historical, landscape, or architecture. Of the last, indeed, there are here, as in most Exhibitions, but few specimens from English originals: the views of buildings are, for the most part, very feebly executed, and the designs are unexceptionably destitute of good taste. As a specimen of the former, we name a "View of the High Street, Oxford;" and of the latter, a Design for a Cathedral. There are several good Flower-pieces, and some interesting and well-executed Portraits.

To the admirers of highly finished Engravings, the South-east room will afford extensive gratification. The collection, though not very numerous, is various and beautiful. Messrs. Heath, Engleheart, Meyer, Pye, and Reynolds, have contributed some of the best specimens of their work, and we are only sorry that we do not recognize any of the charming performances of our eminent architectural engravers. The Le Keux's, W. B. Smith, and Ranson, are able to exhibit a series of plates of English Antiquities, that would do honour to themselves and the country. The incomparable drawings of Turner receive justice from the skilful burins of Pye and Heath. *Hardraw Fall*—in a frame also containing an admirable view of *Lambton Hall*, and another of *Wycliff*, in Yorkshire—is one of the most superb specimens of Engraving ever executed. Nos. 612 and 656, among which we must particularly remark the "Junction of the Greta and the Tees," are performances of the same artist. The principal Landscape pieces by Mr. Heath, are Nos. 669 and 676,—a View from *Richmond Hill*, and *Richmond*, from *Twickenham Park*. These are some of the largest Engravings of the kind ever executed, and they are also to be numbered among the most beautiful. They are copied from drawings by *Hofland*, who has succeeded admirably in his efforts, which are calculated to display the enchanting scenery of *Richmond* to the utmost advantage. Mr. W. B. Smith's View of the noble town of *Richmond*, in Yorkshire, cannot be spoken of in terms adequate to its merit. This fine plate, as well as those before described, by Pye and Heath, were published in *Dr. Whitaker's fine History of the County* to which those places belong. The Chalk Engravings by Meyer are executed in the very best manner, as are also the Mezzotint Portraits by S. W. Reynolds.

The contents of the Sculpture Room are not remarkably interesting. Mr. Henning nearly fills the small space allotted to works of this description. His busts are not without merit, but his restoration of the sculpture of the *Parthenon* possesses considerable interest and merit. The "Model of the

late B. West, Esq. P. R. A." by C. Rossi, R. A. is a faithful likeness of that deservedly eminent Painter, and we have no doubt that the statue will prove one of the best specimens of sculpture in St. Paul's Cathedral.

O.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

Est vetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos.—HOR.

It is a common complaint, that the writings of the moderns do little more than re-echo the thoughts, and dress up the sentiments, of the ancients. 'If we can but read Homer,' it is said, 'we shall have all the ideas which we could gain by perusing the productions of the Muse in the present day.' Not to enquire into the justness of this affirmation, let us consider the superior advantages which the primitive cultivators of poetry possessed, above their modern *imitators*.

When the Muses first descended from Parnassus, and gladdened mankind by a new and engaging '*music of words*,' they had the whole range of nature and art, from which to select whatever appeared most pleasing to the imagination. They could celebrate the fragrance of the rose, the variegated colours of the rainbow, or the harmonious song of the nightingale; they could describe the din of war, and the horrors of a battle; and they could transport their hearers to 'fair Arcadia's bowers,' and the delights of Elysian fields, or to the dreary regions of Tartarus, and the snowy heights of Caucasus, without being fettered by the fear of treading in the footsteps of former adventurers. But now the case is widely different. Now, if Æneas reach Italy by the same course that he pursued formerly, the pilot is thought to have been directed by Palinurus. And if, to avoid this imputation, he deviate from the accustomed track, the vessel is seldom able to avoid the rocks of criticism. If a poor, luckless poet happen to say that the nightingale sings prettily, he is told—

'Enough has Philomela's praise
Been sung by poets, great and small.'

One cannot even invent a new death for a disappointed lover, or find any new charm in a haughty mistress, so hackneyed are the subjects. How then are poets to be blamed for not performing impossibilities? If their opponents will create a new scene of things, a new heaven and a new earth, they may expect as fine specimens of poetry as are to be found in all the writings of antiquity.

T. J. R.

THE PRIDE OF WEALTH.

As Alcibiades was one day boasting of his vast riches, and the great extent of his estates, Socrates led him to a map, and requested him to point out Attica. It was scarcely visible; they discovered it, however, with some trouble. Socrates then bid him point out his own estates. "They are far too small," answered Alcibiades, "to be delineated here." "And canst thou then," said Socrates, "be vain of an imperceptible spot of earth?"

EXTRACTS from a JOURNAL, written on the Coasts of CHILI, PERU, and MEXICO, in the Years 1820—2. By Capt. BASIL HALL, R. N. 2 Vols. Edinburgh. Constable and Co.

CAPTAIN HALL, the author of the work before us, is already advantageously known in the literary world, by the very interesting description of the Islands of Loo Choo, and their inhabitants. He is a son, we believe, of Sir James Hall, Bart., whose scientific exertions are generally known and appreciated. Having commanded the "Lyra," a sloop of ten guns, which was attached to the Embassy to China, under Lord Amherst, he was, on his return to England in 1817, promoted to the rank of Post Captain; and in 1820 appointed to H. M. S. Conway, of 26 guns, intended for the South American station, then under the command of Commodore Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, Bart. and K. C. B., the friend, and constant companion, in service, of the immortal Nelson.

THE DEPARTURE.

The Conway left England on the 10th of August, 1820; and having touched at Teneriffe, Rio de Janeiro, and the River Plata,—none of which places are, however, described,—Captain Hall received orders to proceed to Valparaiso, the principal sea-port on the coast of Chili. The passage round Cape Horn, so terrible to our early navigators, and of which such tales were told by grey-headed seamen, that "he has doubled the Cape" had become a common fore-castle expression, to denote a man more than ordinarily celebrated among its reckless tenants, for "telling tough yarns." But now, owing to the improvements in navigation and seamanship, the Cape is stripped of its terrors; and the Conway reached her destined port without experiencing the slightest accident, or any bad weather of consequence enough to deserve notice. She passed within ten or twelve miles of the Cape, which Captain Hall describes as "a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above all the neighbouring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea in bleak and solitary grandeur." Under every aspect presenting a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent. On the night previous (Nov. 25th), they had a distant but distinct view of an eruption of flame from the volcano on Terra del Fuego, although upwards of a hundred miles from them.

The manners, and domestic habits of the inhabitants of Chili, are rapidly, but characteristically described; and the officers of the Conway appear to have experienced, in common with every well-bred and honourable Englishman, who has visited the country, that almost unbounded hospitality from all classes, which is the general characteristic of South America, and which we (the writer hereof!) still remember with heartfelt pleasure,

THE LADIES IN CHILI.

Long indeed will it be, ere the full beaming eyes of the fair daughters of the soil are forgotten by us; let not our beauteous countrywomen smile incredulously, for *fair* they are, *almost* as your angelic selves; often have we marked them, peeping from beneath a profusion of long, dark, glossy tresses, and striving to look angry, when the close-formed line of petticoats,

at an evening tertulia, has at length been successfully invaded by some enterprising Englishman, while gleams of pleasure were, at the same moment, darted from beneath curls that might have excited the envy of the golden-haired Medusa, ere the vindictive Minerva had changed their form and nature; till at length, the budding rose—emblem of confidence and truth—transplanted by their own fair hands, from those tresses, of which it formed the only ornament, to the heart of the happy intruder, intimated his full and free pardon, from the lovely group around him.

TRAVELLING.

The communication by land between Buenos Ayres and Chili has been open for some years; couriers pass between the first-mentioned city and Santiago in twelve days, or on particular occasions even in eleven. The distance is 1365 miles, so that the messenger must travel, on an average, about 114 miles a-day. Post houses are established along the whole line of road, and horses are kept in constant readiness; the supply being maintained from the multitudes of wild droves which cover the Pampas, or plains of Paraguay; so numerous indeed are they, that we remember having purchased a very beautiful animal in the city for five dollars: the only difficulties to be apprehended, therefore, on these journies, arise from fatigue, bad lodging, and occasionally, perhaps, bad fare; but it is rare, indeed, that you need fear an abundant supply of beef on your journey. "Beef, of all sorts," is usually the fare of the Pampas.

OBSERVATIONS.

The cutting out of the Spanish frigate "Esmeralda," from Callao, by the boats of the Chilian squadron, under the immediate command of Lord Cochrane, in November, 1820, is described at some length. It was undoubtedly a gallant attempt, and was crowned with the success which it deserved. Had, however, the officers in command of the Spanish gun-boats done their duty, it appears to us that the assailants would have found considerable difficulty in attaining their object. The officer commanding the advanced gun-boat was taken by surprise, and what was, if possible, still worse, he became so intimidated, that no alarm was given: in consequence, his Lordship was on the Emerald's side, and almost on her gangway, before he was discovered. The frigate appears, notwithstanding, to have been most gallantly defended, and her crew to have successively rallied, and obstinately disputed the possession, first of the fore-castle, and afterwards of the main deck. When we consider that these men were, in all probability, first roused from their sleep by the appalling sound that the enemy was already on board their vessel, that they started on deck half-naked, half-armed, to oppose a force nearly equal in number (his Lordship had 240 men) perfectly prepared, and already in possession of their upper deck, it is impossible to deny them the credit due to their gallant conduct. They lost, according to Captain Hall, 120 men killed and wounded; the assailants lost 11 killed and 30 wounded. Lord Cochrane's order of attack will be read with considerable interest by naval men, and is strongly illustrative of his characteristic gallantry and decision.

From Valparaiso the Conway proceeded to Callao, the port of Lima, from which it is distant about six miles. At the time of Captain Hall's arrival (5th February, 1821), Peru still adhered to the mother country: San Martin, however, was even now, almost at "*the silver gates of the*

city of the kings,” as this capital had been proudly called, in the days of her magnificence, while Cochrane blockaded her port, and had, as already described, carried off their finest frigate from under the guns of their strongest fort. His Lordship being an Englishman, and a large proportion of his officers and crews being English, the gentlemen of the Conway were, in despite of the greatest caution on their parts, not unfrequently objects of distrust and suspicion. “A person professing neutrality is placed in an awkward situation between two contending parties; his indifference is ascribed to ill-will. The slightest expression which escapes him in favour of the other party, is resented as hostility; and any agreement on a single point, is instantly seized upon as an indubitable proof of his friendly disposition.” In consequence of this feeling on the part of the inhabitants, Captain Hall did not find himself so pleasantly situated in Peru, as he had previously been in Chili. Two of his officers were, in fact, arrested at Callao, on suspicion of belonging to Lord Cochrane's squadron; and owing to the positive manner in which they were sworn to by some designing villains, added to the political effervescence of the moment, they very narrowly escaped with their lives. Under these circumstances, the officers of the Conway were not sorry to return to Valparaiso, which they did in March, 1821.

LIMA.

Lima has been described as the “heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses;” and so, Captain Hall observes, perhaps it may be in times of peace, but the war had broken down such distinctions, and all parties looked equally miserable; or if there were any advantage, it lay with the donkeys, who, from the absence of all business, were, for the first time in their lives, exempted from labour.

The Conway returned to Peru, and arrived in Callao roads, at a most interesting moment (June 24, 1821), as Lima and Callao were now, in point of fact, though not in point of form, closely invested by the army of San Martin: and on the 5th July, the Viceroy announced his intention of abandoning the city, and in a proclamation, pointed to Callao, as an asylum for those who felt themselves insecure in the capital. The natural consequence may be easily conceived, the city was immediately abandoned by the most respectable of its panic-stricken inhabitants.

SAN MARTIN.

San Martin's conduct, on this occasion, seems to have been dictated by consummate policy. The inveterate hatred which he bore to the old Spaniards, was for the present cautiously veiled, nor was it till his power was consolidated, that it displayed itself; it then burst forth in all its fury. Captain Hall has given his character and history at considerable length: the portrait he has drawn, however, will, by most impartial spectators, be considered rather a flattering, than a faithful likeness. His unassuming manners, his popular character, and apparent forbearance, in a country totally at his mercy, seem to have blinded Captain Hall to the darkest shades of his character, in which cruelty, and a vindictive, indiscriminate hatred of the natives of old Spain, were afterwards but too conspicuous,—some instances of which are recorded in the second volume,—at a time when the political horizon of South America, which had, to the officers of the Conway, in the first instance appeared so brilliant, had become clouded

by the mass of private misery, of which they were witnesses. Patriotic exertions, as Captain Hall very justly observes, are always thought more highly of when viewed from a distance, than when examined closely. But, even in the eyes of those who are present, the interest which a show of patriotism excites, is often at first of a very lively character. This dazzling effect, however, speedily goes off; the real characters and motives of the actors become so well known to us, that the fictitious representation of pure, disinterested, public spirit, no longer pleases; and at last we can see nothing in this revolutionary drama that is acted to the life, but the cruelty and the sorrow.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

The extraordinary character which, at this eventful period, swayed the fate of Peru and of Chili, has, we are informed, recently landed at Havre de Grace, in a state of comparative poverty, having with him but one attendant, a mulatto boy; and his annual income is said to be scarcely sufficient to allow him to live in a state of genteel retirement.

On the 10th of August the Conway left Lima, to return to Valparaiso; and in October, sailed from thence for Concepcion, the frontier town to the Southward. Captain Hall's object being to discover what had become of certain English and American seamen, lately made prisoners by a piratical chief, of the name of Benavides, whose head-quarters were at Aratuco, the capital of an unconquered Indian district of the same name. The history of this ruffian is curious, and reminds us of the old tales of the Buccaneers; we extract it as a fair specimen of the style in which these unpretending, yet interesting volumes are written.

BENAVIDES.

"The history of Benavides is curious.—Benavides was a native of Concepcion, and served, for some time, in the Chilian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the battle of Maypo in 1818. He was of a ferocious character, and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders, he was sentenced to death, along with his brother and other delinquents. Accordingly, the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago, and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded, was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the Gallinazos, a species of vulture. The sergeant who superintended this last part of the ceremony was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, and gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also, without flinching, and lay like a dead man amongst the others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a neighbouring cottage, the generous inhabitants of which received and attended him with the greatest care.

"General San Martin, who was at that time planning the expedition to Peru, and was looking about for able and enterprising individuals, heard of Benavides being still alive, and knowing his talents and courage, considered him a fit person to serve some of his desperate purposes in those trying times, when to gain the great object in view, there was little scrupulousness about the means. It is even said that the bold ruffian himself gave informa-

tion of his being alive, and invited San Martin to hold a secret conference at midnight, in the centre of the great square of Santiago. The appointed signal was to strike fire from their flints three times; a mark sufficiently conspicuous for the purpose of distinction, yet of a nature calculated to excite no suspicion. San Martin accordingly, alone, and provided with a brace of pistols, went to the spot, where he encountered Benavides similarly armed. After a long conference with the desperado, whom he finally engaged in his service, he settled that Benavides should, for the present, serve in the Chilian army, employed against the Araucanian Indians in the south; but should be ready to join the army in Peru, when the expedition sailed. This was ill judged in San Martin; for Benavides soon quarrelled with the Chilian General, and once more changed sides, offering his services to the Indians, who were delighted to obtain so brave and unrelenting an associate. In a short time, his experience and congenial ferocity gave him so great an ascendancy amongst this warlike race, that he was elected Commander-in-chief. He soon collected a respectable force, and laid waste the whole of the Chilian frontier, lying along the right bank of the great river Biobio, to the infinite annoyance of the Chilians, who could ill afford troops, at that moment, to repel these inroads, nearly the whole resources of the country being required to fit out the expedition against Peru.

“Benavides, taking advantage of this favourable moment, augmented his authority amongst the Araucanians, by many successful incursions into Chili; till, at length, fancying himself a mighty monarch, he thought it becoming his dignity to have a fleet as well as an army. Accordingly, with the help of his bold associates, he captured several vessels. The first of these was the American ship *Hero*, which he surprised in the night, as she lay at anchor off the coast. His next prize was the *Herselia*, an American brig, which had sailed on a sealing voyage to New South Shetland, and after touching there, had come on to the Island of St Mary's, where she anchored in a small bay exactly opposite to the town of Arauco, the capital of the country, and the well-known scene of many desperate contests between the old Spaniards and the unconquered Indians of that territory.

“While the unconscious crew were proceeding, as usual, to catch seals on this island, lying about three leagues from the main land of Arauco, an armed body of men rushed from the woods, and overpowering them, tied their hands behind their backs, and left them under a guard on the beach. These were no other than the pirates, who now took the *Herselia*'s own boats, and going on board, surprised the captain and four of his crew, who had remained to take care of the brig; and having brought off the prisoners from the beach, threw them all into the hold, closing the hatches over them. They then tripped the vessel's anchor, and sailing over in triumph to Arauco, were received by Benavides, with a salute of musquetry fired under the Spanish flag, which it was their chief's pleasure to hoist on that day. In the course of the next night, Benavides ordered the captain and his crew to be removed to a house on shore, at some distance from the town; then taking them out one by one, he stripped and pillaged them of all they possessed, threatening them the whole time with drawn swords and loaded musquets. Next morning, he paid the prisoners a visit, and having ordered them to the capital, called together the principal people of the town, and desired each to select one as a servant. The captain and four others not happening to please the fancy of any one, Benavides, after say-

ing he would himself take charge of the captain, gave directions, on pain of instant death, that some persons should hold themselves responsible for the other prisoners. Some days after this they were called together, and required to serve as soldiers in the Pirate's army; an order to which they consented, without hesitation, knowing well, by what they had already seen, that the consequences of refusal would be fatal.

"About a month afterwards, Benavides manned the *Herselia* brig, partly with his own people, and partly with her original crew, and dispatched her on a mission to the island of Chiloe, to solicit assistance from the Spanish authorities there. The brig was placed under the command of the mate, who was given to understand, that, if he betrayed his trust, the captain and his other countrymen would be put to death. This warning had its desired effect; the brig went, and returned as desired, bringing back a twenty-four pound gun, four six pounders, and two light field pieces, with a quantity of ammunition, besides eleven Spanish officers, and twenty soldiers; together with the most complimentary and encouraging letters from the governor of Chiloe, who, as a good and loyal Spaniard, was well pleased to assist any one who would harass the Patriots, without thinking it is business to inquire very strictly into the character and habits of his ally. Shortly afterwards, the English whale ship, *Perseverance*, was captured by Benavides; and, in July, the American brig *Ocean*, having on board several thousand stand of arms, also fell into his hands. The *Ocean* was bound, it was said, from Rio de Janeiro to Lima, but running short of water and fuel, had put into the island of St. Mary's, where she was surprised by Benavides. This great accession of ships, arms, and men, fairly turned the pirate's head, and, from that time, he seriously contemplated the idea of organizing a regular army, with which he was to march against Santiago, while his fleet was to take Valparaiso; and thus Chili was to be reconquered, without loss of time. He was thwarted a good deal, however, in the outset, by the difficulty of making the sailors useful; one of the most difficult tasks in the world being that of converting Jack into a soldier. The severity of his discipline, however, struck such terror into the seamen's minds, that he not only made them handle a musket, and submit to the drilling and dressing, practices utterly repugnant to their habits, but, for a time, entirely stopped desertion. He first put the captain of the *Perseverance* to death for having attempted to escape; and some time afterwards, having caught one of the seamen who had deserted, he inhumanly ordered the poor fellow to be cut to pieces, and the mangled body to be exhibited as a warning to the others.

"Benavides, though unquestionably a ferocious savage, was, nevertheless, a man of resource, and of considerable energy of character. He converted the whale spears and harpoons into lances for his cavalry, and halberts for his serjeants; and out of the sails he made trowsers for half his army: the carpenters he set to building baggage carts, and repairing his boats; the armourers he kept perpetually at work, mending muskets, and making pikes; managing, in this way, to turn the skill of every one of his prisoners to some useful account. He treated the officers, too, not unkindly, allowed them to live in his house, and was very anxious, on all occasions, to have their advice respecting the equipment of his troops. Upon one occasion, when walking with the captain of the *Herselia*, he remarked, that his army was now almost complete in every respect, except in one essential particular; and it cut him, he said, to the soul, to think of such a deficiency,—he had no trumpets for the cavalry: and added,

that it was utterly impossible to make the fellows believe themselves dragoons, unless they heard a blast in their ears at every turn ; and neither men nor horses would ever do their duty properly, if not roused to it by the sound of a trumpet ; in short, he declared, some device must be hit upon to supply this equipment. The captain, willing to ingratiate himself with the pirate, after a little reflection, suggested to him that trumpets might easily be made out of the copper sheets nailed on the bottom of the ships he had taken. “Very true,” cried the delighted chief, “how came I not to think of that before ?” Instantly all hands were employed in ripping off the copper, and the armourers being set to work under his personal superintendence, the whole camp, before night, resounded with the warlike blasts of the cavalry.

“It is difficult to conceive how this adventurer could have expected his forced auxiliaries, the Americans and English, to be of much use to him in action ; for he never trusted them, even on a march, without a guard of horsemen, whose orders were to spear any one who attempted to escape : in this way he afterwards carried them many a weary league over the country.

“The captain of the ship, who had given him the brilliant idea of the copper trumpets, had, by these means, so far won upon his good-will and confidence, as to be allowed a considerable range to walk in. He, of course, was always looking out for some plan of escape ; and at length, an opportunity occurring, he, with the mate of the *Ocean*, and nine of his own crew, seized two whale boats, imprudently left on the banks of the river, and rowed off. Before quitting the shore, they took the precaution of staving all the other boats, to prevent pursuit, and, accordingly, though their escape was immediately discovered, they succeeded in getting so much the start of the people whom Benavides sent after them, that they reached St. Mary's Island in safety. Here they caught several seals, upon which they subsisted very miserably till they reached Valparaiso. It was in consequence of their report of Benavides's proceedings, made to Sir Thomas Hardy, the Commander-in-chief, that he deemed it proper to send a ship, to rescue, if possible, the remaining unfortunate captives at Arauco.”

On the 12th of October information was obtained, that Benavides had been defeated near Chili, by the Chilian forces, and his army dispersed ; which enabled Captain Mirson and the seamen, who had been so long his captives, to return to Valparaiso. In the course of this service, Captain Hall had occasion to visit Pezelso, an Indian chief, commanding a body of native auxiliaries attached to the Chilian army. The sketch of this South American “raw head and bloody bones,” will be read with interest by such persons as are at all connected with the country, in a commercial or other point of view. These gentlemen, it seems, who appear to be the very *beau ideal* of revolutionary patriots, make it a condition of their service, that they shall never be denied the privilege of *cutting the throats of their prisoners*.

In the beginning of the second volume, some interesting information will be found relative to the mining system in Chili ; but we were disappointed in finding so little relative to the geology of the country.

In December, 1821, the *Conway* visited Payta, a place celebrated in Hanson's Voyage, as well as in the histories of the old Buccaneers ; and it is pleasant to find, that the kindness with which this excellent officer invariably treated his Spanish prisoners, is even now, at the distance of

eighty years, better known, and more dwelt upon by the inhabitants, than the capture and destruction of their town. From hence the Conway proceeded to Guayaquil, and so northward to Panama, and along the coast of Mexico, to Acapulco and San Blas: of each of which places, and of the manners and customs of their inhabitants, a brief description is given.

Mexico had at this period declared its independence, and shortly after Captain Hall's arrival, it was intimated to him, that the Guadalaxara and Tepic merchants were desirous to establish, for the first time, a direct commercial intercourse with England; and that the arrival of the Conway had been anxiously looked for, in order that arrangements for that purpose might, if possible, be entered into. It was, in consequence, soon determined, that a considerable quantity of specie should be forthwith remitted to London in the Conway, for which returns were to be made in English goods, conformably to the mode practised ever since the opening of the trade in Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres. In pursuance of these arrangements, the Conway having received on board treasure to a large amount, left San Blas on the 15th of June, 1822, passed round Cape Horn on the 14th of August, and reached Rio de Janeiro, on her way to England, on the 12th of September.

The 12th chapter of the second volume contains a view of the state of the Spanish colonies before the revolution; in which the tyrannical stupidity of the ancient colonial code is curiously, yet ably noticed. Sketches of the progress of the revolution in Chili, in Peru, and in Mexico, are interspersed in the body of the work. These volumes will be found to contain also, a variety of useful information relative to the prevalent winds, weather, and other circumstances connected with the navigation of the South Atlantic, and Pacific Oceans, which cannot but prove serviceable to naval officers, or masters of merchant's ships, on their first visit to these coasts; and we can only regret, that this information is not more copious. A table of corrected latitudes and longitudes of places on the coast is also added, from observations made by Mr., now Lieut. Henry Foster, R. N.

Were we inclined to censure parts, where the design of the whole is good, we should perhaps select the long account of the manner in which the Conway was *kedged* down the river from Guayaquil,—occupying four pages; a subject possessing scarcely any interest for landmen, but of which no professional man is ignorant; and, from its tedious nature, he will recollect it with little pleasure. The story of the priest, vol. i. p. 105, we remember to have heard told of at least twenty different persons, in as many different places; and, the amusing tale of the Viceroy and the fair Perichole, has no other fault, considered as a tale, but that it loses much of its point by the simple, but well-known fact, that the host is frequently carried in a coach in a hundred other places besides Lima.

On the whole, these volumes will furnish much useful information, both to naval officers, and to literary and commercial men. They are precisely what they are asserted to be, “Extracts from a Journal.” Thus, without any attempt at methodical arrangement, combining the *utile* with the *dulci*; and we will venture to recommend them also to the perusal of our fair countrywomen, in the hope that they will derive no small share of amusement, in the absence of a new novel, by the great *unknown*, from a description of the habits and customs of the ladies in the new world,—a description which, if not always so vivid as we could wish, is nevertheless invariably correct.

J. C. M.

HABITS OF EARL (ALLEN) BATHURST.

ABSTINENCE, (*abs-teneo*) say some lexicographers, comes from *abs*, from, and *temetum*, a kind of wine. This reminds me of a derivation I once heard, by a facetious personage, of *allegory*, from *alle*, convenient, and *gory*, belief! In truth, abstinence, so necessary occasionally to the sedentary and the studious, would be prejudicial to others. The celebrated Lord Bathurst, whose name is associated with the Augustan age of English literature, as the friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay, was by no means of abstinent habits. This nobleman lived to the age of ninety-one, and continued of a convivial disposition to the very last. After his son became Chancellor, he went down to visit his father, who invited a large party to meet him at dinner. The whole company kept it up till a late hour, with the exception of the Chancellor, who retired about twelve o'clock, on which the venerable Earl, with great facetiousness, said, "now, my friends, as the *old gentleman* is gone to bed, we can manage to take another bottle." When Dr. Cadogan published his work on abstinence in gout, the old Lord said, he should not be debarred by it from taking his bottle, because Cheyne had told him fifty years before, that he would die if he did not leave off port; "you see, however," observed he, "that in spite of Cheyne and Cadogan, I am here yet!"

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

HEAVEN deals to mortal men, from out its store,
Its ever-varying gifts, in various ways—
But no man runs his boat, with single oar,
None pocket up their neighbour's share of praise.
Thus—they who shine in blooming beauty's rays,
Are oft deficient in the upper story,
[And they who wander learning's wildering maze,
As oft want beauty's soul-dissolving glory,]
As crook-backed Pope has said or sung before me.

Some dart through time—space—death, and science wide,
Beyond creation's bounds their fancies stray,
Some nature gave o'er dunce's necks to ride,
While wit's triumphant lightnings round them play.
Some shine in talents—varied as the day,
Or tow'r—sustained by genius,—o'er the world:—
Rude mobs the voice of Eloquence obey,
Kings from their thrones by gifted bards are hurled,
And round some happy brows the wreath of sense is curled.

But high o'er all, a favour'd few are bless'd
With that which art or genius ne'er could frame:
Before it melts the snow on beauty's breast;
Sense, wit, worth, virtue, hide their heads in shame.
'Tis IMPUDENCE, the talismanic name!
Th' ascendant star of gravity and mirth—
The domineering lord of wealth and fame—
It crowns and arms its children from their birth,
Rulers of kings—Dictators of the earth!

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON LORD BYRON.

“De mortuus nil nisi bonum.”

LET the spirit of song pour the accents of sorrow,
O'er the cold urn of BYRON, her favourite child;
Each muse from her lyre grief's expression shall borrow,
The strain shall be solemn, the notes shall be wild.

In youth's early dawn, on the brow of the mountain
He drank inspiration, pure nature his theme;
And wand'ring entranc'd by the gush of the fountain,
He mus'd in the rapture of poesy's dream.

The dominion of passion, the empire of feeling,
Each pulse of the heart own'd his magic control;
To his eye wanton fancy her treasures revealing,
The bright flame of genius enkindled his soul.

“Hours of Indolence” then to the Muse were devoted,
To her inspirations each feeling was strung;
On the breeze of the morning the harmony floated,
With the rude voice of echo his native woods rung.

The stores of tradition, the legends of story,
By his magic touch liv'd again in the page,
The heroes of Ossian reviv'd in their glory,
And started to life as the chiefs of the age.

To him the rude tempest, that swept o'er the billow,
Bore the voice of the spirit that rode on the storm;
And reelin'd on the rock, the wild heath for his pillow,
With the pen of the poet he painted its form.

But not the rude scenes of his youthful seclusion
Alone warm'd his fancy, and liv'd in his heart;
There the young buds of feeling then blush'd in profusion,
The offspring of nature, untainted by art.

By culture improv'd, their perfection unfolding,
Disclos'd a heart fraught with love of mankind;
By the tendrils of love to each youthful friend holding,
Their thoughts were united, their motives entwin'd.

Thus passed buoyant youth,—and as manhood succeeded,
The stream of his ardour less rapidly flow'd;
The shoals of experience its torrent impeded,
And the thick weeds of sorrow no passage allow'd.

To far distant lands as an exile he wander'd,
To realms that to classic remembrance are dear;
There o'er the cold ashes of heroes he ponder'd,
And drop'd to their manes the eloquent tear.

"Childe Harold" shall tell of each highly wrought feeling,
As o'er the mementos of ages he stray'd;
When the deep shades of night o'er the landscape were stealing,
And the tribute to each mournful relic he paid.

To these scenes ow'd the "Giaour" its soul-thrilling beauty,
The sky-piercing mountain, the ravine's deep shade,
Where the bandit, unaw'd by remorse or by duty,
To the shaggy-mouth'd cavern condemns the sweet maid.

The "Bride of Abydos," the "Corsair's" proud daring,
Bespoke a soul worthy of deathless renown;
He saw not the chalice that fate was preparing,
Or knew not the draught had been doom'd as his own.

The dark clouds of grief o'er his destiny hover'd,
Though the sunshine of Hope still illumin'd his way;
The tempest that broke on the morrow discover'd,
The deceitful illusion that brighten'd to-day.

With disgust, from the land of his birth he retreated,
A wand'rer once more doom'd in exile to roam;
His prospects were blighted, each hope was defeated,
And he sought among strangers a rest and a home.

But the morn of that genius was blasted by sorrow,
O'er its noon a dark shadow misanthropy cast;
And it sought from the dreams of delusion to borrow,
A balm that might sweeten the woes of the past.

But let not the Muse from fond memory banish
A name that shall flourish in ages to come;
With his life may this blot on his character vanish,
And the tear of compassion be shed on his tomb!

F.

STANZAS.

I MARK'D a lovely flower,
Its leaves were gemm'd with dew,
The fairest in the bower,
It met the gazer's view;
And fondly thus, my bosom thought,
That life would ever brightly beam,
Nor deem'd the joys that fancy brought,
Were but the young heart's dream.

But soon that floweret faded,
Its gems were seen no more;
The blight each charm invaded,
And all its sweets were o'er.
It seem'd to say, an hour will come,
When sorrow's cloud will darkly stray
O'er all the scenes of youth's fair bloom,
And chase its hopes away!

G. I.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSLATION.—FRENCH POETRY.

IN the present, as well as past, rage for book-making, and in this "age of 'poetic' brass," it had often surprised me, that some of those unhappy *barbouilleurs de papier*, whose hours of idleness (and too frequently hours which *should* be of business), are employed in supplying the periodical press with its daily poetic bread, had never turned their heads or hands, for I know not which has the greater share in their productions, to a translation of some of the French poets into English verse; there not being, that I am aware of, a single translation of any of the "chef-d'œuvres" of the French poets; certainly none of note.

Impressed with this idea, and being one of the aforesaid *barbouilleurs*, I treasured it up as a discovery scarcely less important, at least to my own fame and profit, than that of a north-west passage, or a perpetual motion, resolved, when leisure should offer from the occupations of my profession, to set about a translation of nothing less than Voltaire's *Henriade*, that idol of national pride, and summit of universal perfection; indeed, so eager was I "for the fray," that a little before that leisure offered, I *stole* some hours from my proper studies, to set about that pleasing, though profitless one, of poetry.—Poetry! sweet maid, though thou wilt have much to answer for, when our Otways, Savages, Goldsmiths, Chattertons, and the long list of others, whom I remember not, and those by the world forgotten, shall rise up in judgment against thee. Yet, "with all thy faults, I love thee still." Apostrophe, *en poete*, and to proceed.—

All difficulties melted before the warmth of my first attack, and the lines glided from my brain, or from what other department of my head you are pleased to imagine, down my pen with wonderful velocity; and thus the first paragraph appeared.

I sing the hero who o'er Gallia reign'd,
A throne by conquest and by birthright gain'd;
Who, from protracted ills, had learnt to sway,
And awe the foes and factions of his day;
To conquer and forgive alike he knew,
Where honor called, or mercy claim'd her due;
Mayenne, The League, Iberia felt his ire,
And own'd a king, a conqueror, and a sire!

O heavenly truth, descend! and on these lays,
Expand the force and brightness of thy rays;
That kings once more, with thee familiar grown,
May learn from thee whatever should be known;
And to a nation, too, be 't thine to show,
What guilty troubles from dissension flow;—
O tell how discord has our country torn;
A people's ills, and prince's errors mourn;—
Here speak: and if 'tis true there was a time,
When fable might with thy sweet accents chime;
When her soft hand might deck thy noble brow,
And, by a shade, adorn—assist me now!
Upon thy footsteps let my fable glide,
To ornament thy graces—not to hide!

Still Valois reign'd, and from his faithless hand,
Th' imperial reins of this infuriate band
Flow'd at full freedom—laws were trampled o'er,
And right—and Valois rather—reign'd no more!—

No longer 'twas the prince with glory crown'd ;
 By victory early taught the combats round ;
 Whose mighty progress, Europe trembling mark'd,
 With whom his country's deep regret embark'd ;
 When from the north, so fame her hero grac'd,
 That nations at his feet their sceptres placed ;
 How station acts on man, the muse must sing,
 From dauntless warrior, sprung a slothful king !—
 Lull'd in the breast of softness on a throne,
 The weighty jewel weighed his weakness down :
 Quelus, St. Megrui, Joyense, d'Epernon,
 Reign'd in their sovereign's stead—voluptuous throng !
 Whose only tenure of their power was this,
 To plunge in joy his lethargies of bliss !

The Guises, now their rapid fortune prais'd,
 For on his errors they their grandeur rais'd ;
 And found that fatal League, in Paris known,
 The haughty rival of a nerveless throne ;
 The fev'rish mob, vile minions of the great,
 Pursued their prince, and swell'd the tyrant's state.
 His friends corrupted, from allegiance haste,
 And from the Louvre by his subjects chas'd ;
 Revolted Paris drove him from her walls,
 And all was ruin !—when Bourbon recalls
 With noble ardour, and with virtue's charms,
 Strength to the prince, and valor to his arms ;
 Leads them, still struck with wonder and with awe,
 From shame to glory, and from sports to war !—
 E'en to the city gates the kings advance ;
 Rome grows alarmed—Spain trembles for her France—
 And Europe, watchful of the glorious prize,
 On these unhappy walls directs her eyes !

In Paris was inhuman discord seen,
 Stirring to war the Leaguers and Mayenne,
 People and Church ; and from its towers amain,
 Imploring succour from the arms of Spain !—
 This ruthless monster, bloody and severe,
 The dreaded tyrant of his subjects' fear,
 To human suff'ring bounds his vengeful view ;
 Oft his own minions' blood his hands imbrue ;
 And with a tyrant-justice points the fires
 Of vengeance, on the crimes himself inspires !

Down on the west, those flowery borders near,
 Where winds the Seine's swift current, broad and clear ;
 Now the retreat from bustle and from courts,
 Where arts are nourished, and where nature sports ;
 Then the red stage, which mortal combat decks,
 Unhappy Valois there his force collects,—
 There saw we those fam'd champions of the state,
 By sect disjoin'd, united still by hate :
 Before Bourbon those mighty heroes fall,
 And in his breast are re-united all.
 Truly they said, when by his wisdom sway'd,
 They'd but one church, and but one chief obey'd.

Unable to comprise the second couplet of—

Qui par de longs malheurs apprit à gouverner,
 Calma les factions, sut vainere, et pardonner,

in one of English verse, I was compelled to stretch it into two ; but this was a liberty which I conceived every translator at *liberty* to take, although

it would be much better, I knew, to avoid it when possible, as it tends to weaken expression.

I soon, however, began to experience the difficulty of my task ; but not to be put down by trifles, I pursued my undertaking, which at every step grew more and more irksome, as the poetic ardour, and pleasing novelty, gradually wore away. However I succeeded, by dint of downright labour, nay, perfect mill-horse-work, in the completion of seventy-six lines of the original, which I had dilated into eighty of mine. This brought me down to—

“ Le pere des Bourbons du rein des immortels,
Louis, fixait sur lin ses regards paternels,” &c.

Resolved no more to yield what I considered the superiority of the English language on the point of conciseness, I laboured for an hour to reduce this to an English couplet, but, alas, in vain ; and here my translatable muse broke down upon the road, in utter despair of ever getting over the remaining 2000 lines.

On casting my eye back on this unfortunate failure, I have ruminated on the causes which might have led to it ; still unwilling to tax my own irresolution, or want of perseverance, as the true one. And that cause I think I have found in the difference in the mechanical construction, or framework of the poetry of the two nations.

Although there are writers who have contended for the superiority of the English language, in force and beauty, there are few, I believe, who have ever advanced, as a general rule, that our language was so concise, that it could always express as much in ten syllables as the French could in twelve ; and yet, until this be attained, the idea of rendering French verse into English, with any of the beauty or force of the original, must be abandoned. The French heroic measure, which is used by them in their tragedies, as well as their other serious poems, and which may be called their only national measure, consists of six feet, whereas that of the English consists of only five. And when we consider how necessary it is in poetry, that the sound and sense should act together, to produce any brilliant effect ; and how much that sound, especially in English metrical verse, should answer to the couplet, we need not, I think, seek further for a cause of my own failure, and for the absence of English metrical translations of the French poets.

This cause, which operates against our translations, has a contrary effect in favour of the French, and accordingly we find that most of our celebrated poets have been translated by the French ; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Young's *Night's Thoughts*, have both had this honour, and even Shakspeare has been burlesqued by them. But as an English translation must ever bear the marks of a compression or contraction, so, on the other hand, a French one must savour of diffuseness ; and, indeed, what can be more tame, than the translation of that fine opening of Satan's address to the sun, in the *Paradise Lost* !

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominions, like the god
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads !—To thee I speak,
But with no friendly voice. And add thy name,
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
Which bring to my remembrance from what state I fell.

Toi dont le front brillant fait pâlir les étoiles :
 Toi qui contrainst la nuit à retirer ses voiles,
 Triste image à nos yeux de celui qui t'a fait,
 Que ta clarté m'afflige, et que mon cœur te hait !
 Ta splendeur, ô soleil, rappelle à ma mémoire,
 Quel éclat fut le mien dans le temps de ma gloire.

The latter is mere milk-and-water to the cream of the former. And although there are but six lines of the French, and seven of the English, yet it will easily be observed how this is managed, when only half the substance of the original is in fact translated.

Never were two languages, I believe, less adapted for translation, the one from the other, than the French and English ; they are even more at variance than the manners of the people, of whose characteristics they seem to bear strong marks. The one is bold and vigorous, the other weak and effeminate ; while the coarseness of the former is opposed by the smoothness of the latter. Nature seems to have marked these nations for eternal opposition ; and wars and customs have cemented the bonds of enmity. May civilization and liberality polish away the rust of prejudice and national jealousy, but which, I fear, is doomed to continue until the nations themselves shall be laid

“ Beneath the lumber of demolished worlds.”

How a translation of the *Henriade* into English blank verse might answer, I have some doubts—not so much from the difficulty of the task, or the nature of the verse, but from the nature of the public before whom it must appear, and the difficulty of finding readers who would honour any epic poem of the present day with any thing beyond a perusal, for the express purpose of condemnation ; not doubting but that many would take that liberty without the trouble of perusing it at all.

But not intending to enter into the minutiae of the French verse, or to take any enlarged view of translation in general, I believe I have now said all, and perhaps more than I had at first intended, and so take my leave of the subject, with giving my advice to young poets, not to attempt to compress a line of French heroic metre into an English one ; and to consider well before they commence a blank verse translation, whether they have plenty of time *to spare*, and might not apply it to better purposes. H.

EDDA—SAXON PURSUITS.*

THE ancient Saxons placed their chief pleasure in a future life, in active military employments, and the joys of wine and company. “Tell me,” says Gangler in the Edda, “how do the heroes divert themselves when they are not drinking?” “Every day, (replies Har,) they take their arms, as soon as they are dressed, and entering the lists, fight till they cut one another in pieces. This is their diversion. But, no sooner does the hour of repast approach, than they remount their steeds all safe and sound, and return to drink in the palace of Odin.” Horses are never omitted in the Celtic mythology. Thus Gray :

“Up rose the king of men with speed,
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed.”

* Magnet, No 2. p. 21.

MY AUNT MARTHA.

"Her skill embraces all the cooking art,
Each useful recipe she has by heart;
'Tis her's to tell, with nicety and care,
The time 'twill take to roast a goose or hare;
She knows the mystery of hash and stew,
And every dish that's tempting to the view,
From British beef-steaks to a French ragout."

THE ACCOMPLISHED COOK, Canto 184.

My Aunt Martha is a notable housewife. She is continually bustling about; and call when you will, she is always in a fidget. She is a wonderful economist, and so deeply is she read in culinary science, that she is actually in treaty with a bookseller in The Row, for the publishing of a work on Domestic Cookery, which, I have little doubt, will eclipse every other of its kind. Yea, the defunct, but immortal Mrs. Rundell herself, to whom Blackwood has lately assigned the enviable office of chief turnspit to the gods, may hide her diminished head, when the collected recipes of my Aunt Martha shall edify the present race, and add new vigour to the rising generation. Then shall the half-pay sub. be taught to feast his hungry family with luxuries, of which, in moments of their greatest longing, they never dreamed. Poor lean authors shall no longer

"Pine on weak tea, thin broth, or pickled herring,"

but fatten on sixpence per diem; and half-starved paupers shall club their pence together, and sit down and make them merry. Nor is the genius of my aunt confined to the larder or the kitchen, her economy is universal; it embraces, not only every possible household expenditure, but pervades all her thoughts, words, and actions. Nay, I have even heard it confidently asserted, that nocturnal visions of well-saved eatables are continually flitting before her view when she seeks repose from her daily exertions; and there is, I know, a tradition in our family which says, that my aunt, when a child, wept bitterly for an entire afternoon, not at the diabolical doings of Jack the Giant Killer, or the lamentable history of Little Red Riding-hood, but in consequence of her father's cook having spoiled a fillet of veal by over-roasting it; so early did she feel the ruling passion of her life! She is, in truth, the most saving, bustling little body within the bills of mortality. In summer she rises with the lark; and then, if haply returning from a gay carouse, you should chance to refresh your eyes with a view of Covent Garden market,

"Where Flora and Pomona heap their sweets,
On many a tempting stall; where early peas,
(A morsel sweet, with duck of tender age,)
Pay their first visit to the greedy town,"

you cannot fail to light upon my Aunt Martha.

But lest you should, by possibility, mistake her, I shall now, my gentle reader, present her to thy mental vision:—imagine, then, a staid, active, fussy little woman, with a deal of bustle in her gait, and of self-satisfaction in her look. A small black beaver hat, with a broad velvet band, and a cut-steel buckle (a time-out-of-mind concern), adorn her pericranium; and her principal habiliment is a well-saved family relic of the last century, which partakes equally of the ancient mantle and modern pelisse, and was known in the days of hoops and stomachers by the appellation of a blue

Joseph (a term, for the derivation of which I am going to submit a query to Mr. Urban, of the Gentleman's Magazine), a coloured silk handkerchief is tied (*a la Belcher*) around her neck, and a pair of water-proof boots, of serviceable thickness, complete her foraging attire. Thus accoutred, with old Philip at her heels, in his livery of grey, with a basket under one arm, and his mistress's umbrella under the other, she sallies forth to market when the early rays of the sun are slumbering on Saint Paul's cupola, and drowsy watchmen, as they toddle to their homes, cry "past five o'clock—a lovely mor—ning."

As to matters of an intellectual nature, my aunt never troubles her head about them. *Le savoir vivre* is her great study. Not that I would have it inferred that she is a disciple of Epicurus, and studies the good things of this world for her own gratification; on the contrary, she is rather abstemious in her personal appetite; and as to expensive dishes, it is one of her standard maxims, that *le coût fait perdre et goût*, the price destroys the flavour. She despises every science but that of domestic economy, and every book that does not include that topic. She admits, to be sure, that the powers of steam are wonderful in their application; but she thinks that the waste of coal, that exorbitant, but necessary article in modern house-keeping, is by no means commensurate with the utility of the invention. Her objections to gas are of the same nature. Her opinion of the great men of the age, is generally expressed with a view to their domestic habits; and thus she maintains, that Louis of France is the greatest monarch in the universe, because, it is said, he personally inspects the arrangements of the royal kitchens, and combines in his august person the wisdom of a king, and the science of a cook! (*Credite posteri!*) A certain parliamentary economist has also the good fortune of standing high in my Aunt Martha's estimation: she considers him to be the first statesman of the day, and only second in value to the never-to-be-too-much extolled Count Rumford, whose essays she delights to study. To the poor my aunt is a second Lady Bountiful; and indeed her theories for the feeding of a starving population, leave even those of the Count at an immeasurable distance: what a reduction in the poor-rates would ensue, if ministers were to act according to my aunt's suggestions! Nor does she confine her views to mere theory: twice in the week, at an early hour in the morning, her door is crowded with hungry candidates for the soup of her manufacture. In vain the Mendicity Society have remonstrated against a practice so much in opposition to the spirit of their institution; she turns a deaf ear to their representations, and seems to despise their threats. Determined in her resolution to do good on her own account, unshackled by the rules of others, she continues to distribute her buckets of broth to those whose necessities shall lead them to her door. But let it not be supposed, that even the commendable spirit, which urges her charitable purpose, has tempted her for a moment to overlook the ruling principle of all her actions—economy. Its spirit is infused into the broth, whose very essence savours of frugality; but, for me to detail the various ingredients of which it is composed, or the process adopted in the production of a beverage at once so cheap and exhilarating, would be a vain and presumptuous task: besides, as the subject of poor broth is ably and amply treated in my aunt's forthcoming system, I should but forestall the surprise and pleasure of the public, were it even in my power to do sufficient justice to this important portion of her work.

Another most excellent point in my Aunt Martha's character, is her skill in making a bargain. She can snuff a cheap auction at any given distance; and thither, be it fair or foul, posts the indefatigable spinster. Indeed, her face is as well known amongst salesmen and auctioneers, as that of Mr. Rothschild in Change Alley; and her speculations on household utensils are nearly as extensive as those of the great money-broker in the funds. She fancies she possesses an almost intuitive knowledge of the intrinsic value of every possible commodity, and thus she considers it impracticable for Christian or Jew to over-reach her in a purchase. My own belief in her infallibility, however, was, I own, considerably shaken a short time ago, when chance led me to an auction room, where I discovered my aunt contending with all her wit, to outbid a group of puffers by whom she was surrounded; and, maugre the repeated winks of her dutiful nephew, she was, in my private opinion, most egregiously duped, although she carried off her various purchases with the air of one who had just achieved a victory. In this way her store-rooms are filled with the fruits of her bargain-hunting, and she has actually been obliged to build an out-office for the reception of sundry dozens of chairs and tables, book-cases, looking glasses, old pictures, and a long list of et ceteras too numerous to mention; all which are likely to descend to her next of kin, as the mouldering relics of her economical genius.

But I fear, Mr. Merton, you begin to think that I already occupy enough of your valuable paper, I shall therefore take my leave for the present; and, should my Aunt Martha's portrait, unfinished as it is, afford entertainment to your readers, I shall take an early opportunity of presenting you with some more of my family pictures; for, to say the truth, I have descended from a stock of oddities.

BEN. BRUSH.

THE LAMENT OF OLD AGE.

DISTRACT with pain, bow'd down by age,
My peace destroy'd, my hopes departed,
Along life's weary pilgrimage
I travel, faint and broken-hearted.

Oh! that to spurn this mortal clay
To my impatient soul were giv'n!
It longs to soar away—away—
Far as the boundless realms of Heav'n.

But ah! on Death I call in vain:
It's agonizing load of care
This aching heart must still sustain,
Thro' lingering years of dark despair.

From all my woes, from all my pains,
Whither, ah! whither can I fly?
One only hope, one joy remains;—
That joy 's—to weep! that hope—to die!

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Society of Painters in Water Colours have opened their twentieth annual exhibition, at the gallery in Pall Mall East. On the whole, we do not think this collection of drawings so good as that of last year. Fielding is less striking, and Robson is decidedly less successful in his colouring and effects. With respect to other artists, however, the case is different. Prout is improved, if possible. Barret has attained the summit of excellence; and Nesfield, a young artist, is advancing with rapidity. He evidently started as an imitator of Turner, and we last year thought, though we had not an opportunity of expressing our sentiments, that he was a *lead*en imitator of that great master; then his drawings were heavy, blue, and cold, but the specimens now before us are of a superior character. This artist is very successful in his delineations of ragged rocks, and rough water, but he seems inclined to tire the public with subjects of this sort. His view of the Falls of Niagara conveys a good idea of the terrible grandeur of the scene, but we do not quite approve of the manner in which it is treated. The effect is not forcible, and we cannot better express our meaning, than by saying that a dingy hue prevails over the whole drawing. The Thunder-struck Tree, in the foreground, is a repetition of a drawing exhibited in the same room, last year, and is evidently a fanciful, though doubtless often a characteristic, object in such a scene. The view of Gordale Scar is not successful, but Mr. Nesfield's Forest scene is highly beautiful—the wounded deer in the foreground is well represented. Mr. Barret's drawings have all the force, tone of colour, and effect of the old masters. All his pieces are so full of merit, that we dare not prefer one lest we should do another injustice. We will only further remark of Mr. Barret's style, that from its simplicity and purity, it approaches nearer to nature than that which consists of a profusion of gay colours, which, however artfully managed, are not pleasing to those whose taste is established on good principles. Mr. Fielding's subjects are chiefly from Scotland. Many of these are extremely pretty, especially the pieces in which some of those storms which the artist so plentifully experienced, in common with other travellers last year, are exhibited. His most striking performance, however, is No. 100, Morning, a composition. The colouring is clear, and the effect brilliant.

Of Mr. Robson's works, No. 49, Aysgarth Forie, in Wensley Dale, Yorkshire, is to be preferred. No. 28, Lincoln, by the same hand, is not a pleasing picture. In the first place, the Minster, to which the view is entirely indebted for its grandeur and interest, is not accurately delineated; and in the next place the colouring is too monotonous, heavy, and red. Much of the workmanship is good, but it is so completely veiled in obscurity, that we can only just perceive that the artist has bestowed much labour on this large drawing. Prout's foreign views have never yet been equalled, they cannot be surpassed. We scarcely know which to admire most, the grotesque character of some of the buildings, or the grotesque costume of the figures. Both are admirably calculated for a picture, and Mr. Prout holds the pencil that is capable of doing these subjects justice. The Hotel de Ville at Cologne, furnishes several delightful views, and Nuremberg is scarcely inferior for the singularity and magnificence of its ar-

chitecture.—No. 226, Garsdale, Yorkshire, is a beautifully finished little drawing, by J. D. Harding.

Mr. Wild's architectural drawings are mostly from foreign subjects. Some of them are entitled to praise, but they are all so much oppressed with gloom—there is such a striking contrast of utter darkness, and brilliant sunshine, that from these views we can form no idea of the harmony and sublimity of a Gothic Cathedral. Mr. Nash's composition piece from the architecture and tombs of Westminster Abbey, possesses one, and only one striking defect. We allude to the spot of saffron colour. The characteristic internal hue of Westminster Abbey is grey, which the warmest rays of the sun can never heighten to the effect here represented. We regret this the more, because the rest of the drawing is entitled to the highest praise. The line of tombs in the fore-ground immediately under the procession, is coloured and finished in the most masterly manner. In subjects of this kind, and on such a scale, Mr. Nash is very eminent; his pencil is better calculated for bold effect than highly finished detail. This Exhibition contains many more drawings deserving of notice, but our limits forbid the extension of our criticisms.

O.

THE MAID OF THE MONASTERY.

THE Maid of yonder Monast'ry,
Who lives in sweet secluded rest,
Beyond all weary care is she,—
Beyond all weary mortals blest!

Peaceful her bosom,—still her heart!
Repose delights to fondle there,
From whence no sigh can e'er depart,
But in the silent breath of prayer.

How meek and humble is her mind,
Unmov'd by envy or desire;
Where not a thought can shelter find,
But those which "heav'nly joys inspire."

Think not, dear maid, yon warbling thing,
That lightly sports from tree to tree,
Tho' flaunting on its feathered wing,
Can boast more liberty than thee.

Exultingly on ethers glide,
'Tis true the wanton wings its way,
And seems thy compass'd sphere to chide,
In airy turns and cheerful spray.

But, little kens the sportive toy
The boundless scope to thee that's given!
For while it soars the pathless sky,
How far beyond you soar in heaven!

What tho' on earth you seek no scope,—
Tho' you are willingly confin'd,—
These holy walls in vain might hope
To circumbound the tow'ring mind.

Quick ebbing is the tide of joy,
That flows along this mortal course,
The hallow'd stream you seek on high,
Flows from an everlasting source!

VEDO.

DINING OUT.

On which side is the obligation? Is the favour done to him who accepts the invitation, or to him whose invitation is accepted?—If the dinner is good, the company well assorted, and the lady of the house and her husband happen to be in good humour, and to possess good sense enough to make themselves a part of the company, and at the same time to appear at home, dining-out is then a very agreeable recreation; provided a man happens to be free from dyspepsia, and has philosophy, or benevolence, or politeness enough to take with him only such of his qualities as will permit those around him to be agreeable to themselves.—In such a case the obligation is mutual. The host has the honour and satisfaction of shewing a good front to his domestic structure; and rendering some of his fellow men as happy as social intercourse can make them: moreover it lays a foundation for many a good dinner abroad. Provided the present is not in discharge for a long arrear of feasts and entertainments attended and partaken of, time after time, through a numerous circle of dinner-giving acquaintances. It is not to be denied, that dining-out is sometimes a painful operation. When the gentleman and lady disclose by their words, looks, blushes, colourings, confusion, whispers to the servants, or outright scoldings, that matters are not going on as they think fashionably; and when to relieve their own embarrassment, they embarrass all the company, by fixing attention on that which they themselves should not appear to see; and to shew how much better bred and instructed they are, than what is passing might seem to indicate; they tell their friends what a miserable cook they happen to have, and eke out a conversation for the first and second courses, on the important subject of the degeneracy of modern servants; dining out is not the most agreeable thing in the world: and the guests feel it difficult to preserve that patient complacency which politeness requires from us under all circumstances: unless they are waggish or audacious enough, to enjoy the confusion which they witness, and to carry home a satirical report of it.

The whole business of practical philosophy, as to the animal nature of man, is to feed him and keep him warm. Chemistry, Botany, in short, the whole circle of Art and Science is directed to these objects. But what a prodigious difference is there between that sort of feeding and warming which simple nature demands, and that which superfluous wealth, and educated luxury have made necessary! When a man is invited to dine out (which is a very different matter from going home to take pot-luck,) he should think seriously of the proposition—he should bear in mind how many of the best efforts of skill and industry are to be put in action for his accommodation; and if he accept the invitation, nothing on earth should move him to disappoint the good people who are content to make costly and laborious preparations for his reception and entertainment. What consultations, the borrowings, hirings, using, wasting, fretting, scolding, waxing, heating, cooling, it would be highly indecorous to describe. No gentleman of good-breeding would do it, any more than his lady would receive the company in the infernal region where this process is going on.

But oh misery of miseries!—An hour before the fruition of these delightful toils, after every thing is actually in the pots and in the pans; before the fire, and in the oven; one third or one half of the few expected send

word, without the least regard to natural justice, or to the effect of promises and obligations that they cannot come!—The table is laid, the culinary processes, founded on a truly scientific scale of accordance and suitabilities, must go on. The absence of a part would mar the beauty of the whole! and yet such a table, and so much dinner, for so small a company! It is too late to ask any body else! The scene is too painful for human sensibility.

As “dining out,” seems to be the principal business of life; the object for which we toil; the great theatre, on which we hope our children will advantageously show the accomplishments and excellencies of their person and intellect;—permit me to suggest some rules, as ancient as the suppers of Lucullus.

1. From the moment one is invited to dine, the *invited* should decide whether he will go or not; he should answer immediately and unequivocally, and should act according to his answer. It is the very excess of ill-breeding to say, *I will come if I can*; for the same preparation of time must be made, as if the answer were categorical. And the man who gives the invitation may lose the chance—*of dining out himself*.

2. When the company is assembled in the drawing-room, there is sometimes an awkwardness and embarrassment, which it is very disagreeable to feel or to see;—the object of *dining out* being to escape beyond the latitudes of nature as much as possible; the remedy for this evil is not to think of one's self. Every man should let himself alone entirely, and think only of the wishes, wants, and feelings, of those around him. In short, he must feel that his associates are *dining out*, and that he is placed at the same table for their amusement, and at their service.

3. It is very ill-bred to refuse any thing that is offered. The true tact of a dining-out gentleman is to shew his *capacity*. He must do honour to the taste displayed in the original selection of the articles; to the manner in which they are served; to the cordial solicitations of his host and hostess, that he would “try” *this*, which came through such a medium; and *that*, in which their cook is allowed to excel.

4. Not to feel, next morning, that one's head is as big as *two* heads, is in effect—to admit that we have not eaten *two* dinners *at once*, as every well-bred man, who dines out, is presumed to do:—Not to feel, over the whole surface of the skin, as though one had been wrapped and rolled in *cobwebs*, is to shew, that one is so vulgar or silly, as to permit choice wines to pass by unenjoyed.

5. Every gentleman who follows the business of “dining out,” should form a close connexion with a good physician, who will study his constitution, and find account in keeping the gentleman on his legs as long as possible. Speedy and skilful remedies, upon a subject naturally sound, well-constituted, and well understood by experience, have been known to baffle *chronics* a surprising length of time; to wrest from the gripe of the *acutes*; and restore the patient to the dinner table again and again.

In fine, what character among men, is superior to that of the gentleman who *dines out*?—He is the friend and patron of the arts and sciences; all human industry, in all corners of the earth, looks to him for patronage and reward; but for him the happiest efforts of genius would perish unregarded.

THE MONTH OF MAY.*

Oh! May is the fairest month of the year,
For its skies are cloudless, its sunshine clear,
And creation, attired in vernal bloom,
Bursts asunder the bonds of her wintry tomb,
All bright as the souls of the blest shall be,
When they rise to exist immortally!

'Tis the dawning of summer, and noon of spring,
'Tis the month of beauty and blossoming,
While the blush is still on the snowy bud,
As brilliant and pure as the mantling blood,
That flushes with crimson the virgin's cheek,
And tells of the passion no words may speak.

'Tis the month of lightness, and love, and joy,
Then hail its approach with ecstasy!
Hail its approach with the voice of song!
For oh 'tis the sweetest and best among
The seasons, which roll on the tide of time,
And incessantly vary this changing clime.

'Tis the month when the skies with melody ring,
And the hills and the vallies exultingly sing;
And the zephyr's breathings inhale a perfume
From flowers, whose beautiful tints illumine
The verdure, and spangle like lucid gems
Which glitter on Monarchs' diadems!

Its smiles have painted the butterfly's wing,
Which on fragrant breezes is fluttering!
It has kindled again the glow-worm's light,
Which sparkles throughout the waning night;
'Tis welcom'd in nightingale's lays of love,
And murmurings soft of the turtle-dove!

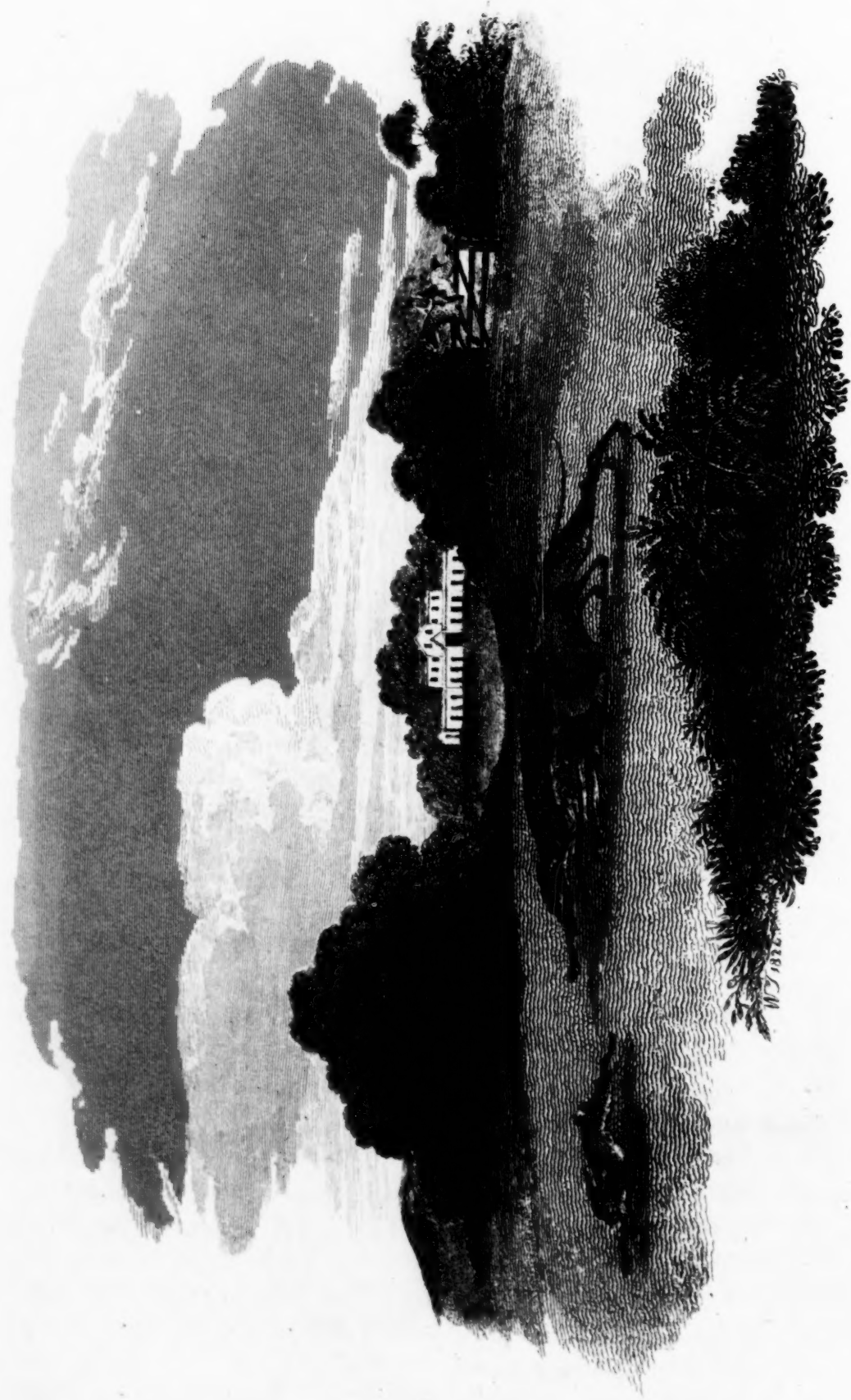
And its dews are sweet as the gentle showers
That freshen the hues of Elysian bowers—
But its reign is transient, it swiftly flies,
'Tis too lovely to last in these lower skies;
And its brightness must fade, and its bloom decay,
And its beautiful flowers soon wither away!

I. R.

Evesham, 13th May.

EPIGRAM.

MONEY thou ow'st me,—prythee fix a day
For payment, though thou never pay;
Let it be doomsday:—nay, take farther scope:
Pay when thou'rt honest,—let me have some hope!



MY COUSINS IN THE COUNTRY.

Published by William Charlton, Wright, 65, Paternoster Row, London.

MY COUSINS IN THE COUNTRY.

With a Plate.

To Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace which makes up our delight;
We have spirits like fire, and in wealth each a stock,
That our pulse strikes the rounds as true as a clock:

Hark away! hark away!

While our spirits are gay,

Let us drink to the joys of the next hunting day.

SPORTING SONG.

THE repeated invitations of my Country Cousins had at length determined me to pay them a visit. Accordingly, having equipped myself in due order for the excursion, I took my seat in a western stage, and, after a journey of some forty miles, found myself within a short walk of Harmony Hall, and its adjacent domains, being the joint property of my afore-said respected kinsfolk. The pursuits of a military life, had estranged me from my connexions for many years, and the incessant variety of scenes and faces I had witnessed during the long and glorious campaign which closed with the deliverance of Europe, had tended, in a great measure, to diminish my youthful friendship; and, as I never knew the pleasure of possessing a father's love, or of enjoying a mother's care, having been left an orphan before I was conscious of such blessings, I looked back on England, after the first year of my campaigning, with no particular feeling of affection, beyond that which I shall always entertain for the country of my birth. But,

"Grim visaged war having smoothed his wrinkled front,"

and the convulsions which agitated Europe, prior to the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, having subsided at the voice of peace, I repaired, with the remnant of my gallant regiment, to old England, for whose weal we had fought and conquered. A few months after my arrival, I received an invitation to rusticate with my Cousins Joseph and Jonathan, after, as they expressed it, "nine years of forced marches and hard fighting." Conceiving, however, for I am naturally proud and independent in my notions, that my Cousins' invitation was more the result of courtesy than friendship, and feeling that a Captain with the prospect of H. P. and the certain loss of an arm, was a being, whose weight in the scale of existence was considerably diminished, I returned a polite, but cool refusal to comply with the wishes of relatives of whom I know but little. The next post, however, brought me another letter, which, acting under the same mistaken notion, I neglected to answer; nor was it till my warm-hearted Cousins had renewed their invitation a third time, that I consented, at last, to share their hospitality, and pitch my tent, for a short period, at their head quarters.

Now then, thought I, as I strolled up the avenue which led to Harmony Hall, to put your hospitality to the trial, my Country Cousins. At this

moment an opening in the trees gave me a full view of the Hall, and in a few seconds my Cousins in full cry, came running out to meet me. Never did a man receive a more hearty welcome, for not only both my Cousins grasped my remaining hand at the same moment, till I had serious fears that my arm would be shaken from its sockets, but Hounds, Harriers, Pointers, and Poodles, emulated each other in their rude demonstrations of joy and welcome, jumping, frisking, and barking about me. "Welcome, thrice welcome, most noble Captain," cried the friendly, but boisterous brothers almost in the same breath. "Why, man, you are as shy as a plover in a fallow," exclaimed Joseph, "and as hard to be bagged as a widgeon on a windy day," added Jonathan, as he slapped me on the back. "You see the very brutes unite in the general welcome, and yet you seemed to have doubted your reception amongst us. But now that we have caught you, my boy, may my mare slip her shoulder at the next hunt, if you leave Harmony Hall till you see life with your Country Cousins." "Aye, and by the beard of your grand-father," rejoined Joseph, "as the melancholy Hamlet says,

'We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.'

By the bye, I wonder what the d — I put such a mettlesome phrase into the mouth of the moody Prince; but that's neither here nor there. Look about you, my boy, here's a country for a view halloa! six thorough bred hunters at your service, and the best pack of hounds within fifty miles." "And then," added Jonathan, "if you should feel inclined for a day's shooting, we have all sorts of game on the grounds; and as for dogs and guns"—"My excellent friends," exclaimed I, "you really overpower me with your kindness; but, you do not perceive, perhaps, that I am totally incapacitated from taking a share in your Country sports; an unlucky shot, you see"—"Aye, aye, my noble Captain, (said Joseph), we perceive your mishap, but a little practice, I have no doubt, will enable you to hunt and shoot with the best of us, why there's the old veteran Major Rattle, who is without an arm like yourself, and yet I warrant him, there are few keener sportsmen to be met with in the Country; I'll bet the long odds that, maimed as you are, you'll leave some of us behind you in our next turn out with the fox hounds." "Or break my neck in the experiment," added I. By this time we reached the Hall, whose interior exhibited every symptom of the propensity of its owners to the pleasures of the field. The walls of the great dining parlour were adorned with all sorts of sporting implements, intermixed with the various sports of the chace, and pictures appertaining thereto.

Now, my readers must know that although my military life may be supposed to have given me a relish for the sports of the field, I had imbibed from my youth upwards, a rooted objection to such amusements; and certainly had I known that my Country Cousins were, as I found them to be, professed sportsmen, I should have declined their invitation altogether, notwithstanding the warmth with which it was repeated. I love rational pleasures as well as any man; but, I own, I can feel no delight in running down a poor defenceless timid animal to have it torn to pieces by savage dogs, nor can I relish the thought of stealing into a preserve with the murderous intention of shooting its harmless inhabitants. I am well aware how unfashionable it is to enter a protest against the pursuits of the sportsman,

followed, as they are, by persons of the highest rank, and the gravest station, in England; and, I also know how very unavailing it would be to endeavour by the laws of reason and humanity, to oppose practices which have struck such deep root. Yet, as a British soldier, I must be allowed to say, without the slightest pretensions, however, to refined nerves or an over-heated sensibility, that my principles are in total opposition to the habits of a sportsman's life. As to pugilism, a *science* which has also its patrons and supporters amongst the higher orders that breathe the refined air of St. James's, it is, in my opinion, a practice at once so low, and so brutal, that I only wonder it has not been long since put down by the laws of the country. There are few things which excite more surprise in a Foreigner, than this most demoralizing habit, which, I am sorry to say, appears rather to gain than to lose ground in England. The exhibition of prize fights, and the pomp and circumstance with which they are announced and detailed in the London Journals, are enigmas to a Foreigner not easy of solution. And I have, when on the Continent, more than once heard the boasted refinement and civilization of England, and the superior excellence of her public press, very fairly questioned, solely from the pugilistic spirit which degrades the character of the country. With such feelings it may naturally be judged, that I anticipated but little pleasure from my visit to my Country Cousins, and I secretly resolved to make some excuse and to give them the slip at the very first opportunity.

In order to do honour to my arrival amongst them, my Cousins had previously invited a party of choice spirits, "to sing a stave and crack a bottle," and I accordingly found myself seated at dinner with a party of thoroughbred fox hunters and other sporting characters, whose language was as new to me as the subjects which they broached. The glories of the chace was the theme on which a certain ruby-faced parson,

"A round, fat, oily man of God,"

and my Cousin Jonathan, dilated with much earnestness and pleasure, while Joseph took the lead in discussing the relative merits of coursing and shooting; and Mr. P. and Mr. D. who were both addicted to fishing, and were rivals in the art, engaged in a learned discourse on black hackles, and blue flies; while a sporting Earl and his protege, one of the *gentlemen* of the fancy, (who was introduced under favour of his patron's influence and title,) sustained a close and familiar conversation, in a strain of slang expressions, to which, I thank Heaven, I am as yet a stranger. It appeared that they were both deeply interested in the result of a coming fight, in which the pugilist was one of the principals, and the Noble Lord his backer to a pretty large amount. As the wine flowed in, the spirits of the party, as a natural consequence, flew out. But I shall not attempt to describe the boisterous scene that ensued; at last, after having made the welkin ring, and scared the crows from their nests in the adjoining Rookery, with loud and vociferous merriment, intermixed with the various cries which are vented in the "glorious chace;" such of the party as survived the rout withdrew to their homes, at an early hour in the morning: the parson, however, remaining according to his usual habit, to preach a funeral sermon over the defunct members that were scattered on the floor.

A week thus spent with my Country Cousins, strengthened my disrelish

for sporting company. I found that Harmony Hall, in defiance of its title, was one scene of riot and confusion ; and quite satiated with the pursuits of a Country life, and the wild living of sporting bachelors, I resolved, *sans ceremonie*, to decamp forthwith : as I knew, however, that it would be in vain to obtain my Cousins' consent to this movement, for they had set it down as settled points that I should remain amongst them for a month at the least, and that I should ride Nimrod at the approaching hunt ; I resolved to elope privately ; and accordingly taking the advantage of the stage, I returned to my old quarters, and bade adieu to Harmony Hall, and my Cousins in the Country.*

ANDREW ARMLESS,

H. P. — Regt.

THE COURTEOUS SPANIARD.

SPEAK not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying ; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell. The Spaniard replying, called the devil my Lord ; " I hope, my Lord the devil, is not so cruel : " his confessor reproved him. " Excuse me," said the Don, " for calling him so, I know not into what hands I may fall ; and if I happen to fall into his, I hope he will use me better for giving him good words."

SELDEN.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to the towers ! farewell to the bowers,
Where the sage wizard, Art, all his charms hath display'd ;
And sweet science cowers amongst bright blooming flowers,
In gay robes of glory majestic arrayed !
Farewell, banks of Camus ! thou fair scene of blisses,
The Muse's, love's, and graces', invariable seat !
Your silver soft stream,—like the tide of Ilyssus,
Aye freshens the air of Hygeia's retreat.

Ye cloisters low bending, and aisles wide extending
To cherish young genius and taste in your gloom :
The spirit befriending, as softly ascending,
It mounts in pure incense to heaven's vaulted dome :—
From you I must sever ; then farewell for ever,
Each heart-honour'd object that swells my *last* theme !
The world is a field I must enter—but never
Can ought charm my soul like your shades Academe !

* DEAR MERTON,

I regret that the above little article should have been delayed so long. Such as it is, however, you are welcome to it ; and, be assured, that while my *right hand* can wield a pen, you may command its exertions in favour of the Magnet.

A. A.

Paris, May 8th, 1824.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

THE following letters are given to the public by Mr. Tennant, as the authentic correspondence of Bonaparte with Josephine, during his Italian campaigns, about 1796--7. That they are genuine, there can be little doubt, as some expressions in No. III. evidently bear the impress of this wonderful man. His observations concerning the mystery of existence, may be compared with his remarks on animal magnetism in Las Cases, and an evident similarity may be observed. These letters, it has been well remarked, shew this extraordinary man in a new light, that of the *tender lover*, and *warmly affectionate husband*. The political ferment excited by a life of such incessant activity, has not yet subsided; it will be for posterity to judge him aright. But it may be remarked, that in the biographical works published since his death, his private life has stood the most rigid test of enquiry. More temperate than Alexander, and chaster than Cæsar: of more polished habits than Charles the XII, his social life was more humane than that of Frederick III. In the early part of the Revolution, and while stationed at Valence, he formed an intimacy with a Mademoiselle Colombier. During the early mornings of summer, in that delightful climate of France, in which the sun knows no clouds, they spent their hours together at the foot of an ancient tree, or followed the windings of the romantic Rhone.*

"It will scarcely be believed, (says he), that our greatest delight was in eating cherries with each other. We were two artless and innocent beings." What a scene for the artist; the future Emperor of France at the feet of this fair one of *Dauphiny*. The ensuing letters breathe every thing that is amiable and tender, and furnish another interesting page to the moral code by which the actions of his "charmed" life must be judged by the impartial historian.

Φ.

The first is given in French, as an example of his mode, &c. &c.

" 7 heure du Matin.

"Je me reveille plein de toi ton portrait et le souvenir de l'anivante soirée d'hiers n'ont point laissé de repos à mes sens douce et incomparable Josephine quelle effet byzare faite vous sur mon cœur—vous fachy vous? vous vois-je triste? este vous inquiète? mon ame est brise de douleur, et il n est point de repos pour votre ami - - - mais en est il donc davantage pour moi lorsque nous livrant au sentiment profond qui me maitrise je puise sur vos levres sur votre cœur une flame qui me brule—ah c est cette nuit que je me suis bien apercu que votre portrait n'est pas vous—tu pars a midi je te verai dans 3 heures en attendant *mio dolce amor* recois un millier dé baisé mais ne m en donne pas car il brule mon sang.

" N. B."†

* Valence (the ancient Valentia) in Dauphiny, is situated on the left bank of the Rhone, in a country overflowing with vineyards; and in which the Hermitage and Cote Rotie Wines are made.

† Thus translated—"I awake thinking only of you: Your portrait and the recollection of the intoxicating evening of yesterday, have deprived my senses of rest. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what a singular impression do you make upon my heart! Are you angry? Are you sad? Are you uneasy? My soul is broken with grief, and there is no more comfort for your friend;—but is there more for me when, giving myself up to the deep feeling which overcomes me, I pour

No. II.

"Port Maurice, the 14th Germinal.

"I have received all your letters: but not one of them has affected me so much as your last—do you think, my adorable love, of writing to me in such terms? Do you imagine, then, that my situation is not already cruel enough without an increase of my sorrows and an overthrow of my soul? What a style! What sentiments do you describe—they are of fire—they burn my poor heart. My only Josephine;—far from thee there is no joy—far from thee the world is a desert, where I remain an isolated being, without enjoying the sweets of confidence. You have deprived me of more than my soul;—you are the only thought of my life. If I am tired of the troubles of business, if I dread the result, if mankind disgust me, if I am ready to curse this life, I place my hand upon my heart,—there thy portrait beats.—I look at it, and love becomes to me absolute happiness; all is smiling save the time when I am separated from my beloved.

"By what art is it that you have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you,—I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign? Ah! my adorable wife, I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable,—my courage will not go so far. There was a time when I was proud of my course, and sometimes, when contemplating on the ills that man could do me, on the fate which destiny could reserve for me, I fixed my eyes steadfastly on the most unheard-of misfortunes without a frown, without alarm; but now the idea that my Josephine may be unwell, the idea that she may be ill, and above all the cruel, the fatal thought, that she may love me less, withers my soul, stops my blood, renders me sad, cast down, and leaves me not even the courage of fury and despair. Formerly I used often to say to myself, men could not hurt him who could die without regret; but now, to die without that certainty is the torment of hell; it is the lively and striking image of absolute annihilation—I feel as if I were stifled. My incomparable companion, thou whom fate has destined to make along with me the painful journey of life, the day on which I shall cease to possess thy heart, will be the day on which parching nature will be to me without warmth or vegetation.

"I stop, my sweet love, my soul is sad; my body is fatigued; my head is giddy; men disgust me; I ought to hate them,—they separate me from my beloved.

"I am at Port Maurice near Oneille; to-morrow I shall be at Albenga; the two armies are in motion—We are endeavouring to deceive each other

out upon your lips, upon your heart, a flame which consumes me? Ah! it was last night that I discovered that your portrait was not you.

"You set off at noon—I shall see you in three hours. In the mean while, my sweet love, receive a thousand kisses, but do not give me any, for they consume my blood.

"N. B."

"To Madame Beauharnois."

—Victory to the most skilful! I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu—If he alarm me much, he is a better man than his predecessor. I shall beat him, I hope, in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, than your thought, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me,—I am sinking; nature is weak for him who feels strongly, for him whom you love!

N. B.

“Sincere regards to Barras, Sussi, Madame Tallien.—Compliments to Madame Chateau Renard; best love to Eugene and Hortense.

“Adieu, adieu, I am going to bed without thee; I shall sleep without thee—pray let me sleep. Many times have I held thee in my arms,—happy dream! but,—but it is not thee.

“*To Citoyenne Bonaparte.*”

No. III.

“*Albenga, the 16th Germinal.*

“It is one hour after midnight—they have brought me a letter—it is sad—my soul is affected by it—it is the death of Chauvet. He was Commissaire Ordinateur-in-chief of the army—you have seen him sometimes at Barras’. My love, I feel the want of consolation—that is to be obtained by writing to you, to you alone, the thought of whom can so much influence the moral state of my thoughts, on whom I must pour out my troubles. What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What magic fluid is it that surrounds us, and hides from us those things which it concerns us most to know? We are born, we live, we die, in the midst of the wonderful! Is it astonishing that priests, astrologers, charlatans, should have profited by this inclination, by this singular circumstance, to lead our ideas, and to direct them according to their passions? Chauvet is dead! He was attached to me. He has rendered essential services to his country. His last words were, that he was setting off to join me.—But yes, I see his shade—it wanders around me every where—it whistles in the air—his soul is in the clouds—he will be propitious to my destiny! But insensible, I shed tears to friendship, and who shall tell me that I have not already to weep an irreparable loss? Soul of my existence, write to me by every courier, otherwise I cannot live. I am here very much occupied. Beaulieu moves his army. We are in sight. I am a little fatigued. I am every day on horse-back. Adieu, adieu, adieu—I am going to sleep to thee. Sleep consoles me—it places me at thy side—I press thee in my arms—But, alas! on waking, I find myself three hundred leagues from thee. Say every thing to Barras, to Tallien and his wife.

“N. B.”

“*To Citoyenne Bonaparte, &c.*”

No. IV.

“*Head Quarters, Tortona, Noon, 27th Prairial,
4th year of the French Republic.*

“To Josephine,—My life is a perpetual night-mare. A fatal foreboding hinders me from breathing. I no longer live. I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than repose. I am almost without hope. I send you a courier—He will remain only four hours at Paris, and will then bring me your answer. Write me ten pages; that alone will console me a little. You are ill;—you love me;—I have made you unhappy. You are

with child, and I do not see you! This idea confounds me. I have committed so many faults towards you, that I know not how to expiate them. I accuse you of having remained in Paris, and you are there ill. Forgive me, my darling; the love with which you have inspired me has taken away my reason:—I shall never recover it; one never cures of that complaint. My forebodings are so sad, that I would limit myself to seeing you, to pressing you for two hours to my heart, to dying together! Who takes care of you? I suppose you have sent for Hortense. I love that sweet child a thousand times more since I think that she can afford you some little consolation. As for me, there is no consolation, no repose, no hope, until I have received the courier that I send you, and until you explain to me by a long letter what your illness is, and to what extent it is serious. If it be dangerous, I warn you, I set off instantly for Paris. My arrival will be a match for your illness. I have always been fortunate. Never has my fortune resisted my will, and to-day I am struck where alone I was vulnerable. Josephine, how can you remain so long without writing to me? Your last laconic letter is of the 3d of the month. It is also afflicting for me. I have it, however, always in my pocket. Your portrait and your letters are incessantly before my eyes. I am nothing without you. I can hardly imagine how I existed without knowing you. Ah! Josephine, if you had known my heart you would not have waited from the 29th to the 16th to set off. Is it possible that you should have listened to false friends, who wished, perhaps, to keep you far from me? I own to all the world, —I have an antipathy to every body who is near you. I calculated your departure on the 5th, and your arrival at Milan on the 15th.

“Josephine, if you love me, if you believe that every thing depends upon your preservation, take care of yourself. I dare not tell you not to undertake so long a journey and in the hot weather;—at least, if you are in a situation to travel, go short days’ journeys. Write to me at every sleeping place, and send me your letters in advance.

“All my thoughts are concentrated in thy alcove, in thy bed, in thy heart.—Thy illness! that is what occupies me night and day—without appetite, without sleep, without interest for friendship, for glory, for country, thou, thou and the rest of the world exist no more for me than if it were annihilated. I prize honour, because you prize it; victory, because it gives you pleasure, without which I should have quitted all to throw myself at your feet.

“Sometimes I say to myself that I am alarmed without reason,—already is she recovered,—she is setting off,—she has set off,—she is already, perhaps, at Lyons. Vain imagination! you are in your bed suffering; more beautiful, more interesting, more adorable. You are pale, and your eyes are more languishing—but when will you be well? If one of us must be ill, should it not be I? Most robust and more courageous, I could have borne sickness more easily—Destiny is cruel. She strikes me through you.

“What sometimes consoles me is, that it is in the power of fate to make you ill, but that no power can oblige me to survive you.

“In your letter, my good love, take care to tell me that you are convinced that I love you, that I love you beyond what it is possible to imagine, that you are persuaded that every moment of my life is consecrated to you; that an hour never passes without my thinking of you; that the idea of thinking of any other woman has never entered my head; that they are all

to my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you, you—nothing but you, such as I see you, such as you are, could please me, and absorb all the faculties of my mind; that you have affected it all over; that my heart has no recess that you do not see; no thoughts of which you are not the mistress; that my strength, my arms, my soul, are altogether yours; that my soul is in your body, and that the day on which you change or cease to live, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is beautiful to my eyes only because you inhabit it.—If you do not believe all that, if your mind is not convinced of it, penetrated, you grieve me, you love me not. There is a magnetic fluid between the persons who love each other. You know very well that I could never bear to let you have a lover, much less to offer you one. To tear his heart and to see him would be to me the same thing; and then, if I should dare to lay my hand upon your hallowed person——no, I should never dare to do it, but I would quit a life where that which is most virtuous should have deceived me.

“But I am sure and proud of thy love. Misfortunes are the trials which expose all the violence of our mutual passion. A child, adorable as its mamma, is about to see day, and may pass many happy years in thy arms. A thousand kisses upon thy eyes, upon thy lips, upon thy heart—Adorable woman! what is thy ascendancy! I am very ill of thy illness. I have, besides, a burning fever. Do not keep *Le Simple* more than six hours. Let him return directly to bring the cherished letter of my Queen.

“Do you remember the dream in which I was your shoes, your clothes, and I fancied that you entered quite into my heart? Why did not nature arrange in that way? There are many things to do.

“N. B.”

“*To Citoyenne Bonaparte, &c.*”

The letters, which are too Gallic for the English taste, are omitted; but the preceding specimens of epistolary composition are unrivalled in their way. In elegance of feeling and easy grace they greatly excel *Richardson's*.

TO MARY.

Of all the joys—alas, how few!—
That on a clouded brow may shine,
Mary! I feel there are but *two*,
That e'er can gild the gloom of mine.

And *one*—by far the brighter *thou*,
Hast in thy power to shed or shroud;
That ray thine eyes diffuse not now,
And vainly duteous mine are bow'd.

But there's a “lesser light,” that still
Through the dark hour some cheer may be,—
That beams and fades not at thy will,—
It is the bliss of *loving thee*.

And, howsoe'er thy smiles may fleet,
My heart shall track their viewless way,
And ever turn prepared to meet,
And welcome back the truant day.

C. H.

STANZAS ON LORD BYRON.

Now has mortality resumed its part
 Of him who is immortal!—and the cloud
 That tabernacled him awhile dissolves,
 And the ethereal essence on the wing
 Of whirlwind takes its flight!—but like a rock,
 That towers sublimely 'mid the ocean waves,
 And meets exultingly the dashing surge,—
 —So shall his name surmount the flood of time,
 And on the roll of ages proudly smile.—
 —No tears for *him* shall flow, nor outward signs,
 That make a “mockery of grief,” be seen
 To mark *his* spirit's transit to the skies;
 But sympathies, that thrill'd responsively
 To the wild inspirations of his Muse,
 Shall wake for *him*!—and mourning of high hearts,
 Which he has fill'd with exquisite delight,
 Shall breathe the silent sorrow o'er his tomb.
 —And ye shall also mourn, illustrious Greeks!
 For his last aspiration rose for you!—
 And thro' the ages of your future fame
 You will the brightest place in memory give
 To him,—the noble bard of Britain's Isle!
 Oh with what touching pathos did his lyre
 Make every heart-string vibrate, when he told
 His soarings and sublime imaginings!
 And o'er the darker visions of his soul
 With lightning flashes of his intellect
 And luminous irradiations beamed!
 —His path was like the comet's wild career
 Thro' the illimitable realms of space;
 Which rolls along insufferably bright,
 And leaves a track of glory, that conceals
 The host and galaxy of lesser stars,
 Which may environ it! **SO BYRON BLAZED!**

I. R.

Evesham.

SONG.

WHEN wafted by the cooling breeze,
 Along the moonlit tide;
 How sweet to view the sparkling seas,
 Beneath our vessel glide;
 And listen to the joyous song
 Of happy hearts like our's,
 That softly, gayly, steals along,
 Like gleams o'er summer flow'rs.
 Hark! hark! those sounds from yonder isle,
 Are vesper's holy songs;
 And echo thro' the lofty pile,
 The solemn notes prolongs.—
 I'll ne'er forget, thro' life's gay hours,
 That calm and glowing sea,
 When moonlight, love, and music's powers,
 First led my heart to thee!

ARIEL.

Tiverton.

THE APPRENTICE—*A Rough Sketch.*

AMONGST the numerous grades and orders of society with which this great metropolis abounds, there is not one, perhaps, more easily to be distinguished, than that so imperfectly and briefly described in the present sketch:—A more notable and unvarying species of civilized beings, could hardly have been selected, from the lower orders at least; for whilst almost every other class is endeavouring, “more or less,” to attain a greater elevation in life than is properly becoming, or else sinking into the contrary extreme, this—and this only—pursues that beaten track which seems to have been trodden by it in unvarying sameness ever since the first days of commerce. The nobleman, the churchman, the squire, and the plain commoner, are all equally distinguished from those either immediately above or below them in life; and each may easily perceive that line of distinction which the requisite regulations of society have drawn between them; but yet how often do we find them anxiously bent on appearing in any character rather than in their own proper one;—the nobleman filling the place of the coachman on his own carriage box—the son of the church voluntarily associating himself as the boon companion, and partaker in the field sports, of fox-hunting squires,—and, ‘last not least,’ the plain honest tradesman elevating his castle-building caput above the level of all other common heads, as loftily as though a coronet were descending from the clouds to fit it; all are equally “aiding and abetting” to confuse and destroy the necessary harmony of society, as well as to set bad examples to those who may be looking to them for better. But the never-varying Apprentice, (for it is a difficult matter to fix a more comprehensive name upon so important a body, when it is considered to how many different branches the word must be applied; including, as it does, some part of every trade and profession),—the never-varying, holiday-making Apprentice, leagues not with these in any attempt to subvert the natural orders and regulations of civilized existence—*his* utmost ambition is to be ‘genteel,’ and to pass for ‘somebody’—*his* greatest intrusion upon the circles of the more favored orders above him, is only the result of a wish to acquire a more correct imitation of external gentility, wherewith to astound his less presumptuous compeers, when he again returns to their wonted society. *He* seeks not to thrust himself forward into spheres which neither education nor a sufficiency of means enable him to appear in with propriety: but neither will he relinquish one atom of his airs or his consequence, his boots or his walking cane, to degrade himself by mixing with ‘the lower orders:’—he keeps contentedly to his Hornsey-wood, Richmond, and Shooters Hill; and to his gallantry and ‘genteel tea gardens’—rob him of these, and his store of earthly comforts is fled!

There is something exquisitely amusing in the consequential airs of fancied superiority with which these innocent gentry take out their Sunday apparel; and I have often received both entertainment and instruction from observing the progress of one of these heroes of a day, through the Sunday turn-out of admiring *belles*, and envious *beaux*, who regularly throng every avenue of approach to what is called ‘the country.’—There is nothing your regularly cut Apprentice so much prides himself upon as his dress—let him but have his habiliments of divers assorted colours—let his boots be appropriately Day and Martin’d, and his red silk *mouchoir* enchantingly lavender-flower watered—his hat be properly deposited on the right side

of his well-curled or otherwise hair—his shirt frill be most strikingly displayed, and his chequered neckcloth duly detaining his head in chancery-immobility:—let him have a tapering switch to be jantily swung about in the right hand, whilst the yellow-ochred glove belonging to it is safely incarcerated in the left;—let him also have the captivating eye-glass, pendant from its broad black silk ribband; and, added to these and all other blessings, the interesting accompaniment of some love-lorn damsel, either from his master's shop, or from the neighbouring milliner's—give him, at the same time, a fine day and 'gloriously hot weather,' with plenty of dust and goodly company, all on the road to some rural retreat,—and then, then indeed, is he at the acmé of his glory! at the summit of his ambition! whilst the 'Dimme, sir! who cares for you!' expression, which crowns the *tout ensemble*, proclaims to the whole world his happy consciousness of his own innumerable perfections; and draws, at the same time, an admiring attention to his 'vastly genteel appearance.'—It was but a short time since, that I was favored, accidentally, with a partial illustration of the foregoing imperfect outline, which may thus fairly be said to have been 'taken from the life.'—I was amusing myself on the water with a few young friends, not far from Richmond, and as the weather was uncommonly sultry, we had unanimously agreed to bathe; a convenient spot, as we thought, was speedily selected, and a few moments more beheld us frolicking in the embraces of old Father Thames—when, lo! the word was given that a boat with a large party of ladies was close upon us!—too close, alas! for us to think of reaching the verdant shores in our rear, ere the little vessel bore down directly upon our little denuded party. An ill-mannered bank had concealed the approach of these unexpected intruders till thus too late; the boat came suddenly upon us—and, thus obliged to make a virtue of necessity, we resolved to stand the indecorous attack most manfully, up to our chins in water. One of the youngest of our *floating battery* even had the hardihood to propose a general discharge of aquatic missiles; but none were desirous of being greeted with the hatchet-edged kiss of an oar in exchange for the compliment. It was, certainly, a gay set-out that approached us,—a very gay one, truly: numerous and dazzling enough were the silks, shawls, feathers, and flowers that wooed the light airs wantoning over their surfaces; loud laughter and obstreperous merriment seemed the order of the day; the boat glided over the calm bosom of the water, now dipping on one side, now on the other, as the unequal strokes of the clumsily-handled oars, splashed in and out under the guidance of two or three gaily bedecked young men, alternately swayed the delighted party either to the right or to the left. This interruption was but of brief duration;—the boat passed on without its occupants appearing to take more than ordinary notice of us modestly clad wights. Indeed their attention was completely confined to the beauties of nature behind us, where the very fine specimens of willow twigs and bulrushes, which bedecked the banks in plenteous profusion, formed a sufficiently attractive novelty to keep the eyes of all the party intently fixed in that direction.

On arriving at the place where we intended to exhibit our masticating abilities, we were not greatly surprised to find the fair party, which had passed us in the river, soberly occupying one half of the apartment; of the remainder we speedily took possession, and I amused myself with watching the movements of the ladies and gentlemen before me. "Pray,

ladies," said a little long-backed male animal, attired in the tip-top style of display (witness three separate red, blue, and green silk under waist-coats, &c.) taking up a position, and his coat tails before "the rusty grate, unconscious of a fire,—“ Pray ladies-a, what will you take? Something, of course, after your voyage. Wat shall I horder?”—“ Oh! Mister Dobbs,” cried an elderly treble-voiced female, “that’s just like you! monstrous considerate—that’s certain; but, Sir! I don’t think we want nothing yet!”—“ Oh, you don’t, eh!” repeated the ‘considerative’ Mister Dobbs—“don’t come none of that, Miss Agasty—we *must* have something, you know, so let’s know what it’s to be—I always like to attend upon the ladies!” “Why, yes, lor! Mister Dobbs, and so you do—that’s certain,” chorused a second of the opposite sex—“and so I think we’d better give you an oppertunity of shewing your extreme peliteness;” and, accordingly, such of the party as had finished the operation of dusting their shoes, were called in to assist in determining the matter. Mr. Dobbs, in the mean while, patting his showy *spurs* with his switch, and waiting patiently for an ‘oppertunity’ of shewing his extreme ‘peliteness,’ together with his attractive person, to the greatest advantage at one and the same time. “Well, now!” ejaculated one, “what’s it to be?”—“Eh?” sighed Mister Dobbs—“O! something cooling!” quoth another.—“Soda Water, then!” bounced a fourth:—“Cakes and ale!” aspirated a fifth:—and a tide of words followed in interesting debate. Then some slight whispering—“no—no—no *spirits* yet,” cried another: at length, “zounds! spirits this weather are only fit for”—“The Devil, man! let’s have *cherry bounce* then!” rejoined his opponent, “that’s capital stuff for”—“The pretty ladies, to be sure!” smirked the fire-place-occupying ‘pelite’ Mr. Dobbs, with a most exhilarating laugh of approbation; and after a sympathetic ‘he! he! he!’ had gone round the party, the argument was again resumed, and at length satisfactorily concluded:—“Waitar!” exclaimed the complaisant Mister Dobbs,—“Waitar!—a—bring *three pots o’ porter for the ladies!*”^{*}—Such an unexpected climax had nearly overpowered my risible muscles, already suffering from considerable restraint, but luckily my handkerchief was in my hand, and I managed to escape with only a few convulsive coughs and hysteric splutterings, followed by most of my grinning companions.

We saw no more of the gay party, until the evening: they were then on Richmond-hill, amusing themselves with the ante-diluvian enjoyments of rolling on the grass, romping, &c. One of the fair damsels, who appeared very much flushed, in particular engaged our attention; she was flaunting about over the greensward most mirthfully, in a kind of serpentine, skaiting dance!—and whilst observing her entertaining gambols, with her endeavours steadily to ‘trip it’ ‘on the light fantastic toe,’ she tripped in good earnest; her ‘fantastic toe,’ disdaining farther restraint, bounded high in ether, and she fell; the squall which proclaimed it, brought her companions in flocking to her aid, and very quickly reinstated her upon terra firma;—and here the gently blushing goose-quill would gladly have shunned its predetermined purpose. In vain, it must be told—oh! that it should be my sorrowful task to blazon such a fact!—alas! alas!—the lady was speedily discovered to have sipped too freely of the ‘pelite’ Mr. Dobbs’s ‘three pots of porter!’

‘PRENTICE-CIDE.’

* A fact.

THE DIRECTION OF A LETTER.

Anecdote of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

WHEN LOUIS XVI. ascended the throne, he was only twenty years of age; and had, at first, no other council, than the written advice left him by his father, the late dauphin. This precious paternal bequest was ordered to remain sealed, till his son should succeed to the throne. Immediately on his accession, he hastens to open it, with a pious design to obey its every injunction. It advises him, by all means, to engage for his Minister, M. De Machault, as the most able person to direct his steps, if the weight of royalty should descend on him at a period so premature, that he could only be supposed to possess rectitude of intention for the performance of his duties. Faithful to the wishes of a beloved father, he immediately writes the following letter to M. De Machault.

“Choisy, May 11th, 1784.

“In the just grief which overwhelms me, and which I participate with the whole nation, I have great duties to fulfil: I am king, and this name includes innumerable obligations. But I am only twenty, and have not acquired the knowledge which is requisite for my situation. In the mean time, I must not see any of the ministers, who have all been with the king during his *contagious* distemper. From the confidence I repose in your probity, and the profound knowledge which you are known to possess, I am induced to desire that you would assist me with your advice. Come, then, the first moment possible, and you will afford me a great pleasure.

“LOUIS.”

The confidence of the young monarch was well merited by M. De Machault, who had long been the minister of the finances of the law, under Louis XV. He had, however, been for some time dismissed from his employment, through the intrigues of the ecclesiastical cabal, because he was desirous of obliging the clergy to pay taxes like other subjects; and he had ever since lived on his estates, in the deepest retirement, universally esteemed, except by those who had so successfully conspired against him.

Nothing now was wanting to this letter, but the direction; which, either from a native timidity, or a desire to have the excellence of his choice confirmed, Louis XVI went to his aunt Mademoiselle Adelaide, communicated the desire of his father, and shewed her the yet unaddressed letter which he had himself written. The princess highly approves his conduct, and even requests him to send off a courier with the letter. *The king unfortunately keeps it back several hours!* Mademoiselle Adelaide, in the mean time, as most ladies would naturally do, informs her female suite who was to be the Prime Minister. The news flies with the rapidity of lightning, and alarm spreads among the courtiers. Every individual of this sycophantic swarm dreaded the integrity and the austere virtues of him, who was now to be appointed state pilot. Intrigue is put in motion; corruption of course follows. A hundred thousand crowns are offered to a lady, who is well known to have great influence over the Princess, if she can so far succeed

as to change the choice of a Minister in favour of M. De Maurepas. This nobleman had been minister at the early age of fifteen; and at thirty he had been dismissed. Though now far advanced in years, he was known to have lived a life of dissipation, and to possess a large fund of cunning, gaiety, frivolity, and pliability. He had written epigrams; he was a voluptuary, and in short, he was the person best adapted to the views of the dissolute courtiers of Versailles, who was desirous of prolonging the abuses of the late reign.

The lady of honour, tempted by the hundred thousand crowns, now adroitly insinuated to the Princess, that the choice of M. De Machault would not fail to offend the clergy; and that in consequence, there was reason to fear, the commencement of the new reign would be stormy. Having contrived to alarm Mademoiselle Adelaide, that Princess hastens to disclose her anxiety to the king; and the unfortunate Louis, naturally timid, and dreading the consequences of his first legal act, finished the business by directing the same letter to the Count De Maurepas!

Thus at the first step towards the throne, this unfortunate Monarch fell into a net; and this error was the fertile source of innumerable others. M. De Maurepas, tottering with age and infirmities, on the brink of the grave, thought it necessary to secure friends, who might, by every where extolling his abilities, fix him firmly in the office of Grand Vizier.—To augment their number he purchased them by all possible methods. To some he gave pensions, for others created new offices; and by these means, soon completed the ruin of the finances, and paved the way to the ruin of Louis XVI. and all the irretrievable mischief with which France was overwhelmed during the murderous Revolution. Never, surely, did such fatal consequences arise, from altering the direction of a letter!

C. H. S.

TWENTY SECOND ODE OF HORACE IMITATED.

Tuscan, the man who innocent of heart is,
Fearless may walk, though danger lurks around him,
Nor need he carry weapons to defend him,
When he is passing.

Through pathless wastes of ever burning quick-sands,
Or over Caucasus' wild, frozen summit,
Or where Hydaspes, fabled afar off,
Murmuringly runs through.

For 'twas but lately, as I wandered, heedless
Of aught, save my love, in the grove of Sabina,
That a wolf, (and a fiercer was never nurs'd in Africa,)
Fled from my presence.

Place me where winter holds eternal reign, or
In the torrid zone underneath the meridian,
Wherever the sunshine of beauty and of love falls—
All is delightful!

D. URBIS.

CORREGIO AND HIS WORKS.

ALLEGRI ANTONIO—called CORREGIO, from the place of his birth, was descended of poor parents, and educated in an obscure village: he enjoyed none of those advantages which contributed to form the other great painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; he saw none of the statues of ancient Greece or Rome: nor any of the masterpieces of the established schools of Rome and Venice. But nature, the best preceptress of art, was his guide; and such was the wonderful facility with which he painted, that he used to say, his conceptions were always ready at the end of his pencil.

The agreeable smile—the heavenly expression—and the profusion of graces, which he gave to his Madonas, Saints, and Children, have by some been considered unnatural: still they are beautiful and interesting. An easy, flowing outline, an union and harmony of colours, and a skilful management of light and shade, give a relief and effectiveness to all his pictures; and have been the admiration both of his contemporaries and successors. Annibal Carracci studied and adopted his manner, in preference to that of any other master. The favourable impression he received on the first sight of Corregio's pictures may be conceived from a passage in a letter to his cousin Louis; "Every thing which I see here," he writes, "astonishes me; particularly the colouring and beauty of the children. They live—they breathe—they smile, with so much grace, and so much reality, that it is impossible to refrain from smiling and partaking of their enjoyment. My heart is ready to break with grief, when I think on the unhappy fate of poor Corregio—that so wonderful a man (if he ought not rather to be called an angel), should finish his days so miserably, in a country where his talents were never known."

The history of poor Corregio, is melancholy indeed: from want, either of curiosity or resolution, or more probably of patronage, he never visited Rome, but remained during his whole life at Parma, where the liberal arts were not much esteemed, and of course, not duly rewarded. He was employed to paint the cupola of the Cathedral there; the subject of which is an assumption of the Virgin Mary: and having executed it in a style that has long been the admiration of every person of taste who has seen it, he went to receive his payment. The Canons of the Church, either through ignorance or baseness, disapproved of the work; and although the price originally agreed upon, had been very moderate, they alleged that it far exceeded the desert of the Artist, and forced him to accept the paltry sum of *two hundred livres*; which, to add to the indignity, they paid him in copper money. From Parma, to the abode of Corregio's wife and children, was a distance of nearly eight miles; and this transaction took place in a warm season of the year. In carrying home the unworthy load, what with its pressure, the length of the way, the heat of the weather, and his chagrin at such villainous treatment, the unfortunate Corregio was seized with a pleurisy, which, in three days, put an end to his life and his misfortunes, at the premature age of forty, in the year 1534.

The magnificent work, which was attended with such fatal consequences to its author, was remarkable for grandeur of design, and in particular, for the boldness of the fore-shortenings (an art which he first and at once brought to the utmost perfection). It would, however, in all probability, soon have perished, had it not been for the timely interference of Titian. As he passed

through Parma, in the *suite* of Charles the Fifth, he ran instantly to see the *chef d'œuvre* of Corregio. While he was attentively viewing it, one of the principal dignitaries of the Church told him, that such a grotesque performance did not merit his notice, and they intended soon to have the whole defaced. "Have a care of what you do," replied the other; "for if I were not Titian, I should certainly desire to be Corregio."

Corregio's exclamation upon viewing a picture by Raphael, is perhaps well known to the reader. Nevertheless, there is something in it so characteristic of a true genius, that it will bear to be repeated. Having long been accustomed to hear the most unbounded applause bestowed on the works of that divine painter, he at first longed to see them, but by degrees he became less desirous than afraid, of gratifying his curiosity. One, however, he at length had occasion to inspect: he looked at it for some minutes, in profound silence; and then with an air of satisfaction exclaimed, "I am still a painter!"

The *Notte*, or Night, of Corregio, was one of his most famous productions; the original was sold for a great sum to one of the Kings of Poland; a copy of it, which was kept in the Duke's Palace at Modena, is thus described in a letter written some years since, by a lady, from Italy. "The subject," she says, "is a nativity; and the extraordinary beauty of this picture proceeds from the *clair obscure*: there are two different lights introduced, by means of which the personages are visible; namely, the light proceeding from the body of the child, and the moon-light. These two are preserved distinct, and produce a most wonderful effect. The child's body is so luminous, that the superficies is nearly transparent; and the rays of light emitted by it are verified, in the effect they produce upon the surrounding objects. They are not rays distinct and separate, like those round the face of a sun that indicates an Insurance Office; nor linear, like those proceeding from the man in the Almanack; but of a dazzling brightness: by their light, you see clearly the face, neck, and hands of the Virgin (the rest of the person being in strong shadow), the faces of the *pastori* who crowd round the child, and particularly one woman, who holds her hand before her face, lest her eyes should be so dazzled as to prevent her from seeing the infant. This is a beautiful natural action, and is most ingeniously introduced. The straw on which the child is laid appears gilt, from the light of his body shining on it. The moon lights up the background of the picture, which represents a landscape. Every object is distinct, as in a bright moon-light night; and there cannot be two lights in nature more different than those which appear in the same picture. The virgin and the child are of the most perfect beauty. There is a great variety of character in the different persons present; yet that uniformity common to all herdsmen and peasants. In short, this copy is so admirable, that I was quite sorry to lose sight of it soon; but I shall never forget it. The Duke of Modena, for whom Corregio did the original picture, gave him only 600 livres of France for it; a great sum in those days; but at present what ought it to cost!"

THE REMINISCENCES OF MISOSTREOS.

Quid hoc veneni savit in præcordiis ?
 Num viperinus his cruor
 Icnoctus, herbis me fefellit.*—Hor.

SINCE all men are subject to various whims and caprices, to their several likes and dislikes, would not a natural supposition arise, that they would readily enter into a contract, if not to humour, at least to bear with one another's trifling prejudices? Sad experience has, however, taught me the contrary: for I, like all other sublunary beings, am haunted by an imp of darkness, a 'spectre dire' in the shape of an antipathy; of the reasonableness of which though I am myself am perfectly convinced, I find it no easy matter to persuade others into the same opinion. It seems, indeed, to be an imp, above all others, peculiarly monstrous and mis-shapen. Do I make mention of it? immoderate laughter is the immediate consequence: do I exhibit any symptoms of it? I detect a grin lurking upon every countenance. All my acquaintance seem to be possessed with that demoniac delight,

Malis ridenti alienis ;—

Of "laughing as if their cheeks were not their own."

My readers are, no doubt, perplexed in conjecturing what can be this unaccountable, this monstrous antipathy. "Oh! I've hit it," exclaims one, "a woman-hater; eh?" Truly, no! "Or a detester of roast-beef and plum-pudding?" gruffly exclaims John Bull, with a contemptuous curl of the nose. No no, indeed! my taste is not so depraved and Frenchified: the object of my aversion is merely—"an oyster!" "An oyster," exclaim they all, "oh! delicious morsel! rich and ambrosial! fit accompaniment for the nectar of the Gods. Oh! noctes cœnæque Deum!"—Hor.

Let me, however, to the best of my ability, trace the origin of this antipathy. As far back as I can remember, the word 'oyster,' even in my boyish days, possessed in my eyes a peculiarly uncouth appearance: it was a stumbling-block in my way at school, where unwittingly disregarding the gender of its Greek representative *οστρεον*, I lost my place, and received rebukes and castigations; the report of which "should be powled out in the desert air." My imagination pictured the possessor of such a name as a monster, frightful and venomous. These ideas grew up with me; I thought they were rendered less terrific by an actual sight of the diminutive object of my fear, yet could I never divest myself of them entirely.

One day,—to the latest hour of my life I shall never forget it,—for the first time I went to a dinner party, little anticipating the miseries that awaited me. My appetite was keen, and I contemplated with no small degree of satisfaction, a beautiful piece of salmon extended on my plate.

* O there is poison raging sore
 In all all my veins! The slimy fish
 (With pepper red as viper's gore)
 Has spoilt for me the much-loved dish.

Oh! it was indeed delightful to look upon! nay, I actually detected a drop of moisture oozing from my lips, and already was the lacerating knife uplifted, when it was arrested by the exclamation of an old epicure who sat by me,—‘what, eat salmon without sauce! ’twas really heathenish and uncivilized! do for mercy’s sake let me help you to some.’—Gentle reader, my heart is naturally soft, but was rendered at that moment still softer by the balmy fragrance and inviting appearance of the salmon: could I then have turned a deaf ear to so pathetic an appeal? especially as the perfect enjoyment of his own dinner seemed in some measure to depend upon my compliance. No! it was altogether impossible. Oh! that Horace had sent forth his defamatory iambics against stewed oysters, as well as garlick! Oh! that Catius, learned in the culinary art, had among other hellish decoctions, enumerated oyster sauce and cayenne pepper! but, alas! I was then wofully ignorant as to those matters.

The cayenne was the primary cause of my subsequent sufferings. In the simplicity of my heart, I had deposited on my plate a quantity,

Tribus ursis quod satis esset;—

“Enough to poison three voracious bears.”

Ye who have unwittingly helped yourselves to a quadruple portion of that murderous, throat-cutting ingredient, ye alone can imagine “the pangs that tortur’d me within.” My eyes threatened to burst from their sockets; I foamed at the mouth; and Old Nick himself seemed to have transferred a portion of his fiery abode into my throat. My epicurean friend,—‘Epicuri de grege porcus.’ Hor.—busied no doubt in the contemplation of more *sel-fish* matters—keeping one eye fixed upon his plate, with the other eyed me askance; and incited perhaps by my truly ludicrous contortions of countenance,

“Grinn’d horribly a ghastly smile.”

From this disaster, however, I soon recovered, but, alas! only to experience fresh agony. In the height of my jugular conflagration, I had safely deposited in my mouth—an oyster! I detected it immediately: though I was not aware of the neighbourhood of any such beings; though not one had hitherto ever approached within two yards of my mouth,—yet I detected it immediately. It was arrested in the midst of its descent, and there seemed willing to take up its permanent abode, to the great inconvenience of respiration and other life-supporting duties. I contrived, however, to swallow it; though the pains,—imaginary they might have been, but still they were pains that followed,—are beyond description. A faintness stole over me: the salmon, of late the object of my admiration, now appeared loathsome,—

———Valut si

Canidia aff lasset, pejor serpentibus atris.

“As if Canidia, with infectious breath,
Worse than a serpent’s, blasted it with death.”

Alas! for the evil consequences of that ill-fated day. If I chance to be strolling through the streets, every oyster-wench eyes me with a peculiarly fiendish expression, pointing at the same time to her tub of vendible

commodities, the water in which actually seems to bubble at my approach, I have twice been driven *vi et armis* from my lodgings, upon discovering that my landlord's family were in the nightly habit of regaling upon oysters. Once I mightily offended an acquaintance, by exhibiting symptoms of unfeigned horror upon his informing me, that he had accidentally met with an old school-fellow. I adjourned to a tavern, where he demolished—oh! ye Gods!—a whole barrel of oysters. An electric shock could not have had more effect upon me than that piece of information. My blood curdled at the thought; and every individual hair of my head literally stood an end: indeed, I am half convinced, that had my hat at that moment chanced to have decorated my pericranium, it must have been gently lifted off, after the fashion of the grenadier's cap in Tom Jones.

Oh! dura masserum ilia.

“Oh! bowels of mowers to digest such a feast!”

was my internal exclamation.

But the most fatal consequences of the afore-mentioned day, were the horrible dreams which thenceforth haunted my pillow. Oft have I dreamed, that far as the eye could reach, I was surrounded by myriads of oysters, some sliding along the slimy shore, some clinging to me, some with expanded shells even flying about me: some uttering hissing noises, others eyeing me most maliciously; others with open mouths,

“Agape to swallow me.”

One of a more tallow complexion, and less plump than the rest, wheeled round at the head of a whole tribe of companions to my right ear: and after an admonitory gripe, squeaked forth—Oh! those infernal notes still ring in my ears!—squeaked forth, I say—*two a penny!* Another even dared to insert itself between my teeth, from whence all efforts to dislodge it proved ineffectual: nay, it was actually proceeding to engage no inconsiderable portion of my colloquial member, when the horror of such a pollution caused me to awake, dispersing my dreams, and with them the Reminiscences of

MISOSTREOS.

SONNET.

I HAD a thought at midnight, which oppress'd
My mind most deeply, and whene'er I strove
To cast it off, that I might take my rest,
It clung unto me like a thought we love;
And recollection could not soothe my grief,
But aided it; to nature then I turn'd,
Yet e'en from her I could not gain relief.—
I look'd, I saw, I felt, and yet I mourn'd.
The starry sky, the mountain's foaming brook,
The silv'ry flowers, awakening from their sleep,
The trees with all their music, while they shook
Down the bright dew-drops, only made me weep;—
In our own souls we often find a void,
Which would be filled, yet cannot be supplied.

FIONA.

Tirerton.

THE SEVEN LARAS, MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, and TRANSLATIONS, of
 IZAAK MARLOWE. Glasgow. M'Phun; London. Simpkin and
 Marshall.

"THE wife of RUY VALESQUEZ, COUNT OF CASTILE, having conceived a passion for Lara, the youngest of the sons of GONZALVO GUSTOS, LORD OF LARA, and being denied, stimulated by her passion, engaged her husband in her revenge, by accusing the object of her resentment, of offering some imaginary insult. Lara is in consequence sent to Cordova, and there detained in confinement. Here he gains the affection of the daughter of the Moorish Prince, and by her assistance, escaped from prison. By her he had a son, named Mudarra, who, on reaching manhood, slew Ruy Valesquez, in a single combat. Being adopted for this action, by his step-mother, he succeeded his father, and was the founder of the noble family of the Laras."

The above very interesting story, which was one of the favourite subjects of earlier Romance and Song, is the foundation of a Poem of six Sestiyads, written in imitation of the older English Poets; and carries through its pages all the freedom, liberty, and beauty, that characterize their productions.

The incidents in the Fiction, follow each other in quick succession; we have no long "*episode*," or "*interregnum*," but a heated, poetical fire, through every line; no long tedious descriptions of remote scenery, but an interest in every Sestiyad. Truly beautiful is the delineation of the Caliph's daughter, whose voice

—Beneath his prison lone,
 In a garden beautiful as day,
 —Was sweeter than the seraph's song.

It reminds us of the lovely Lalla Rookh.

—'Tis young Zeyd, the Caliph's daughter—
 Pure as the gem in Oman water,
 So beautiful, that mortal eyes,
 On earth, ne'er saw her counterpoise;
 —Lovely as she with unloosed zone,
 That loved to roam o'er Melos lone,
 Drinking the dews from rills that flow
 Down steep Olympus' starry brow,
 Who, Queen of Heaven's wide empery,
 Proud of her matchless archery,
 Betook her to the pathless mountains,
 Dwelling beside the shady fountains,
 Where Love could ne'er her soul entrance,
 Or touch her veil in dalliance.
 —With soul as pure, with form as bright,
 Such was Zeyd—so exquisite!

Well Lara's bosom with delight
 Might throb at that delicious sight;
 A dazzling mist come o'er his eye—
 A blessed entranced obscurity!

The "first sight" of the interesting Captive and the fair Zeyd, is extremely pretty.—One morning, arrayed in her native beauty, she wandered
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where "murmuring flowed a chrystal stream," and here she discovers Lara, sleeping in visionary joy, and is entranced to the spot by his beauty,

Her fond eye nearer now surveys
His brow, adorned with every grace;
His lips, his neck, his graceful limbs,
Then all the soul within her swims,—
Till wild his fond ambrosiac cheek
Her glowing lips enraptured seek!
And still she, in excess of joy,
Presses the lips of that fair boy!
Dwelling as if her soul with his
She fain would join in one deep draught of bliss!

He arouses a little from his slumbers, and wonders

—who is she! that maiden bright,
That meets his eyes unclosing,
Her gentle looks like pale moon-light
On some blessed scene reposing?
Her cheek to his in rapture pressed,
Her arms around him twining,
Like ivy pale, and laurel blessed,
'Mid glory's tresses shining.
Well might he deem, of Eden bright,
Some sinless daughter met his sight,
Thus with her looks and smiling eyes,
Welcoming him to Paradise.
—And well might she—that gentle maid,
Beneath that bower o'ershadowing laid,
Think that her arms in joy caressed
Some form of light—some Peri blessed,
Who leaving, on his light wings borne,
The glowing chambers of the morn,
His bright robes to the breeze unrolled,
That curled his waving locks of gold,
Wandering o'er Yemen's tents of snow,
Where Othman's banners proudly glow,
This spot so fair his eye had viewed,
Enchanting in its solitude,
Where he, amid its blushing bowers,
Might lie and dream of Eden's flowers.

The delineation of an aged Troubadour is quite characteristic.

—With Lara in that tower
There sat an aged Troubadour,
Wiling with song of war and blood
The dreary hours of solitude.
And up as palaces of gold,
And syren forms of airy mould
Rise at the Necromancer's wand;
So like enchantment o'er his breast
Came each fair scene by fancy bless'd,
Loved in his native land,
His home of peace, his father's halls,
Its turrets bright, and castled walls,
And fair Xarama's woodland banks,
Where oft by eve, in shining ranks,
The maidens come of love to sing,
Where Minstrels meet and timbrels ring.

The Lines from the Greek of Musæus, are worthy of insertion.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Daughter of Eve ! with tresses bright,
Throned in the crimson tents of heaven,
The fairest gem to azure Night,
To grace her diadem of light,
The first of years has given !

Hail ! Star beloved !—when gaudy day—
When waning moons forsake the skies,
Still smiles thy mild auspicious ray,
To light the eager youth the way
Where fond the maiden lies !

— Where, 'neath the wild acacia's shade,
With roses crown'd, she lies reposing—
One arm of snow unconscious laid
Across a heaving breast displayed,
Unthought of bliss disclosing.

Well may we love, fair Star, thy light,
That shed'st thus on our hopes thy smiles !
Well have they named thee Joy of Night,
For her the mother of delight,
Queen of the hundred isles.

The NOTES to this Poem display much reading and research, and the "Translations," and the other smaller Pieces, have our approbation. We have only room for

THE ARABIAN LOVE SONG.

As on a rosy couch reclined
Young Zillah on my panting breast,
With arms around each other twined,
With lip to lip each other pressed !

What youth was e'er so blessed as I,
Within the arms of beauty toying,
The ravished smile, the heaving sigh,
The all of sweet and bright enjoying !

Ye gales that sport o'er sunny Ind,
O'er bright Socatra unconfined,
Ye ne'er within your native bower
Gazed, amorous, on so fair a flower !

Ye ne'er from one more bright in hue
The odours of your light wings drew,
As that which then my arms caressed,
And hung enraptured on my breast.

I knew it by the smothered sigh
Wafted to me from lips divine ;
I saw it in the rolling eye
In silent rapture meeting mine ;

In the flushed cheek, the ardent gaze,
 Ever on me in fondness turned ;
 —Yes! in the long—the fond embrace,
 With mutual fires our bosoms burned.

Thus oft we lie—her snatching eyes,
 Like Ocean, rolling fond with bliss ;
 Our careless brows with chaplets fair
 Entwined among our shining hair.

And now the ruby juice I sip,
 Now taste the treasure of her lip,
 Now drink the tears of bliss, that lie
 Imbedded in her azure eye.

Ye virgins of the Arabian bowers,
 That braid your tresses bright with dew,
 May I be blessed with love like yours,
 With forms so bright, with hearts so true !

Then, joined to such, may fond desire
 Within our glowing bosoms spring,
 May love light up his grateful fire,
 And fan it with his dove-like wing.

On closing the Volume, we most cordially recommend it to the perusal
 of our readers, as a pleasant relaxation from more *sombrous tomes*.

DUCANGE AND HIS TRUNK.

CHARLES DUCANGE, a French writer of the seventeenth century, was a well-bred, good-natured man ; fond of learning, though not so addicted to it, but he cheerfully laid aside his books to welcome any visitors, saying, that he read for his pleasure, and was always inclined to postpone his studies for social duties.

He once sent for some booksellers, and on their arrival shewed them an old trunk, telling them it contained materials for a saleable book ; and, for any reasonable consideration, they were at their service. The offer seemed fair, and the prospect of gain still more so : but, upon opening the trunk, they could find nothing except a confused heap of loose papers, which seemed to have been torn and thrown by, as of no use. Ducange, laughing at their embarrassment, told them that he could assure them there was no mistake or deception, for the manuscript was actually in that trunk. At length one of them, upon a closer examination of some of the scraps, discovered each to contain a word, with Ducange's remarks and illustrations upon it ; and it appeared that the only difficulty would be to reduce them to alphabetical order. Ducange's probity and erudition being well known, the bookseller, without any farther explanation, made him a handsome offer for the trunk and its valuable, though somewhat chaotic, contents : and this is said to be the origin of Ducange's curious Latin Glossary.

CONSUMPTION.

A Sketch from Life.

I ONCE knew two friends—not friends in the modern acceptation of the term, mere associates in combinations of pleasure, but in the deeper and more refined sense—men, whom a similarity of taste, dispositions, and sentiments, once brought together; and whom a lively interest which each felt for the welfare of the other, kept united in the bands of the closest sympathy.

Allan Selby's and Charles Leslie's parents moved in the middle sphere of life: Charles was early left an orphan, and bequeathed to the care of his friend's parents. They were both placed at the same school, and after they left it, the same tutor superintended their education. He was a man of strong natural sense, and although not, perhaps, gifted with any remarkable share of imagination himself, knew well how to kindle and foster that of others. The minds of his young pupils were already well prepared by the foundation of an excellent education, and only wanted the finishing hand of a master to complete the structure. He taught them, not the philosophy of schools, but that of nature; in her deep recesses he pointed out where knowledge lay concealed, and awakened in the bosoms of his young pupils a love of her beauties and laws, and a taste for innocent and simple enjoyments. They grew up, it is true, with enthusiastic, but amiable notions,—the gaiety of their minds was only excelled by the purity of their hearts.

To bring them more immediately before the reader, I will endeavour to describe their persons. Allan, when in his nineteenth year, was what the world calls, a very fine young man: his countenance was very propossessing, and seemed to be the index of a mind of no common order. His features, though not regular, were highly expressive, and he was generally considered handsome. A subdued melancholy was visible in his countenance, yet his large dark eye seemed to beam with a happy enjoyment of the present. In stature he was considerably above the middle height, and though slenderly formed, his limbs were swung together with great vigour and elegance.

It is now that I shall be suspected of dealing with fiction, in endeavouring to depicture Charles.* He was of a form so matchless, that no description can do him justice. He was of the middle height, roundly, but—if I may use the expression—harmoniously formed. If his face wanted the majesty of the Apollo Belvidere, it had all its grace and beauty—yes, beauty! (my readers will wish with me that I was describing a female.) Indeed, if his appearance generally excited surprise, it generally ended with an exclamation.

* This is not a "false creation" of the author's brain,—this "faultless monster" the world has seen: all that ever saw him, confessed he was the handsomest man that they ever beheld. He was also gifted with those endowments I have assigned him. I was once walking with him, when a decent young female sprung forward and caught him round the neck, and kissed him, saying afterwards, "he might kill her, if he pleased, since she had kissed the handsomest fellow the sun ever shone upon!" An instance of similar female admiration is related in Brown's "Northern Courts," that occurred to the young King of Denmark while in this country.

tion, "What a pity so fair a creature should be born a *man*!" There were some who were malicious enough to say it was a libel on the sex to call him such. Nature had, indeed, bestowed her choicest gifts on this her favourite child.

But if his person was characterised by feminine beauty, no one could say his mind or manners were of an effeminate order. No, he was loved for his warm and manly sentiments, which discovered the high source they sprang from; his manners were engaging and open, at the same time firm and commanding.

There was another charm connected with these two individuals, that made their friends still prouder of them; both were celebrated for their promising poetical genius. It may be daring for me to compare that of Selby, with the immortal verse of Lord Byron; but I used to fancy I could trace a strong resemblance. His mind was of a high and soaring nature; his subjects were beyond mortality, he grasped at the very highest; he seemed only great when among the heavens, the ocean, or the air. The deep bursts of passion which were blended with his poetry; the lofty tone of melancholy that seemed not of this earth, or was not to be subdued by any thing on it; a deep and mournful looking back on the past, further helped the similitude.

The muse of his friend was like his person, bewitching and graceful. His poetry partook of the tender and voluptuous spirit of our Anacreon; though it breathed no sentiment that could redden the cheek of modesty. He had a brilliant and rich fancy, which clothed his verse with the most delightful imagery; and although it occasionally descended to prettiness, never sank as low as mediocrity. There was a deep and spirit-stirring tone of tenderness throughout it; and a warm adoration of nature, and a keen perception of her beauties, rendered his efforts equally attractive as his friend Allan's.

It is a melancholy truth, that those gifted with premature or extraordinary talents, are generally fated to meet with a short existence. They spring up like some beautiful flower, which for a few hours delights the beholder, and like an ephemera, expires at the close of the day it first unfolded its blossoms. I might crowd my pages with instances, but let the reader look back at the instances his own memory affords, and see whether he knows not enough that will render the observation true. The grub chooses the finest fruit; the worm glories in despoiling the most promising tree; the insect fixes on the fairest flower; and genius loves to reside where death has placed his seal. Chatterton, and Kirke White, names which will ever associate themselves with our ideas of youth, and taste, and genius, are among the many instances that history loves to sigh over. To the indescribable anguish of all, it was discovered that Allan gave signs of an approaching consumption; every care was taken, every remedy provided; but in spite of all endeavour the symptoms became more decided, and soon told the disease was inherent in his constitution. When every one was all anxiety and fear for the fate of Selby, to the surprise and consternation of all, Charles showed indications of the same distressing malady. There was a deep and awful mysteriousness about this time apparent in the conduct of both; they seemed to be deeply impressed with the sense of an expected change; their cheerfulness did not seem to forsake them;

but the breaking out of a refined spirit, that could not mingle with worldly concerns, was visible in their actions.

They calmly submitted, though palpably more in compliance with the anxiety of their friends, than faith in their service, to all the regulations which their medical advisers enjoined. The disease was rapidly gaining ground, and the symptoms were such as to make the *case* (for there was no division of hope or fear, they were both equally dear) entirely hopeless. There seems a sacred halo spread around such as are marked by this disease, to indicate they are not long for this earth, but designed for a better and more exalted sphere.

The season of the year that they were last able to appear among their friends was May; it was always their's, as it is most other people's, favourite month. But its approach could not be hailed so joyously as formerly; it seemed to bring to every thing else freshness and strength, while they were wearing away. Their appearance was that of two thriving plants, scattered by the lightning, and withering in the first bloom of their glory. A casual observer would have thought these young sufferers to be enjoying the most favourable health, so deceitful in this disease are the symptoms of Death: like a crafty serpent, that is determined upon the death of its victim, he comes not with frightful menaces to startle or alarm, but insinuates its approach in the most subtle and beautiful forms, the more effectually to deceive his unwary victim. Yet upon nearer approach, the ravages of the worm might be discerned: the bloom on their cheeks was not a vigorous glow, but a hectic forewarning; the brilliancy of their eyes was not the brightness of health, but the fire of the disease that was consuming within. A placid expression of resignation and happiness was visible in the countenances of both; nor did their looks deceive, for they truly reflected their souls.

It was but a short time previous to their decease, that they summoned up strength enough to take their accustomed ramble in a garden contiguous to their residence. It was a fearful, and although it rended some hearts, a blissful thing, to see two blossoms, which had, as it were on the same stem, bloomed and run through the short measure of their years together, gradually fade and sink at the same time to an early grave. On this morning every flower, every leaf, seemed to bloom with fresher lustre.—“To think,” said Allan, “that these flowers, which we ourselves have reared, and lamented the shortness of their sweet lives, should outlive us; that we, who have seen them open their leaves into life, should be gathered into the earth before they are scattered on its surface!”

Why should I dwell on a tale oft told—they were soon unable to leave their apartments,—it was then the request of both that they might be in the same room, as each would be unable to visit the other were they separated. It is a fearful warning, when the physician grants all the whims and caprices of his patient: in this they were indulged, and when all around them were dissolved in grief—they remained calm—in joyful expectancy of the new scene they were about to enter.

It was heart-rending that one should witness the death of the other, but in consequence of their being in the same apartment it could not be prevented. Allan was summoned first. He parted with all around him as if taking a final adieu—but with his friend he said no more than he was accustomed to say when parting for the evening; he felt it as a like separation, and

was assured that the morning was not far distant when they should both meet again.—As the fatal moment approached, the sufferer alone seemed aware it was so near—none from his countenance could have supposed, that the hand of death was on him; till a strange convulsion that played round his mouth—a palpitation that lifted the clothes that covered his breast—and a fixed, immovable look, struck all around him with a breathless fear. It was soon over, for in an instant a rich glow usurped the hectic flush on his cheeks—his eyes beamed with more than usual brilliancy, and his whole corporeal and mental faculties seemed regenerated. When, in a deep and soul-piercing tone, he uttered this brief and simple prayer:—

“Oh God! who hast given me grace to part from the bonds of mortality, cleanse my soul from the vanities and wishes that may anchor there. And by that hope, which now supports my sinking spirit, pardon, I beseech thee! those errors incurred by the weakness of our nature. And if the prayers of the suppliant may approach thy heavenly throne, grant, oh most dear and merciful Father, strength to her, who conceived and gave me birth, that she may pass the remainder of her years without repining at thy will, till it shall please thee to call her to that home where those she loves best are already gathered!”

* * * *

He then paused—his eyes remained fixt and upturned towards Heaven. In a moment the features were relaxed—the mouth was still open, though breathless—his mother fell on his bosom, just as his soul had winged its flight from the cold clay next her heart.—Leslie said no more than—“in life, in death the same; may I die like him!”

Were I writing fiction, it would follow as a matter of course that the friends died at the same moment in each other's arms,—this was not the case—Leslie survived his friend five days.

At last,
Without a groan, a sigh, or glance, to shew
A parting pang, the spirit from him past:
And they who watch'd him nearest, could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
His sweet face into shadow, dull and slow
Glaz'd o'er his eyes.

Though some may consider it common-place, it was the dying wish of both, that as their souls were inseparable on earth, their bodies might not be separated in death. Yet it was still a strange and beautiful feeling, that although they estimated the body as the proper part, the only one which could return to earth—as the mere shell, which would lose all that was estimable, when the soul left its confinement—that they should still wish them to be united; it shewed the same reciprocal feeling haunted them to the last: and it was gratified. The same mound of earth covers all that is left of these young favourites of nature.

To perpetuate their memory, beyond the recollections of their friends, the mother of Allan placed over their grave a tablet with their names, and the date of their deaths; with the dying words of her son, as the epitaph that best recorded their virtues,—

“In life,—in death the same.”

B.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

By Andrew Marvel.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
 That killed thee. Thou never didst alive
 Them any harm: Alas! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wished them ill,
 Nor do I for all this; nor will:
 But if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with heaven, to forget
 Thy murder, I will join my tears,
 Rather than fail. But, Oh! my fears!
 It cannot die so, heaven's King
 Keeps register of every thing:
 And nothing may we use in vain,
 E'en beasts must be with justice slain.

Inconstant Sylvio,—when as yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,—
 One morning (I remember well)
 Tied in this silver chain and bell,
 Gave it to me: nay, and I know
 What he said then: I'm sure I do.
 Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear."
 But Sylvio soon had me beguiled,
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
 And quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his *Fawn*—but took his *heart*.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away,
 With this: and very well content
 Could so my idle life have spent.
 For it was full of sport, and light
 Of foot and heart; and did invite
 Me to its game. It seemed to bless
 Itself in me: how could I less
 Than love it? Oh! I cannot be
 Unkind to a beast that loveth me.
 Had it lived long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he:
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so little time espy,
 Thy love was far, far better than
 The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
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 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath! and oft
 I blushed to see its foot more soft

And white—shall I say?—than *my* hand,
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet :
With what a pretty, skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race,
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again—and stay ;—
For it was nimbler far than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with lilies overgrown
And roses—that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it would lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For in the flaxen lilies shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill :
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without,—Roses within.

Oh help! Oh help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint.
See now it weeps. The tears do come
Sad slowly dropping, like a gumme.
So weeps the wounded balsome: so
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless *Heliades*
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two chrystal tears: and fill
It—till it do o'erflow with mine :
Then place it in *Dianna's* shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go:
In fair *Elysium* to endure
With milk-white lambs and ermines pure.

O! do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withall,
Let it be weeping too: but there
Th' engraver, sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears fast dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
Then at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thy image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

THE ECCENTRIC.

NOTHING has been more sought after, by society at large, as a source of general amusement, than eccentricity: and many have been the instances in which both men and women, have assumed it in order to obtain popularity. Many a man, by the assumption of this quality, has risen from obscurity into public notice, and been received into the circles of fashion, and into the company of the great, without any other recommendation.

The various Eccentrics to be found in society, are indeed numerous, but they may be reduced into something like the following order:—

The *Military Eccentric*, is usually an *old* soldier, who has had his “hair-breadth ‘scapes i’ th’ imminent deadly breach,” has figured in every engagement of consequence for the last thirty years, and is intimately acquainted with the strength and situation of all the fortresses in Europe. He can descant most learnedly on bastions, covered-ways, and counter-scarps; and can draw up, by memory, the respective armies of the belligerent powers, in any of the battles in which he has been engaged. Nor is his knowledge confined to the dry and formal minutiae of military tactics; his fund of conversation and anecdote are inexhaustible; and he describes the particulars of a skirmish, the sacking of a town, or the storming of a fortress, with all the spirit of a novelist, and the fidelity of an historian. But it is not only in the narration of the horrors of war that he excels; he is also well versed in the private history of most of the Courts of Europe, and can trace some of the most important political events to the intrigues of courtiers, and the system of espionage. Often does he draw the tear from the sparkling eye of beauty, by a faithful relation of the sufferings and fate of those unfortunate families, who have been deprived of their all, by the uncertain fate of war. In short, an old military officer, of rank and education, is at all times an interesting and agreeable companion; but he is still an Eccentric. His manners partake of the camp rather than the drawing-room; and his conversation is frequently disfigured by imprecatory episodes and expletives, shocking to ears polite. The formality and precision of military dress and carriage, still give a singularity to his appearance, which excites the ready smile, and his protracted descriptions are conveyed in a style of originality, which reminds the hearer rather of Blanchard’s Tarragon, or Downton’s Sturgeon, than of the votary of fashion, or the polished man of the world.

The *Naval Eccentric* is equally amusing, though in a different style. His favourite topic is war; but as his excursions have been more extended, his information is more diversified. To him the intrigues of courts, and the machinery of politics are unknown, though he can dilate on the adventures that have attended him in his numerous visits to foreign climes, with equal accuracy and minuteness; and can astonish his hearers by descriptions of unknown regions, their inhabitants, and productions, which tempt the incredulous to smile at the apparently unblushing impudence of the narrator. His conversation, though amusing, is frequently rendered nearly unintelligible by the introduction of nautical phrases, which long habit has rendered familiar, and even necessary to his descriptions; and in point of imprecation particularly, when warmed by the interest of the subject, he far excels the character just noticed, both in energy and novelty. At the convivial board, the Naval Eccentric appears in all his glory,

and sings his song, cracks his joke, and tells his story, with a spirit and vigour, that appear to set both care and old age at defiance. Both in manners, dress, appearance, and conversation, the old Admiral may be properly denominated an Eccentric; and the cheerfulness of his disposition, the incredibility of his stories, and the rough simplicity, but warm-hearted generosity of his character, make him a welcome guest in every company, where the amusement he affords fully compensates for his deficiency in the refinements of fashionable life.

The *Theatrical Eccentric*, is a person who thinks—whether truly or erroneously—that he has a great taste for dramatic recitation. His dress is fashionable even to a fault; he apes the carriage of the stage, steps in measured time, and assumes all the importance of a tragedian. His conversation is formal, his manners theatrical, and his discourse is broken by frequent quotations from our best dramatists; and though Shakespeare is his greatest favourite, he occasionally regales us with scraps from Rowe and Otway. His education is generally good, and his judgment defective in nothing, but the true pronunciation of his author, whose most sublime sentiments he delivers in so pompous, affected, and impassioned a manner, both of tone and gesture, “as to tear a passion to rags, and split the ears of the groundlings.” Yet, such is his vanity, his folly, or his ignorance, that he greedily swallows the tittering praise that ridicule bestows, and resumes his seat, perfectly satisfied with the unrivalled excellence of his performance. He is, notwithstanding these glaring and ridiculous improprieties, a character in universal request; he is every where received, welcomed, heard, flattered, and ridiculed; but with him, as “ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise;” and he “struts and frets his hour upon the stage,” with all the self-possession of the most finished actor.

The *Traveller* is an Eccentric of a somewhat singular character, combining with a knowledge of foreign countries, the qualifications of the antiquary, the *connoisseur*, and naturalist, and even sometimes the linguist. With this store of miscellaneous information, he entertains his hearers with descriptions of the *terra incognita*, interrupted by long and frequent digressions on antiquity, painting, sculpture, mineralogy, and other collateral branches of science. In the midst of a description of the Venetian Carnival, he digresses to descant on the brazen horses of St. Martin; discusses their claims to authenticity, and relates “their travels’ history,” till the Carnival and its motley groups are forgotten, and the sacking of cities, and the spoliation of Pagan temples. His travels abound in more wonders than the campaigns of the Major, or the voyages of the Admiral; and he astonishes with adventures and dangers, unknown to all but those who, like himself, have sought to satisfy the insatiable cravings of curiosity, at the risk of life and limb.

The adage, that “Travellers see strange things,” is abundantly verified in his adventures, in which the romantic and marvellous are alike employed, to give energy to his descriptions; and many are the encounters with the “war of elements,” and temporary privations, both in food and lodging, to which he has contentedly, and even cheerfully submitted. In vain scepticism questions, and cool calculation on probability enquires; the grave assertion is reiterated, and politeness acquiesces in conviction. The narrations of the traveller are always amusing, as combining personal identity with his descriptions, which, from the original style, and frequently

comic formality with which they are given, and the digressions by which they are accompanied, can never fail to be welcome in all societies where information and amusement are cultivated.

The *Literary Eccentric*, with whom I shall conclude, is a being of a superior order. He soars above the common topics of conversation, and lives in a world of his own creation. Refined, and even pedantic, in his language, he appears neither to think or speak like other people. Books are, and long have been, his chief and most favourite companions, and with their merits he seems only acquainted. On them his manners are formed, and on them he constantly holds forth. The names and works of authors innumerable, both ancient and modern, form the theme of his discourse, and with elaborate quotations his conversation is frequently illustrated. From these circumstances, in whimsical combination, he appears the creature of another world; and the precision of his language, the negligence of his dress, and the formality of his demeanor, stamp him an Eccentric, while his opinion is courted as the standard of criticism, and his company sought as the universal reference in all subjects of literary discussion.

Society at large, however diversified by character, and adorned by talent, soon becomes monotonous and insipid from a want of variety in the objects of reflection; for mankind, as generally found, have certain traits in which they all agree. The usual topics of conversation exhibit a striking similarity, unless enlivened by some incident possessing a degree of public interest. Conversation, in most companies, when continued for a few hours, becomes exhausted; the common topics are discussed, and few, if any of the company, possess sufficient resources to revive it. But should an Eccentric of either of the above denominations be present, a copious fund of amusement is secured; curiosity is stimulated to enquiry, and amply gratified, without fatigue either to the speaker, or the hearer: *ennui* is banished from the happy and delighted circle, and each individual confesses that pleasure, variety, and mirth, ever accompany the welcome visit of

THE ECCENTRIC.

ON WOMAN.

WHEN fortune frowns with low'ring front,
And ev'ry thought conspires to grieve us;
When dried is friendship's balmy fount,
And those we thought most true, deceive us:—
When all those fairy fancy dreams,
Of buoyant youth to nothing vanish;
And dreary desolation seems
Each ray, each gleam of hope to banish:
Oh! then do woman's sympathy,
And tender cares appear most clearly,
Oh then she shews in every sigh,
How truly she can love, how dearly!
We scarcely wish the pangs remov'd,
Although in twain our hearts are riven;
But feel, by angel woman loved,
That pangs are bliss, that earth is heaven.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrâsse leoni:
At lupus, et turpes instant morientibus ursi;
Et quemque minor nobilitate fera est.

OVID.

It is an odd thing for a man that is a bachelor, not merely by profession, but in point of fact, to think of deciding on the kind and quantity of influence which is exercised on the part of females over men. "If the question were reversed," cries a love-sick youth of eighteen, "and a bachelor, instead of writing on the influence of females over males, had to speak of the influence of males over females, his own ugly face or some other natural defect would sufficiently testify, that he had exercised the influence of fear over all the spinsters of his parish; for few men of good report, and tolerable proportions, are allowed to remain in a state of single blessedness."—The *fit* having taken me, however, (by the way, I must acknowledge the exactness of the other fit in regard to the ugliness of my phiz), I will not be discouraged by any inuendoes from pursuing my original plan. When I commenced this paper, my intention was to inform you of something which may illustrate the question already started, and I now proceed to the task.

Returning the other evening rather earlier than usual, from the club of bachelors to which I have the honour to belong, I was led to follow up the conversation of my friends, by my own solitary meditations. It is a curious fact, that, whenever I arrive at my lodgings before the "witching time of night," I grow exceedingly wise and moral in my reflections; and what is not always the case with my poor head, am able to remember, with distinctness, the most trivial occurrence, and to distinguish with accuracy every object of the sight. Whereas, if "the clock strikes one" while I am out, "I take no note of time," and am never able to hear it, either on account of some peculiarity in the atmosphere at that particular juncture, or in my ears, or both. And as to seeing, I can see nothing at all, nor am I able to determine whether this myopy arises from the excessive darkness of the midnight hour, or from some periodical defect in my organs of vision. But I am only wandering from the point.

On the evening to which I have alluded, I was the more inclined to moralize, because I had not only retained a *mens sana in corpore sano*,—having neither received the salutations of the charlie's bludgeon, nor passed my *meridian*, but had also, on account of the tremendous *lagomachy* of my boon-companions, refrained from expressing my own opinion concerning the Influence of Women. I was, therefore, left to chew my cud over the question, and digest it at my leisure.—Well, thought I, as I arranged my person in the easy chair, and wheeled round to the fire, without any faith in astrology, the Influence of Women is equally various with that of the *stars*; and God knows—with a sigh—they are equally numerous. Numerous, however, as they are, I think one might abbreviate their history by dividing them into a certain number of classes; and as I

have begun my comparisons in *astronomy*, let me see how they will fit to the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Some are like SAGITTARIUS, and from eyes of blue, black, or hazel, delight in aiming at the hearts of men, the sure and sharp arrows of their almost inexhaustible quivers. Others may come under the denomination of LIBRARIANS, not because they are *learned*, but on account of their propensity to *weigh* the matter on both sides, and by long deliberation, and long faces, to induce their captives to make more *liberal* settlements. GEMINI will include those who, by their astonishing *fecundity*, so powerfully urge on their husbands the necessity of making suitable provisions for an increasing family, and influence them in redoubling their exertions for that purpose. By CANCER one may understand a respectable body of females, who as they *recede* from the stage of human existence by slow and regular gradations, have considerable influence in suppressing, with their snappishness and ill-humour, the gallantry of those who would otherwise most willingly take them by the hand. The PISCES are another odd kind of *fish*, which, though they do not multiply among themselves, are yet, I fear, increasingly numerous. They live out of water, it is true; like owls they only venture forth in the night time, and contribute, by their meretricious arts, to excite the bad, while they destroy the worthier passions of youth. VIRGO is a title to which a numerous band of females lay claim so resolutely and vehemently, that one had better substitute *virago*, or even TAURUS (*malgré* the gender), as applying to a much more extensive class of *Amazons*, who engross among themselves the singular faculty of *bullying* and intimidating all little men with squinting-eyes, crooked backs, and bandy legs. The SCORPIONS are a very terrible and deceitful race, and the man who is about to consummate his earthly bliss, must "take heed to his ways that he offend not with his tongue," or he will find to his sorrow, if he marry a person of this stamp, "it is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." Those whom I would distinguish by the name of CAPRICORNUS, are a very considerate class of creatures. Not wishing to be overburdensome to any *single* man, they allow *one* the privilege of calling himself *husband*, and reserve the *other* to sustain the character of *lover*. This sort of ladies are noted for cutting rather curious *capers*; and they take considerable pleasure in ranking their submissive spouses with *horned* cattle. The ARIES are women who never condescend to argue a point but at the sword's point, and are accustomed to thrash all their opponents, until the chaff is separated from the wheat, and they gain them over to their own opinions. The followers of AQUARIUS are the least in number and repute of any in the Zodiac. These are they who go with a clean face and neat attire, are as innocent as doves, and have every thing very comfortable; but they *sail* down the *stream* of time as though they were the only inhabitants of earth, without taking notice of either men or things, and have no further influence on the minds of mankind, than as they sometimes induce poets to compare them with the noiseless *water-brooks*, which

— lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

I scarcely knew what to do with LEO, and had entered so extensively in the way of research on the subject, as to wander even to "the land of

Nod ;" where having satisfied myself that Cain's wife was the *lion* of the place, (being the mother of the first poet forsooth,) I suddenly returned by reason of the terror which I felt on an imaginary sight of the murderer's bloody hand. On recovering my self-possession I remarked, that she alone is a lion among women, who is of a noble and passionate, but yet forgiving nature. She whose love for him that is worthy of it, remains

"Unquenched by floods, and unconsumed by fire."

She who is a lover of her country and her children—she who is just and merciful—she who is chaste and honourable—she who is righteous in anger, but easily restrained, and of whom it might be said,

*Tempore Pœnorum compescitur ira leonum,
Nec feritas animo, quæ fuit antè, manet.*

She, in fine, who, in whatever sphere she is placed, acts with a manly resolution, and who, without divesting herself of any the least of those peculiar charms which concentrate in British females, carries every thing before her.*

Æ.

* "The following epigram," says Bayle, "was in every body's hands about the year 1561, having been occasioned by the greatest part of the kingdoms of Europe being then governed by women, or at least under their administration." It may not unsuitably follow the above article.

*Vulva regit Scotos,(a) hæres(b) tenet illa Britannos,
Flandros et Batavos nunc notha vulva(c) regit.*

Vulva regit populos quos signat Gallia portu,(d)

Et fortes Gallos Itala vulva regit.(e)

Hls furiam furiis, vulvam conjungite vulvis,

Sic natura capax omnia regna capit.

Ad Medicam artem incertam, Gallia saucia tendis.

Non uti Medicis est medicina tibi.

Non credas Medicis, vena qui sanguinis hausta,

Conantur vires debilitare tuas.

Ut regi, matrique suæ, sis fida Deoque,

Utere concilio Gallia docta meo.

Et pacem tu inter proceres non ponito bellum,

Hospita(f) lis. Artus rodit agitque tuos.

(a) Mary Stuart.

(b) Queen Elizabeth.

(c) Margaret, Duchess of Parma, natural daughter of Charles V.

(d) Catherine of Austria, sister to Charles V. widow of John III. King of Portugal, and Regent during the minority of Sebastian, her son.

(e) Catherine de Medicis.

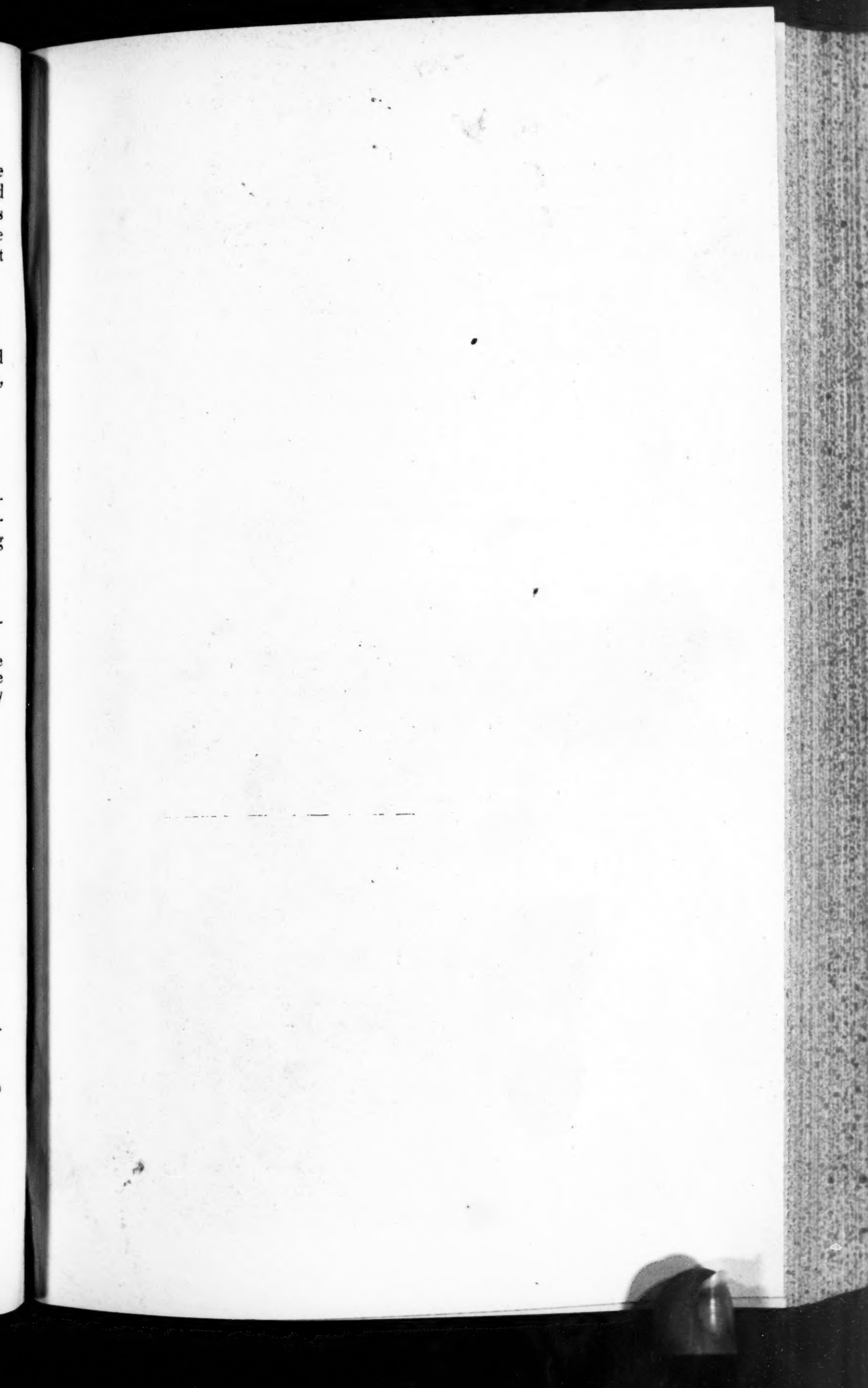
(f) An allusion is here meant to the name of the Chancellor De l'Hospital, to whom Catherine de Medicis chiefly owed the Regency.

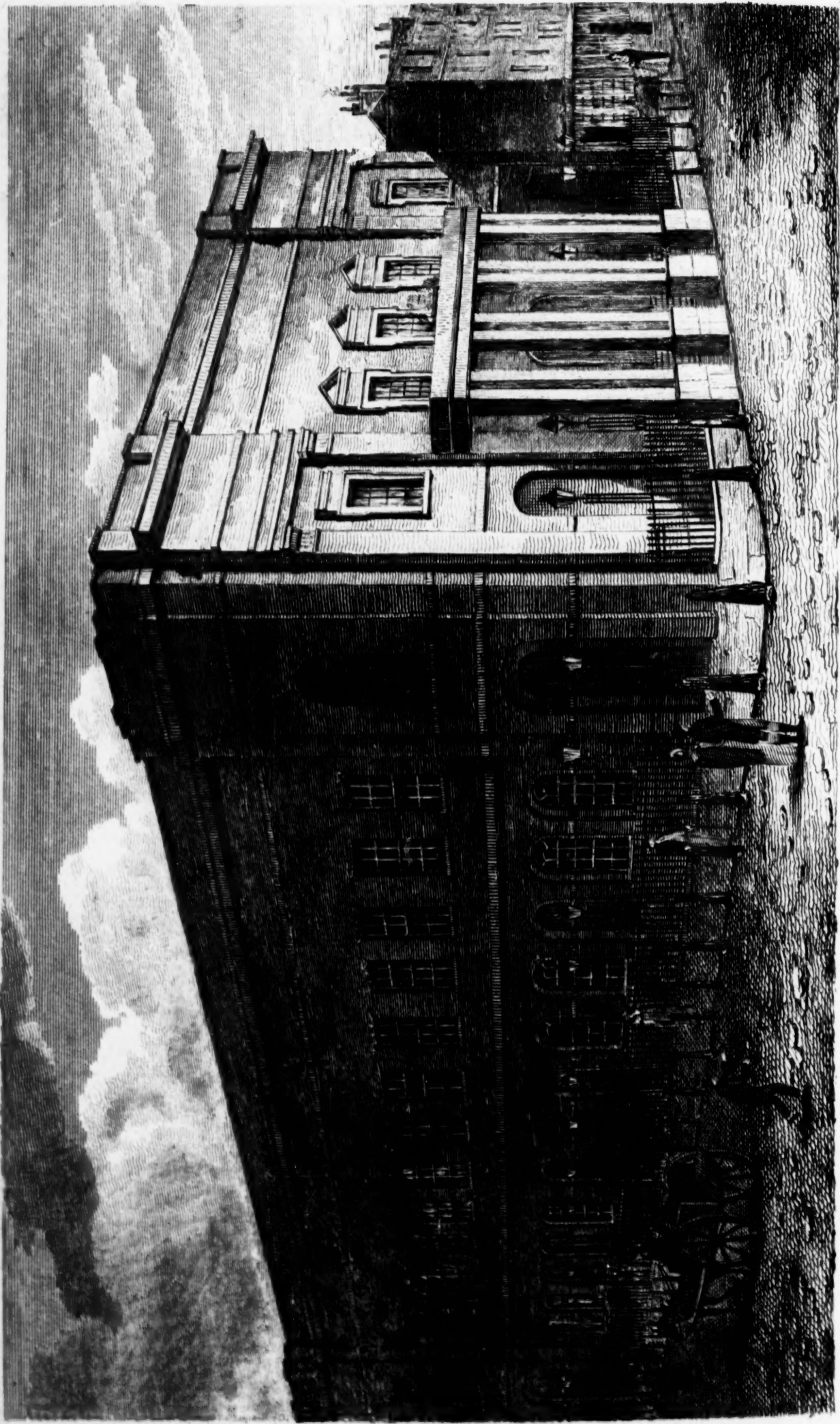
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Drawn & Engraved by H. Adlard.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

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A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA AND THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH it is generally supposed that England was more backward in dramatic exhibitions than its continental neighbours, yet there can be little doubt that entertainments which, though crude and barbarous, did certainly partake of the dramatic nature, were known in this country almost as early as the Conquest. Stephanides, a monk of Canterbury, who lived in the reign of Henry II. informs us, that "London, instead of common interludes belonging to the Theatre, has plays of a more holy subject; representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear." This author does not mention such performances as novelties, but describes them as the customary diversions of the period in which he lived. That masquerades—a species of theatrical exhibitions—were well known in the reign of Edward the III. is a fact recorded in a manner by no means complimentary to the parties who figured in them: for in that reign it was ordained by Act of Parliament, that a company of men called Vagrants, who had made masquerades through the whole City, should be whipt out of London, because they represented scandalous things in the little ale-houses and other places where the populace assembled. In the year 1578, we find the scholars of Paul's school presenting a petition to Richard the II. praying his Majesty "to prohibit some inexpert people from presenting the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expence, in order to represent it publicly at Christmas." Not long afterwards, (in 1390,) the parish clerks of London are said to have played Interludes at Skinner's Well: and in the fourth year of King Henry the IV. they acted at *Clerkenwell* (which took its name from this custom of clerks acting plays there,) for eight successive days, a mystery concerning the creation of the world; the performance of which was attended by most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. These instances are sufficient to prove the high antiquity of the British Drama.—Many years, however, elapsed before wit or taste made their appearance on our stage. One of the earliest writers of English plays, was John Heywood, the epigrammatist, who was jester to Henry VIII. He wrote a piece called "The four P's, being a new and merry interlude of a Palmer, Pardoner, Poticary, and Pedlar." He also wrote several Comedies. Henry Parker, son of Sir Wm. Parker, is also said to have written several Tragedies and Comedies in the same reign. But Thomas Heywood, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, was, according to his own confession, one of the most voluminous writers that ever attempted dramatic composition in any language. In a preface to one of his plays, he observes, "this tragi-comedy is one preserved amongst *two hundred and twenty*, in which I have had an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Mr. Richard Edwards, who was one of the gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, and master of the children there, wrote two Comedies, one called *Palæmon and Arcite*, in which a cry of hounds in hunting was so well imitated, that her Majesty and the audience were extremely delighted. The other called "*Damon and Pythias*, the two faithfulest friends in the world." About the same time came Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton, the writers of *Gorboduc*, the first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English tongue. Though Tragedy and Comedy were now in-

troduced upon the stage, the former for a time, as may naturally be supposed, infected with bombast, and the latter with quibbles and absurdities; yet, shortly afterwards, the pure and natural drama not only received its birth, but through the masterly geniuses of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, at once arrived at its utmost perfection.

Having thus briefly and imperfectly traced the progress of the dramatic muse amongst us, we may now take a glance at the stage and the players. With the growth of the drama, the number of play-houses increased; so that in 1629, when the play-house in White Friars was finished, there were no less than seventeen buildings of that description; the names of most of which may be collected from the title-pages of old plays. And as the Theatres were numerous, the companies of actors were in proportion. The children of the Royal Chapel had been formed into a regular company, in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign; and some few years afterwards, as the subjects of representation became more ludicrous, a company was established under the denomination of the Children of the Revels. Beside these two companies, we are told that Queen Elizabeth, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, bestowed handsome salaries on twelve of the principal players of her time, who were distinguished by the style of her Majesty's comedians and servants. And exclusive of these, many noblemen retained companies, who not only acted privately in their Lords' houses, but publicly under their licence and protection.

In the first year of King James's reign, a licence was granted under the Privy Seal, to Shakspeare, Fletcher, Burbage, Hemmings, Condel, and others, authorizing them to act plays (not only at their usual house, the Globe, at Bank side) but in any other part of the kingdom, during his Majesty's pleasure! The English Theatre appears to have been at this period, in a very prosperous state. Dramatic authors abounded, and their works had the advantage of being supported by the skill of many eminent players, concerning whom, it is to be regretted, that so few particulars are at this day known. So great was the taste at that time, for theatrical performances, that it became the fashion for the nobility to celebrate their weddings, birth-days, and other occasions of rejoicing, with masques and interludes, which were got up at great expence; and with a taste and magnificence, which may be conceived from the circumstance of Inigo Jones being frequently employed to design decorations for the places of exhibition. In the masques at court it was not unusual for Majesty itself to sustain a part: and the nobility at their own private houses, were not averse from following the Royal example. The same universal passion for dramatic entertainments continued during the reigns of King James, and great part of Charles the First's. Nor were they suppressed till the ascendancy of that faction, whose plan of reform was consummated in the overthrow of the constitution, and the execution of their Sovereign.

On the 11th of February, 1647, an ordinance was issued, whereby all stage players, &c. were declared to be rogues, and liable to be punished according to certain statutes of the thirty-ninth of Queen Elizabeth, and seventh of King James the First. The Lord Mayor, Justices, and Sheriffs of London, and the Magistrates of Surrey and Middlesex, were likewise authorised and required to pull down and demolish all play-houses within their jurisdiction; and to apprehend any persons convicted of acting, who were to be publicly whipped; bound in recognizance to act no more, and in case of refusal to enter into such obligation, they were to be committed till

such security was given. And if after conviction they offended again, they were to be declared incorrigible rogues, and to be punished and dealt with accordingly. It was also ordained, that all money collected at play-houses, should be forfeited to the poor; and a penalty of five shillings was imposed on every person who should be present at any dramatic representation. Before the operation of this severe ordinance, the performances of the stage had been frequently interrupted, and threatened with destruction. The greater part of the actors at that time connected with the theatres, went immediately into the army, and took up arms in the defence of that Sovereign to whose affability and patronage their profession was so deeply indebted. The theatres were abandoned and destroyed; and those by whom they used to be occupied were either killed in the wars, worn out with age, or scattered over different parts of the country, afraid of assembling lest they should subject themselves to the penalties of the ordinance, and incur the vengeance of the ruling powers.

The taste of the public for theatrical amusements at length revived; and the exertions of the performers and managers met with considerable encouragement and remuneration. Their success was, however, soon interrupted by national calamities. The plague of 1662, and the dreadful fire of the following year caused the entire suspension of stage performances. But the good people of those times required some recreation, after the disasters occasioned by the plague and fire, and accordingly both houses were opened at Christmas, 1666; and public diversions were again followed with avidity.

Henceforward, the history of the British stage becomes involved in that of the established theatres; and they being all subject to much the same incidents, it would be uninteresting, in this summary notice, to recount the fires, and rebuildings, managements and mismanagements, changes and occurrences, which have taken place at each:—*ex uno disce omnes*.

In January, 1671, the play-house in Drury-lane took fire, and was entirely demolished: the violence of the conflagration was so great that between fifty and sixty adjoining houses were burnt or blown up. The proprietors, as soon as they had recovered from their consternation, resolved to rebuild the theatre, with such improvements as the tasteful and scientific might suggest. For that purpose they employed Sir Christopher Wren, whose celebrity was then very great, to furnish a design, and superintend its execution; and the plan which he produced, was highly approved by the best judges, as being equally adapted to the advantage of the performers, and the audience. Several alterations were however made, which so far from being improvements, tended to defeat the intention of the Architect, and to spoil the building. The new theatre was opened on the 26th of March, 1674, when a prologue and epilogue were delivered, both written by Mr. Dryden. About this time, Mr. Rich became possessed of a share in this theatre, though he appears to have proceeded as if he were the sole proprietor. Whatever he received he retained for his own use, without deigning to account with any of his partners: this mode of conduct he continued so long, that those who had any claims upon the theatre, abandoned them in despair of ever deriving any benefit from them. The shares of the play-house were thought of so little value, that Sir Thomas Skipwith, who, as Cibber says, had an equal right with Rich, in a frolic, made a present of his interest in the concern to Colonel Brett, a gentleman of fortune, who soon afterwards forced his way into the management, very much

against the inclination of his partner. Brett, by completely changing the system of conducting the theatre, brought it once more into so flourishing a state, that Sir Thomas repented of his generosity, and applied to the Court of Chancery to have the property he had given away, restored to him. Colonel Brett, offended at this treatment, relinquished his claim; and Mr. Rich became once more possessed of all the powers of the patent. But instead of being warned by the experience of past times, to abstain from a tyrannical and oppressive behaviour towards the performers, he now resumed his former course, without fearing or apprehending any resistance to his measures.

William Collier, Esq. a lawyer, who, with an enterprising head, is said to have possessed a jovial heart, observing the desperate situation of the theatre in the hands of Rich, obtained a licence to take the management of the Company left at Drury-lane. The late patentee, who still continued in possession of the house, was not, however, to be easily removed. Mr. Collier, therefore, procured a lease from the owners, and took forcible possession of the demised premises, by the assistance of a hired rabble, who broke into them on the night of some public rejoicing, and ousted the former occupier by a process of their own, more summary than an action in ejectment. But Mr. Collier did not meet with the success which he had anticipated from this speculation; the profits of the season were small, and very far from compensating for the trouble, danger, and expence, which he had been at, in seating himself on the theatrical throne. He soon retired from the station, having effected an exchange of theatres with the managers of the Haymarket: which latter theatre was, by agreement, to be confined to the performance of Operas.

Soon after the death of Queen Anne, Sir Richard Steele procured his name, at the request of the Acting Managers, to be inserted instead of Collier's, in a new licence jointly with them; and this connection lasted many years, with great advantage to all parties. The business of the stage was carried on successfully till about the year 1720, when on some difference which arose between the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Cibber, that gentleman was forbidden to perform: and soon after a variance arising between the same nobleman and Sir Richard Steele, a power, which had been exercised by some of His Grace's predecessors in office, was exerted, and an order of silence was enforced against the managers. A controversy naturally followed; but how long the prohibition continued, or in what manner the dispute was settled, cannot now be ascertained. The patent was in a little time renewed, and Booth, who had a share in it, being compelled by illness to withdraw from the management, found a purchaser for his interest in John Highmore, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, who had contracted a great attachment to the stage, from having performed the part of Lothario one night for a wager. A treaty was accordingly entered into between them, which concluded by Mr. Highmore's purchasing one-half of Mr. Booth's share, with the whole of his power in the management, for the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. Mr. Highmore, however, proved incompetent to the undertaking, and was at last obliged to give up the management with considerable loss.

The person who next succeeded to the patent of Drury-lane, was Charles Fleetwood, a gentleman who at one period of his life had possessed a very large fortune, of which at this time but a small portion remained. He purchased not only the share belonging to Mr. Highmore, but the shares

of all the other partners. So little, however, was the value then set upon the theatre, that the whole amount of the purchase money scarcely exceeded the half of what Mr. Highmore had before paid.

The appearance of Garrick, in the year 1741, formed an era in the annals of the drama, as memorable, as it was glorious and important. After experiencing some slights from the managers of Drury-lane and Covent Garden, he determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard. On his first appearance in the character of Richard the III.* he displayed so much truth and originality of conception, and so much vigour, grace, and nature, in execution, that his fame spread through every part of the town, with the greatest rapidity; and his reputation was soon permanently fixed, as the best actor of his own or any former time. After performing for one season at Goodman's Fields, he removed to Drury-lane, where he not only continued to increase his renown, but by his prudence and frugality, acquired both a character, which pointed him out as a proper person to succeed to the management of the theatre; and a fortune, which enabled him to accomplish that object when the opportunity offered.

The property of the theatre suffered severely from the indiscretion or inability of the manager, who at length involved himself in such difficulties, that no other means of extrication remained, but to quit the country.—About the year 1745, the whole of his property in the theatre, was either mortgaged or sold; and the patent, which had been assigned to some creditors, was advertised to be disposed of by public auction. Two bankers became the purchasers, and they received into the management Mr. Lacey, to whom the conduct of the theatre was entrusted. The calamities of the times affected the credit of many persons at this juncture; and amongst the rest, that of the new managers, who found themselves obliged to stop payment. Their misfortunes occasioned the patent to be again offered for sale: few appeared with courage enough to venture upon it, even at the low price then demanded. At length it was proposed, by Mr. Lacey, that he and Mr. Garrick should become joint purchasers. The offer was accepted; a renewal of the patent was solicited and obtained; all the preliminaries were in a short time settled; and in the year 1747, the house was opened with a prologue, written by Dr. Johnson, and spoken by Mr. Garrick. The new partners were furnished with abilities to make their purchase advantageous to themselves, and agreeable to the public. While Garrick's admirable performances ensured good houses, the industry and attention of Lacey were employed in promoting the convenience of their visitors. The harmony which subsisted between them, contributed not a little to the success of their speculation; and their efforts in the end, procured for both, riches and respect. After Garrick had quitted the theatre as manager and performer, he did not entirely withdraw his attention from the stage; but continued occasionally to assist, and advise, the authors, actors, and patentees, who succeeded him. Notwithstanding the many brilliant stars which have since risen and set, in the dramatic hemisphere, it seems inexpedient to bring down our account of this theatre to the present time;—partly because its more recent history consists of events too nearly resem-

* The Play Bill announcing his first appearance, was published in No. 16, page 256, of the MAGNET.

bling those of former days, to afford much variety of interest; partly because our materials begin to get scanty, and our authorities dubious;—and partly because, were they ever so copious and correct, the modern vicissitudes of theatrical affairs, like most other occurrences of our own times, being fresh in the recollection of all observant persons, are as yet, too common-place to be read with much attention, unless they were handled by some skilful writer.

The old theatre of Drury-lane was pulled down in 1791, rebuilt in 1794, and destroyed by fire, on Friday evening, Feb. 24, 1809. The present structure was designed by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, in a style which combined, in a rare degree, classical simplicity with splendor and magnificence. The new theatre was opened on the 10th of October, 1812. Experience having proved, that the audience part of the house was too large, it was, soon after the demise of the property to Mr. Elliston, pulled down to the outer walls; and through the unremitting exertions of Mr. Beazley, the Architect, and the several artists under his direction, it was, in the course of sixty days, again in a state fit to receive an audience. On Thursday, the 16th of October, 1822, it was re-opened; when a witty address, by the witty George Colman, was delivered by Mr. Terry, with that chaste humour, and pointed emphasis, which are peculiarly his own. These extensive alterations are both described, and justified, in the following lines of the Address:—

“ Thus then our Manager, who scouts the fears
Of pulling an old house about his ears,
Has spared of our late edifice's pride
The outward walls, and little else beside :
Anxious has been that labour to complete,
Which makes magnificence and comfort meet ;
Anxious that multitudes may sit at ease,
And scantier numbers in no desert freeze—
That ample space may mark the liberal plan,
But never strain the eyes and ears of man.”

THE LOVER'S LEAP.*

—BEHOLD you beetling rock, whose brow
Hangs pending o'er the glen below ;
A tale, not easily forgot,
Is told of that same fearful spot ;
And thus it runs.—One summer's day,
A bridal party blithe and gay,

* About ten miles to the south of Dublin, and just on the borders of the County of Wicklow, is situated a very beautiful and romantic glen, called 'the Dargle,' the joint property of Lord Monk, and the Hon. James Grattan, son of the late celebrated orator. To this chosen spot many a gay and happy party repair from the noise and bustle of the City, to enjoy its delightful scenery, a cold dinner in "Grattan's cottage," and a dance at evening on the grass. A rock, which is called "the Lover's Leap," rises to a considerable height above the glen. The circumstance which gave it that name, is detailed in the following little poem, which is supposed to be recited near the spot.

Came hither to enjoy the scene,
 And dance at evening on the green.
 Maria was the gentle bride,
 Her husband's joy, and parent's pride.
 That morning sun arose, to shed
 Its lustre on her happy head,
 But ere its parting beams glanc'd down,
 On valley green, and mountain brown,
 A mourning bride she was!——

They laugh'd and revel'd, till the sun
 In heav'n his mid-day course begun,
 When, to avoid the scorching heat,
 In groups they sought some cool retreat.
 Maria, with her bosom friend,
 In yonder grove retir'd, to spend
 An hour of confidence, and share
 The breezes that were sporting there;
 While William, full of hope and joy,
 His happy moments to employ,
 Wound through that rocky path to gain
 A prospect of the neighb'ring plain,
 Which, bounded by the distant skies,
 In variegated beauty lies.
 His steps were watch'd, his way pursued,
 By one who thirsted for his blood,
 Inflamed by jealousy, and fir'd
 By fiendish rage, he but desir'd
 To live to strike a deadly blow,
 And lay his hated rival low.
 He lov'd Maria, and he strove,
 By ev'ry startagem of love,
 To captivate her gentle heart;
 But vain he found his ev'ry art,
 That undivided realm to share,
 For William ruled supremely there.
 Enraged and stung, his hair he tore,
 A deep and deadly veng'ance swore,
 And, to fulfil his dark intent,
 The bridal morn he chose to vent
 His smother'd rage. He trac'd his way,
 Like blood-hound hov'ring on his prey,
 Silent and sure. While gay and light,
 The happy bridegroom climb'd the height,
 Borne on the wings of bliss—elate,
 And thoughtless of impending fate,
 He just had gain'd the dizzy place,
 And felt the fresh breeze fan his face,
 When pale, and trembling in his ire,
 With quiv'ring lip, and eye of fire,
 His foe sprung on the fatal spot—
 Their conference was brief and hot;
 Insult began—defiance flash'd—
 A rash and sudden blow was dash'd—
 They grasp'd—they strove—they strain'd for breath,
 Their struggle was the strife of death.
 Twice to the dizzy ledge they roll'd,
 Clasp'd in each other's deadly fold,
 And twice they backward fell, and then
 Renew'd the fatal fight again;
 The aim of each was now to throw,
 His rival on the rocks below.
 To compromise they bade adieu,
 And nothing short of death would do.

They spoke no word of rage or hate,
 But in each fearful pause of fate,
 Panting for breath, pale, parch'd, and spent,
 Their looks still gave defiance vent.
 No sound was heard,—no hand was nigh,
 To hold an olive branch;—the sky,
 As if it smiled upon the fight,
 Was still, blue, beautiful, and bright!
 Again the frightful steep they eye'd,
 And struggling hard, again they tried
 To fling each other down.—At length,
 William's activity and strength,
 Had work'd his now exhausted foe,
 Just to the grave that yawn'd below,
 One effort more, and he was free—
 But in this dire extremity,
 His rival drew a deadly blade,
 One sure and fatal plunge he made,
 The weapon pierc'd young William's breast,
 A groan and struggle mark'd the rest.

The Victor's eye no longer flash'd,
 The cold drops from his brow he dash'd,
 And slowly rose:—his haggard look
 Betray'd his soul.—He shudder'd, shook,
 And glanced around, with timid eye,
 To see no evidence was nigh,
 Then dragg'd the body to the edge,
 And from the steep and dizzy ledge,
 He hurl'd it over rocks and all,—
 'Twas dash'd to pieces from the fall!

And then he silently withdrew.—
 The bloody story no man knew:—
 The mangled limbs were found, and all
 Lamented William's luckless fall.
 'Twas thought, in clambering the height
 And turning, that his brain grew light:
 Or—that some faithless craig gave way,
 And hurl'd him from the sight of day,
 To instant death.—Maria's grief
 Was silent, but beyond relief.
 Deep in a gloomy solitude,
 She kept her maiden widowhood,
 For three sad years—and when at last,
 Her lonely boundary she passed,
 To mingle in the world again,
 All friendly efforts were in vain,
 Her pensive moments to beguile,
 Or raise one melancholy smile.
 At last she died, and time roll'd on,
 Till years were counted twenty-one,
 Since that sad bridal day—the steep
 Had long been named—"the Lover's Leap."
 Altho' the dismal story then
 Was fading from the minds of men,
 When writhing on his bed of death,
 The murd'rer, with his dying breath,
 In deepest agony reveal'd
 The fearful tale so long conceal'd,
 And then he raving died!—

THE PARTY.

I can as well be hung as tell the
Manner of it—it was mere foolery!

SHAKSPEARE.

THANKS to my persevering inactivity, by which I intend to express something more than forbearance, and to the progress of time; I have escaped from that babel of discourse—the board of festive nonsense, and human foolery. Do I again breathe the air of retirement, and can I once more *think* in quiet? Happy relief from the toil of fashionable enjoyment! How preferable to me the narrow limits of my *elevated* study, to the noisy mansions of boisterous hilarity! Here I can, at least, taste my *attic* enjoyments with tranquility, and still prefer my scanty meal, with the spirits of the dead,—not in the resurrection of their earthly forms, but the forms of their earthly productions—to a life's communion in luxurious abundance, with the spirits of a modern 'Party,' made up of party spirit, and heightened into intemperance by spirituous libations. However, here I am, returned from the scene, and once more musing o'er the past, for the improvement of the future; and thus easing my shoulders from the burthen of the present. The burthen of the present!—happy achievement! O man! thou most strange anomaly! alive to the conviction, that assuredly

———— A moment we shall want,
When worlds want wealth to buy!

Yet, dead to the lesson which that assurance reads, we are still ready to give away empires to contract the path of existence at the one end, and would yet give worlds to lengthen it, but one short pace, at the other!—And that—but hold;—I find I am exemplifying my truism, and shortening my moments by untimely lengthening my story, and that too at the wrong end; for the *moral* should at all events, if at all, come in at the conclusion,—'tis the rule of fable as well as of life.

To return to the Party—in thought only I mean, or in remembrance—keep me, I pray, from the reality! How shall I perform my task? Shall I paint, as far as the hue of words and other tints of expression can (by the aid of such a pen as mine) give to it, the full description of the motley scene; leading you from the first step over the threshold of the drawing room,—the formal introduction,—“Mr. Brownstudy, Mr. Simpson—Mr. Simpson, Mr. Brownstudy?” And so on through the whole of the first scene of this living farce—the responsive nod, which politeness in her necessity consents to pass for a bow—for what bowing could keep pace with the rapidity of this calling over of the company?—which, by the bye, reminded me of the mustering of the school-boys, when the time was, that I have often had to repeat the sulky “here,” or answer with my body the default. Leading you through the routine of tea, cards, supper, songs, and departure—last and best! Shall I do this, or shall I rather pick up, here and there, along the track of memory, a *souvenir* or two of past incidents and

reflections, and write them down for amusement or for wisdom? The latter be the course; for while that will give scope for far more abilities than I can bring to the task, the other would demand the talents of an *unknown*, and the *known* talents of a Cruickshanks, to give a fair idea of the thing it would describe.

The object of the evening being the celebration of the coming of age of the son and heir of the host and hostess, it should be observed, that the party, therefore, consisted chiefly of young persons, selected from the circle of their acquaintance, and mostly merchants', and some, perhaps, lawyers' clerks.—Let not my readers smile at the latter, for they might have been *articled*, and then they are gentlemen, “according to the statute in that case made and provided;”—and most fortunately provided too, for them. Magic effects of £120, which often make a gentleman of one, who otherwise might want every requisite of education, honour, or honesty!—For the ladies—I know not of what rank they might be; from the dress, I might have concluded they had been ladies of title; but as the company they mixed with denied that to be the case, I supposed that some foolishly fond parents, not believing the poet, that

“Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is when unadorned adorned the most,”

had thus decked out their youthful offspring, partly from pride, and partly from speculative interest, according to the homely maxim of, “there’s nothing like appearance.” But this custom of fashionable waste of silks and satins has, I fear, too frequently both for cause and effect, only pride—pride! Their conversation, too, often belied their appearance. The discord of a verb with its nominative case was smoothed down by the rustling of satins, or the simper of fashionable discourse; or the jarring of two negatives, by the eloquence lurking beneath auburn ringlets hanging over ivory shoulders, or peeping through summer blossoms on a wintry night. Indeed, from the contrast of appearances and discourse, we might at times be almost induced to draw “conclusions most forbidden.”

Having stumbled through the ordeal of the introductory foolery, with a sufficiency of awkwardness in my haste to get over it, I found myself at last seated by the side of a young blooming damsel, who, casting her looks obliquely past me, would “ever and anon,” let her eyes go off at an angle of 45° to steal a glance at her singular neighbour; but I soon managed, by gradually backing my chair out of the circle, to bury myself behind her shoulders, and there escape her kind *regards*. Now, why this lady should thus bestow her attention upon me, is a question which naturally arises in my mind; and in order to avoid the imputation of vanity, which might give strong inference, I must disclose a few of my real defects.

You must know, then, that I remain little indebted to nature for any preference shewn to me in the mould in which it pleased her that I should be cast. Tall and lanky, and of a countenance which, though it would not perhaps entitle me to dispute the palm of ugliness with Liston himself, yet possesses in no inferior degree all that vacuity of expression, and total want of regularity. Deficient of the least resemblance to a *line of beauty*, but fertile in lines bearing a much closer similitude to Sterne’s line of life, all obtuse and acute angles—complexion pale as Hamlet’s ghost, but heightening into crimson upon any thing like confusion in my nerves. This

was the case on my entrance into the room. And now I hope I have sufficiently accounted for the attentions shewn me by my fair neighbour.

In being compelled to shew this, by thus drawing my own miniature, in which I have endeavoured to avoid the common error, or rather the common fault, of flattery, I may, perhaps, have given to the acuteness of my readers, a key to what may be considered the severity of my remarks: I grant it; I will consent to all allowances. I will let them have their own way; only ask in return, that they will let me have mine!

During the operation of tea, each gentleman endeavoured to engage his fair neighbour in conversation, if that term can be applied to a form of little sentences and remarks, as well known, and as regularly repeated at every similar meeting, as the multiplication table at school; however, let it be *conversation*, for our present purpose. Some were even bold enough to engage two; but for me, after pondering for some time what to say, and longer *how* to say it, I resolved to ask my fair neighbour if she had read the last new novel by the author of *Waverley*? This was something I conceived likely to be in her way, and was too somewhat in mine, and I prided myself on the happy selection. The action followed the resolution—the question was put—but unfortunately, her head being turned another way, attending to a warm description going on with the parties on her left concerning the state of the weather, the vibration reached not her ear, or, at least, my words were unheeded, and produced no answer. This was a sad rebuke; I could not muster up courage to pitch my voice upon a higher key, and put the question again; and my confusion was not a little increased, by observing that a lady on my other side, who *had* heard my question, eyed me with a look, which I shall not attempt to define or describe. However, I had recourse to my only aid in these extremities—my pocket handkerchief, and repeated to myself the lines of Voltaire,

—Part le plus nécessaire,
N'est pas de bien parler, mais de savoir se faire;

Resolved to keep a better guard over my vocabulary.

Were mankind in the habit of exercising themselves in the precept of Apollo, and of applying their own actions to the touchstone of every vice and folly, which they are too often compelled to observe in their intercourse with each other, then, indeed, there would be few scenes where an hour of rational amusement and instruction could be more advantageously passed, than in the domestic circles of these friendly *parties*:—but, unfortunately for us, such is not the case; on the contrary, each folly too frequently begets its reverse, and thus the paths of social intercourse may be said to be so full of its snares, that in stepping back to avoid one, we often fall into another.

I'll now return to my "Party," to pick out an illustration of my rule, and there I find that the folly of my own diffidence had probably given rise to that imposing confidence, and perfect self-satisfaction, which seemed to characterize more than one gentleman of the company, who seemed to have taken up their station at the opposite corners of the room, in order that the empire of discourse should not, between themselves, come into dispute. Each had collected round him his little audience, and being once in possession of the public ear, appeared resolved not to leave his hold, by giving

any other "aspiring youth" the opportunity of a pause, to put in his claim to attention ; which, to them, was the one with admiration. Thus they talked down all their opponents, ranging from subject to subject, with the facility of a butterfly from flower to flower. Or, if by any accident, they should have been drawn into an argument, they had such abundance of little facts, and public whispers, to enforce their side of the question, (and of those too, if doubted, they could enter into the proof of pedigree from my lord such-a-one, to his valet through twenty generations,) and then the happy ability which such persons generally possess of putting a gloss upon dull incidents, or polishing any apparent incongruity, leaves no chance of success to any merely *rational* opponent. And yet, after all their ratiocination and argument, it would puzzle the memory to recall a single sentence they had uttered worthy repetition, or a subject that would bear a serious reflection ; so excellently did they answer the description of Florian,

Chacun, comme à l'ordinaire
Parle beaucoup et rien ne dit.

These general talkers have, of late, become so numerous, and threaten such a general destruction of all intellect, that I cannot resist the impulse of inclination to lend my aid in putting down these common nuisances of society. Indeed, if something be not done, and "'twere well 'twas done quickly," we may bid farewell to the humble effort of modest ability, which may no longer show its countenance of conscious imperfection amidst the "busy haunts of men," lest it should meet the self-confident gaze of audacious impudence and ignorance, and be compelled, by dint of mere brass and boldness, to yield the palm of superiority to these blundering nondescripts, or shrink with disgust into their studies, like Diogenes into his cask, and bury their ability in the gloom of retirement.

For the most part the characters of general talkers, will be found identified with that one of effeminate insignificance, "*a ladies' man!*" a fellow, who, though his tongue is as the pendulum of life, yet can be dumb at the voice of female beauty, and listen with contempt, in the mask of extacy, at the dullest drawl of a conceited prude, or kneel with calm devotion at the feet of a triumphant coquette ! A fellow who was never guilty of giving form to an abstract idea, or of uttering one polished phrase not stolen from Richardson's novels, or from the Sorrows of Werter. Indeed, take unblushing impudence,—a countenance in which the long expatriated blush "of ingenuous shame," has given place to that alone of rage or disappointed vanity—a head stuffed with anecdote and nonsense—a memory groaning beneath the lumber of love-teeming quotations—a brain one "dreary waste," unconscious even of its own existence—then joined to an imagination "all compact," which can embellish or distort incidents *ad libitum*, without regard to truth, or virtuous or honourable feeling, and we have at once a picture of "*a ladies' man!*"

As I have a few things further to say on the subject of this same Party, and have already drawn out my sketch to some length, I will close here for the present, and supply you with a second course in due time.

HARCOURT.

WHIT MONDAY, OR A TEMPLAR'S RAMBLE.

THE two brazen heroes of St. Dunstan's were hammering the hour of eleven last Monday morning, when the sun, brilliantly peering through the dusky avenues of the Temple, beheld me most busily employed with my breakfast at my chambers in Mitre Court; endeavouring in vain to get through the leading article of the Times, and the third dilution of my chocolate. Grimalkin and Butler's *Nisi Prius* lay snug on the hearth-rug; an unfinished draft, with Chitty on Pleading, was open before me,—more inviting than agreeable; my outer door was shut, and, being holiday time, I had given Peter leave to see his aunt at Bermondsey. So I determined to put off going to the Exhibition, exclude all morning calls, and have a most sober and industrious day's work.

Well, with this commendable resolution, I took up the neglected draft—sighed over the many interlineations—yawned thrice—mended my pen—and then most comfortably found out, I was not in the humour to be industrious. Immediately as this unfortunate discovery was made, a loud rapping at the door, with sundry kicks and curses, proclaimed the near approach of my friend Volatile. "It's no use," exclaimed I, with something between a sigh and a smile, "business is over for the day:" and so saying, I unbarred my door, and in stepped my friend.

Ned is one of those kind-hearted beings, the very scarecrow of studious and well-disposed young men (like me), who'll neither work themselves, nor let their friends work. "What, Peregrine! why what the d——l ails you? you look as yellow as if you had been at an Alderman's feast, or a lecture on anatomy. Oh! I see how it is. Doors fast without—caution in opening them within—shoulders sensitive of the tap—you not only follow the law, but I apprehend the law follows you. For shame! just upon twelve o'clock, with your morning gown and slippers on." I made my apology—much to do—had been a sad rake the previous week—and determined on that day to turn over a new leaf, and work hard.

"Work hard! hear it, ye gods, and ye Cheapside apprentices! Was there ever such a thing heard of? Work on a Whit Monday! Why, man alive, there's not a mop been twirled—a statute been conned—a wig powdered—or a black letter dusted.

'Oh this is the day for fun and frivolity,
Laughter, love, and jollity.'

Work! I am determined you sha'n't. You have often made me industrious against my will, and now, for once, I'll make you indolent against your's. For shame! look at the sun peeping over the sorry chimney pots, and through your dirty windows,—to stay in doors on a day like this!"

"But, my dear Ned, where shall we go to? there's nothing but holiday apprentices and tailors' journeymen abroad. If we have a drive, we shall be blinded by the dust; it is too warm for a canter, and too cool for a sail. Why I would as leave stay at home, and play scratch-cradle with my sister, card bobbin for my aunt, or read Tyrwhitt's Digest or Bacon's Abridgement from beginning to end." "No, sir, all the world, except you and I, are at Greenwich, and there we *shall* go."

"Greenwich!" exclaimed I, with a legitimate shudder,—“Greenwich

on Whit Monday! Why not say at once the Lord Mayor's Easter Ball, or a squeeze in the Opera gallery on a Catalani night? Shade of the departed Coke, plead thy votary's cause!"

But all this expostulation, argumentation, and invocation, was of no avail. Volatile knew too well how to bother a jury, rather than give up his point. So what with his raillery and logic on one side, and laziness, with her bland persuasion on the other, I was nonsuited in one minute, and suited with my "Sunday's best" in the next, and with Ned, all joy, anticipation, and waggery, left my study; not forgetting to leave a note for the laundress, when she came, to say I was gone to a consultation, nor to stick "return immediately" on my outer door.

"Why confound it, Peregrine, your door, that but a few minutes ago stood as upright a defence against the attacks of a bailiff or dun, as the sentinel at the Horse Guards, now *lies* most deplorably."

"Never mind, it is not the first time it has saved its master's lips, and given your's an opportunity of passing a rascally pun."

So punning and talking, and quizzing and laughing, we reached Billingsgate. "Now what, in the name of wonder," exclaimed I, "do you mean by bringing me here? Are we to be joined by any ladies of your acquaintance?"—Fishfags with baskets overflowing with soles and maids—watermen with boats sinking, with bodies and no maids. "Boat, Gemmen,—Boat, Gem'men," cried fifty voices at once, all anxious to secure a couple of such respectable passengers. "Just going off," cried an impudent son of the oar, with a striped cotton shirt, and holiday corduroy breeches. "Two dev'lish fine girls already in, Gem'men," most suspiciously cocking his eye, as if to discover our weak side. Such a temptation was irresistible, and in we got by the side of the damsels aforesaid, who, to do them justice, were not undeserving of the waterman's panegyric.

Of one in particular I must make "honorable mention," as having a certain pair of hazel eyes, which I shall dilate more upon hereafter. Ned, who possesses the admirable and useful art of making himself at home, in whatever company he mingles, did not find it a difficult matter to worm himself into the good graces of the prettiest of the girls, leaving me at liberty to do the best I could with the other. I had already fallen into a brown study, when a slap on the shoulder reminded me I was not in Brick Court. "Now for the sake of all that's agreeable, discard that lengthened visage: why couldn't you for once 'cut the shop?' You are like a Manchester Rider, who always carries his patterns wherever he goes. Flesh and blood, Peregrine, how can you sit with your hands and knees up, as if you were 'receiving judgment,' or put in the stocks for a misdemeanour? One would think that the reflection of such a pair of eyes as those beside you were a little better to muse on than a problem of Euclid, or one of Mansfield's Judgments, which, I dare swear, is the subject of your profound soliloquy."

Our other companions were, a rough-hewn, weather-beaten Greenwich pensioner, and a thorough-bred cockney, in his Sunday's suit of dittos, whom I at once, from the amiable simplicity of his conversation, set down for no less a personage than the immortal Jeimmy Green. Our discourse turned upon the abolition of fairs near the metropolis. The cockney very pathetically lamented the deal of wickedness that was always going on there, and was not at all sorry they were all to be put down. Greenwich,

he was of opinion, would last for ever, and was licensed by *Magnay's Carter*; a legislator whom I could not, at the instant, call to mind. These aristocratical opinions put the John Bull's blood of the veteran into a ferment, who was ready to take his oath "the good old king" would not have let the *statue* pass; he was of opinion that the poor had a right to be happy as well as the rich. In this opinion I and Ned, although no radicals, most cordially coincided. "But hang it," said the sailor, "while I eat His Majesty's bread, I should not grumble at his laws." The hazel-eyes gave it as her opinion, that fairs were not of much mischief, and she thought that if they were over before it was dark, there would be none at all.

The cockney now became the butt of the company. He asked the waterman, if the fishermen ever caught *whales* thereabout? if the water was salt at Greenwich? Told us of the narrow escape he had in the Margate Hoy, when she sprung a leak, and how full the *hole* was of water, and many other particulars of the "dangers he had undergone." He expressed his determination not to visit the fair, for the sake of avoiding the "*orrid women*" that frequented it. Told us again of his bravery in rescuing his cousins, when they ran too far in the sea on the Brighton coast.

Just after he had related this last achievement, a clumsy, or else mischievous boy, who was rowing along a heavy ship's boat, managed to run foul of our wherry. The girls, anxious for the boat to go forward, although we had no sails, set up a *squall*, while the cockney, without a spark of that heroism, which animated him on a former occasion, made an *entrechét* that would have done no discredit to Mr. Bologna or Madame Saqui; and, as Lord Duberly would say, was, "in the twinkling of a bed-post," in a barge some five or six feet distance. One would hardly have thought it possible, interesting as his society had been, his sudden disappearance could have occasioned such great concern; so much so, that I can verily affirm, all of us *were near going after him!* For his absence created, on one side of the boat, such a great disproportion in regard to ballast, as to immerse the defective side pretty tolerably in the water. However, by the dextrous and timely movements of Ned and the waterman, we were soon restored to our equilibrium, I being at the moment most interestingly engaged with the hazel-eyed beauty, who had managed to faint most appropriately in my arms. Mr. Jemmy Green, having discovered that all was safe, and the waterman more, I believe, out of regard to his unpaid fare, than the pleasure of his company, having rowed up to the barge, the redoubtable hero condescended to occupy the seat he had so unceremoniously abdicated, receiving from all present the most flattering congratulations on his amazing dexterity, admirable courage and presence of mind, and above all, for the benevolent feeling which induced him to hazard the lives of six of his fellow-creatures, for the sake of saving his own precious person a wetting! The poor animal bore his blushing honours thick upon him, and began, I think, to wish we were all at the bottom, or he any where else than where he was. The girls were most unmercifully severe; one asked him whether he had taken lessons from General Jacko, the monkey rope-dancer: the other thought it was distressing to see people labouring under such exquisite sensibility, and thanked him most cordially, in the name of his sex, for the gallantry he had evinced in making his glorious

* This is a fact: the writer heard the question seriously asked.

exit. The waterman and the veteran gave some pretty hard rubs, while Ned and myself found our satire would be thrown away on such an apology for a man. "Poor devil!" whispered Ned to the maiden at his side, "he looks as if he had escaped from one calamitous death to meet with another more severe: 'tis really too bad of you; no sooner has he escaped from drowning, but what you must begin to roast him alive!"

This 'romantic incident' occupied our thought and conversation until we arrived at Greenwich; when, the ladies not finding their brothers where they did *not* expect to meet them, consented to employ the idle arms of Ned and your humble servant, and in this manner we sallied to the Fair. And here a scene awaited our wondering eyes, that fully repaid us for the distance and dangers we had encountered and undergone. To one like myself, accustomed to nothing but gloom and monotony, it was doubly gratifying. Look where you would, there was nothing to be seen but joyous faces. Youths, with their lasses, bounded by us with buoyant steps and merry eyes; and all, near and afar off, seemed to be divided into two classes, and actuated by a double principle—to be happy, and to make happy!—the one to empty their purses, the other to fill theirs. The spirit of joy soon entered my veins—and for what? I could see nothing there that could gratify a taste, accustomed to enjoyments more intellectual and refined. What were to me all Mr. Gynge's conjurations, or the bewitching grimaces of Mr. Richardson's fool, which formed the centre of attraction for all the gaping bumpkins and adventurous citizens in the fair. Alas! Mr. Paap, little as he was, had for me not the smallest charms: nor did the Swiss Giantess, like the immortal Portia, "towering above her sex," although undoubtedly in herself a *very great* curiosity, excite in me the least.

No, the freshness of my heart's young spring had long since been withered up in the pursuit of harsh and *abstract* studies. Its energies had been cramped from the effect of inspirations—not at the fountain of Hippocrene—but by one far less romantic, though not less dear—the venerable spout of Garden Court, Inner Temple. I could, therefore, only account for my hilarity by supposing, that happiness, like misery, is infectious. Having seen all that we could see (for nothing), we went to the park, where new pleasures awaited us. "Let them talk as they will of the cockneys," cried Ned, with enthusiasm, "if they admire Greenwich Park, they have no need to read Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful." It was indeed delightful; the sky was cloudless, and for the season of the year, unusually brilliant: as if a Higher Power loved to contribute towards the happiness of his children. And the mild and cherishing beams of the sun, who seemed on this occasion to put forth his most gladdening aspect, shedding light and life on a scene, which would be darkness and sorrow without him. In short, Nature, as if to be in keeping with the scene, had dressed herself in her holiday apparel, and I thought I had never seen her look so lovely before.

It was here that England's Maiden Queen coquetted with those gallants of old, the Sydneys and Raleighs. It was here that the Chevalier performed that stroke of gallantry, of making his velvet cloak a clean passage for the feet of his Royal Mistress, and also towards his own fortune! Could I retread the spot without feeling a glow of that chivalrous feeling, which warmed his breast, and wishing myself another Raleigh, with an Elizabeth at my side, for whose Royal feet I might perform a similar service? In

short, from a dull, calculating being, I became just as buoyant and light-hearted a sprite as ever Whit-sun shone upon.

The galaxy of attraction seemed to be the foot of a hill, which many gay youths and maidens attempted in vain to ascend, invariably rolling down again as soon as they had reached half-way. They reminded me very closely of the general fate of those youthful aspirants, who endeavour to climb a certain other hill, more inviting, and seemingly less inaccessible, and which hill, gentle reader—if you have not yet found it out—is, Parnassus.

Among the feminine part of the assembly there seemed an amiable rivalry, who could display the prettiest angle: and, ah! if they did not blush, I am sure I did for them, for I thought it was also a contest among them to show, whose swain had presented her with the smartest garters! The hazel-eyes seemed quite shocked at the want of decorum some of her sex displayed, and to save her blushes, and my eyes, we hastened from the unhallowed spot. When we had reached the top of the hill, the view amply repaid me for all the enticements we had resigned in its favour. The Surrey hills in the rear, clothed with verdure, looked with a kind of motherly air on the country around us. At our feet ran old Father Thames, bearing many a noble vessel on his broad bosom. To the left, where St. Paul's, in all its glory, divided the obscure clouds, peering boldly above the pigmy steeples around it, was London. "And thou, great source of wealth, honour, infamy, and crime"—I had already uttered, when a smart push in my back put an end to this promising soliloquy, to my indescribable terror, and, doubtless, to the reader's satisfaction. I was off my legs in an instant, and experienced one of the most delightful tumbles it was ever the fate of man to endure. Down I rolled, through bramble and brier, to the unspeakable damage of my nankeens; and at last fell, not only against my inclination, but also a regiment of ginger-beer bottles, some of whom, as if to welcome my arrival, spurted forth their contents most profusely over my unfortunate person. As soon as I could open my eyes, I was forced, from modesty's sake, to close them: for what should I see but my luckless companion—the hazel-eyes—following my example with the utmost celerity. A gentle breeze, as if to accelerate her progress, had sprung up; and her frock, or some other part of her dress, the name of which I forget, formed a sail, which was soon extended in the air, and displayed—Oh! I shall never forget—one of the prettiest-made legs on which I ever gazed or made verses. On looking up for the cause of this pleasantries, half a dozen merry girls, who seemed to make light of my misfortunes, convinced me that Greenwich Park, on a Fair-day, was not a fit place for making soliloquies.

The day was now fast wearing away, and a sombre twilight gleamed through the avenues formed by the trees, when our fair companions, who had not yet found their brothers, thought it time to leave the joyous scene. Accordingly, being foiled in our desire of obtaining any other conveyance, the young ladies consented to waive their scruples, and venture once more in the same conveyance that brought us there. The last one was just putting off, with a complement of seven lively souls, and what is more, as many substantial bodies, already seated. Having Hobson's choice, regardless of the risk we were running, we consented to make up the eleven. Already within an inch or two of the water, our friend the boat-man dis-

covered we wanted another to balance the vessel. A ponderous citizen, and his no less respectable wife, who, judging from the alteration they made in the boat, I should have imagined were of much *weight* in the city, as undoubtedly they were every where else, consented to make up the deficiency. Without more delay, we set forward, and although some of the ladies were perpetually assuring us the boat was upsetting, we reached nearly half way without any accident occurring; when, I verily believe, as a matter of pique that they should not be again disappointed, our pilots managed to come in contact with a vessel, the darkness of the night preventing our seeing her, she having no lights. A general scream was the first intimation I received, followed by a volley of oaths, and "Keep your seats," from the watermen. Disregarding this friendly advice, all simultaneously rose, and a cold bath, more refreshing than agreeable, immediately made known to us the consequence. I must confess, at the moment I thought it was all over with us; though, were we in any other situation, I am sure the scene would have made one, far more stoical than myself, burst his sides. The citizen was floundering about, half in and half out of the water, like a huge turtle; while his *cara sposa* had, as the only thing she could cling to, got fast hold of his pig-tail. At the moment, I do most conscientiously affirm, he thought she was the Evil One, and that for once the devil had got his due. "Spare me! O, spare me!" he ejaculated most fervently. One of the watermen, in endeavouring to succour a child, had each of his legs seized on by different girls; while the rest of the passengers were employed in screaming, praying, swearing, and fainting, creating such a variety of sounds, as to defy Babel itself. By this time a number of boats had come up, and, upon a general muster, (God be praised!) we found that all was right. Most of us were pretty well frightened and soaked: with this exception, and the loss of a few fairings, wigs, and handkerchiefs, no other damage had ensued. The whole party, like a troop of Naiads, dripping in all directions, made the best of our way to a public-house, where a good fire and change of linen, plenty of jokes, and a *quantum suff.* of brandy, put us in rather better humour than might have been expected after this disaster. Many indeed seemed quite delighted in having the ride (and the soak) for nothing, as the watermen had most miraculously disappeared, as soon as the other boats had offered their assistance. Ned and myself were fortunate enough in procuring a chaise, in which we conveyed our fair charges to the doors of their respective mammas, and then made the best of our way towards the Temple, in whose hallowed walls we arrived safe, just as the watchmen had ushered in Tuesday morning.

The water had cooled Ned's courage most completely, not a pun could I get from him all the way home; nor in fact any thing else, but a twenty times repeated determination, not to trust his precious person in a wherry along with a drunken waterman, nine full grown people, and five children.

B.

Tuesday, June 7, 1824.

ELTHAM.

MR. MERTON,—As the public attention has recently been directed to the state of the ancient Palace of Eltham; and after fluctuating between the prospect of total demolition, and the chance of surrendering some of its most beautiful parts for the ornament of more modern erections, its fortunate lot has been to obtain the means of preservation from further violence: I have thought that the following lines, composed during a holiday ramble to the spot some years ago, might not be uninteresting to your readers.

Eltham belonged to the Crown in the time of Edward the Confessor, and a Palace seems to have been erected there at a very early period, which was a favourite abode of Royalty till the superior attractions of Greenwich drew the Court thither in the reign of Henry VIII. From that time it has gradually decayed through neglect, and its present appearance is more strikingly melancholy, as it was usually the scene of the Christmas and other festivities, so frequent and splendid under our early kings. The historical circumstances alluded to in the poem, are the holding of Parliament in Eltham Hall, by Edward the III. The entertainment given by that Prince to his prisoner John, King of France, in 1364, and that by Richard the II. to Leo, King of Armenia, in 1386, together with his public Christmasings in 1384 and 1385; also the festivals of Henry the Fourth, who kept his last Christmas here in 1412, and was here seized with the disease that occasioned his death. The magnificence of Edward the Fourth, who, during the same solemnity entertained daily 200 persons; and lastly, the creation of Sir Edward Stanley, as Baron Monteagle, the reward of his services at Flodden. This honour was bestowed by Henry the VIII. during Whitsuntide, 1515, and after it, we hear of no memorable action performed at Eltham. James the First, was the last Monarch who visited it. His visit took place in 1612.

A.

Changing is the summer sky;
 Changing is the orb of night;
 Times and seasons swiftly fly,
 Ever changing from the sight.
 Now the ocean's billows swell,
 Now in calm they sink—they fall;
 But the wrecks of ages tell,
 Man more mutable than all.
 See his Palace, see his Towers,
 Ruin marks the place alone—
 Where are all his boasted powers?
 Where his flatterers? where his throne?
 Such were my thoughts as lone I stray'd,
 And mused on life's uncertain state;
 Through the long avenues that shade
 Deserted Eltham's palace gate.
 The tall Elms seemed on either hand
 To wave their leafy heads in scorn:
 O'er that once gay and joyous land,
 Now joyless, hopeless, and forlorn.
 While spring, whose renovating bloom
 Bade all the woodlands round rejoice;
 This spot but visited in gloom,
 And shrunk at sorrow's cheerless voice.
 The massy bridge, whose arches rung
 Beneath the courser's clattering steel;
 When his yew-bow the archer strung,
 When the young knight was clad in steel.

When the gay palfrey raised his head,
As gentle mistress drew the rein;
Now hears alone the herdsman's tread,
The lowing kine, the creaking wain.

The moat, whose waters round the wall
In winding deepening circles ran;
All verdant now, shall ne'er appal
From its bold banks the foot of man.

The hall, where oft in feudal pride
Old England's Peers to council came;
When Cressy's field spread far and wide,
Edward of Windsor's warlike fame;

Whose rafter'd roof and portals long
Rung while innumber'd harps awoke;
Now echoes but the thresher's song,
Or the sad flail's incessant stroke.

And there, when hastening to the west,
The sinking sun withdraws his beam;
The rustic leads his herd to rest,
And houses there his cumbrous team.

But while the spacious pile I pace,
Her airy pinions fancy rears;
And long forgotten forms I trace,
Snatch'd from the grasp of envious years.

See the warrior king advance,
Mark his venerable mein;
He who crushed the powers of France,
Frowns majestic o'er the scene.

Shouts of triumph rend the air,
Gallia's captive heaves the sigh;
For the Sable Prince is there,
Edward—pride of chivalry.

Change the scene! let fancy roam!
Soon must truth the dream destroy;—
Change the scene, for years to come
Eltham is the home of joy.

There, before the fatal stroke
Richard held his fleeting sway;
There imperious Bolinbroke
Drooping passed the mirthful day.

First of York's ill-omen'd race,
Edward there the feast prepared;
Thousands came his hall to grace,
Thousands too his bounty shared.

Winter lost its horrors then,
All was mirth and wassail sport;
England ne'er shall see again
Joys like these in Royal Court.

There the haughty Tudor gave
Honors due to martial might;
Due to Stanley, bold and brave,
Conquering chief of Flodden fight.

But soon Placentia's pleasures led
The Monarch to her peaceful shore;
The Royal band from Eltham fled,
To greet its hallowed shades no more.

And now must truth resume her strain,
While fancy's visions leave my mind:
Her power subdues the airy train,
And bids them banish to the wind.

Changing is the voice of fame,
Now to rise and now to fall;
But sad Eltham's walls proclaim,
Man more mutable than all!

THE MISERIES OF A NOTARY.

Quorum veritatem attestor.

SIR,

AMONGST the many miseries which have been described in Periodical and other works, I have never met with any account of those of the class to which I belong.

I am, Mr. Merton, an articled clerk to a Notary; and I will endeavour to describe some of the miseries which are incidental to that kind of life. We resemble the watchman in our exposure to night-weather, but our *rounds* are longer, and in a storm we have not even the comfort of a "Charley's shelter:" the visits we pay in them are always unwelcome; we are exposed to the vilest language, and it would be well for us, if ill language was always the worst usage we met with. We are very different from the *Apprentices*, described in your last week's Magnet. We have no hope of holidays, for we *cannot* have them; we cannot visit Epsom, or even go to see Camberwell or Fairlop Fair, and we are too much tired on a Saturday night to think of taking our favourites to Richmond on the Sunday, and treating them with *heavy*, (and I cannot see the sin of that, it is a most exhilarating drink, and it is plain the *leddies* liked it). Ah! Mr. Merton, we are too sober to wish to do so. But I will tell you a few adventures which I myself have met with, and first place myself before you in *propria persona*. I am in height about 5 feet 4, thick-set, pale, and flat-featured, and of rather a weak constitution; consequently, frequent colds are the results of night walks. I hate assemblies, and would not accept an invitation even to my loved Lord Mayor's Ball, and am fonder of the MAGNET or ADVENTURER, than of "Chitty" or "Bailey on Bills." I am but little talkative, a more quiet, peaceable body does not breathe. I am now 18, and have been with my master four years; my articles still last for three more. At school I was but backward in my learning, and from my mild disposition, frequently the dupe, and always the mirth, of the whole school, (as such but ill adapted to struggle with *this* life). The whole of my Latin is at the head of the page; and French or Italian I can *copy*, but not translate. I do not understand anecdote telling, and if you can improve my style or method, I will thank you.

In the course of my four years, I have met with innumerable insults, which I have quietly pocketed; how often has the door been slammed in my face by saucy housemaids! how often have I been abused while knocking (for the fourth time) at some untenanted house, by the city watchmen, and asked, how I dared disturb the street so? I am now so well known about Cheapside, Cornhill, &c. that boys shout after me, "here comes the notary." Once in a back street, in Camden Town, I nearly fell into the cesspool; another time I was severely horsewhipped for disturbing the slumbers of a gentleman, who had retired to bed vexed with himself and fortune, and was indeed provoked when I awoke him about one o'clock, and reminded him of the bill; poor man, he felt more pain than I did, so I forgave him. But

I can never forgive the wanton wickedness of a saucy maid, who from her window emptied what shall be nameless, on my head,—so I wished to punish her, but wanted resolution. During the late tremendous rains, I was nearly drowned at Battle-bridge, being up to my middle in a second. I have several times been compelled, after receiving a sum in cash to enter (with my *last bill*), a house of ill-fame, and with difficulty escaped either with or without my money. The circumstance of a young man who presented a bill, having a folded paper returned him instead of it, is of too late occurrence to need my mentioning it; but the consternation it threw me in lest such a thing should happen to myself has not yet left me. I have several times come to the resolution of quitting so disagreeable an occupation, but my *articles* have then stared me in the face, and told me I *must stop nolens volens*. These are but few among the many miseries which have befallen me, but I think they are enough to deter most young men from entering on such a life; and to give more would be taking up too large a space in my favourite Magnet.

Your's,

NOTARIUS.

ARIOSTO.

AT FERRARA, in the Benedictine Convent, is a full-length Portrait of ARIOSTO; it is in "a Paradise," by BENEDETTO DI GARAFOLLO, and the POET is placed between ST. CATHERINE and ST. SEBASTIAN. He intimated his desire to be thus painted to Garafollo, in the following curious sentence, "*Dipingeteme in questo Paradiso, perche nell' altro io non ci vo.*" Put me in your Paradise, because I shall not go in the other.

GIACOMO.

FLIGHTED EXPECTATION.

"Oh, sweet youth! how soon it fades.—
Sweet joys of youth—how fleeting!"

I stood o'er the grave where the fair one was sleeping,
When the sweet fragrant morn its dew-drops was weeping;
And I thought of the moments—so like their bright beaming—
When of years of affection my fond heart was dreaming.

I clasp'd her cold hand, when fate doom'd us to sever,
And fondly she vowed to remember me ever;—
And thought though love's sun now set darkly in sadness,
Yet again it would rise even brighter with gladness.

I returned to the home, where almost broken-hearted,
I pressed to my bosom the maid when we parted;
But sad was the story that caused the heart's sighing—
For within the cold grave my true love was lying!

G. I.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.—NO. I.

By Clement Clearsight, Gent.

A CAMERA OBSCURA is a machine, wherein the images of external objects are exhibited distinctly in their *native colours*, *exact proportions*, and in *all their perspectives and foreshortenings*.* Such being the meaning of the term, as used in optics, I believe I may, without being accused of a far-fetched analogy, apply it as the medium through which the common affairs of life may be viewed in their lights and shades, native colours, and exact proportions.

The reader, at a glance of the illustration above, perhaps will perceive my meaning as well, or, perhaps, from the skill of the artist, better than my pen can convey. But lest it should be misunderstood, I beg leave to solve the enigma. The pallet and brush, I need not say, are the tools of a painter, but are intended here, as figures representing the means through which the manners of the world (the globe) may be delineated. The distinction will therefore be, that instead of representing the persons of mankind, my object will be to display their characters and dispositions;—

“To hold the mirror up to nature.”

“Cutting words,” observed an American to Miss Wright, in relation to the conduct of Englishmen towards his country, (and the same observation will apply almost universally,) “*cutting words cut deep*; and I fear that we are human enough to feel ourselves gradually estranged from a nation that was once our own, and for which we so long cherished an affection, that I am sure would have grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, had not the *pen*, which cuts deeper than the sword, destroyed it.”†

By free and unstudied observations on men and manners,—by sketches of life in all its stations,—by views of society in every gradation, it will be my endeavour to convey such information as may tend to display the beauty of virtue, while it tears off the mask that hides the hideousness of vice. Of all effectual remedies against the abuses of society, there is none so effectual as the pen. Satire, when employed for the exposure and correction of vice, loses its unamiable appearance, and, when wielded mercifully, keeps folly, and, not unfrequently, crime, in awe.

VILLAGE FACTIONS.

On the Effects of Refinement.

Attached from habit and choice to retirement, I had taken up my abode in an obscure village, a considerable distance not only from the metropolis, but, as I had hoped, from its follies and vices.

Nature appeared to have bestowed every blessing on the little spot of

* Barclay's Dictionary.

† Wright's Views of Society and Manners in America.

earth. The country was beautiful, and the air was mild and salubrious: as there were very few of the higher or middling classes of society residing near, and there being no town of any consequence adjacent, I looked forward to meet with that primeval simplicity of character, and undisturbed harmony, which generally distinguish mankind, before the artifices and deceit of polished life have extended their baleful influence.

Unfortunately I was not suffered to remain long in this pleasing delusion; when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with the inhabitants, I found that party faction existed with as much violence in this little village, as it did in any of the most flourishing cities in the world.

Was it on account of whig and tory,—high church and low church,—principles,—tythes,—or the game laws, those inexhaustible subjects of contention and disagreement among the great world? No, matters of such importance never entered into the heads of those who entered into the factions, that existed between Miss Jones and Miss Baker, the rival ladies of the ton at S——.

The fathers of these ladies were two of the principal personages of the village, tailors by trade. Jones was formerly king of the place, without a rival to disturb his dignity; till Baker, who had been a foreman at a shop in a neighbouring town, having a little property left him at S——, took up his abode there, and in consequence of his importance, as a landed proprietor, became a very formidable rival to Mr. Jones, who had hitherto monopolized all the tailoring of the village.

It was a question of such deep importance, which was the greatest man, that although at the time I was there, it had been discussed for more than twenty years, it remained, like a chancery suit, just as undetermined as ever, and as likely to be no more speedily decided. One half were of opinion it was Jones, while the other half considered Baker was the better entitled to this proud distinction. While they managed to set all about them neglecting their concerns, the two thrifty tradesmen took a lesson from their neighbours' folly, and minded their own; apt to differ on every other point, they agreed perfectly in one, which was, to make money as fast as they could; and in consequence of this laudable determination, they both grew comfortably rich.

Each of these aspirants had a daughter, who from their birth, possessed all their fathers' spirit of rivalry, which "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;" and by the time they had arrived at the years of discretion, they had become two of the most indiscreet girls in the village which gave them birth.

Miss Jones and Miss Baker were constantly looked up to by the party which each individually headed, as the arbitratrices to decide every dispute, which occurred within their respective circles. If Miss J. or Miss B. did this, or said that, there was an end to the matter, as far as regarded her party; while those enlisted on the other side, were sure to take precisely the contrary course, in order to keep up the true spirit of opposition.

In this manner they jogged on for many years. Neither Miss Jones nor Miss Baker was very handsome, but as they had great expectancies, they were looked upon as prizes by the swains of the village, and therefore had plenty of admirers. Their merits and demerits were so equally balanced, that it was impossible to say, which of the two ladies was the most amiable example. They therefore, like joint monarchs, governed the actions and opinions of this little aristocracy, till an event took place of

such vast importance, as to turn the tide of popularity much in favour of Miss Jones.

This was the importation of a London lady, who had condescended to visit the family of old Jones, being distantly related. What a triumph for his daughter on the Sunday following, when her friend Miss Hodgson entered with her into the church. How she bridled, and what a number of disdainful glances she cast on her rival's approach, who wondered who the forward creature could be that attracted the attention of the whole congregation.

Gay doings, such as dances on the green; Pope Joan parties; tea-drinking assemblies, took place among the Jones's; while the Bakers remained completely crest-fallen: many indeed voluntarily surrendered, and joined the enemy.

But Miss Jones plainly perceived that all these gaieties, failed of fascinating her elegant friend. Miss Hodgson had more than once declared she could not abide the country sports, since they had never heard of Mr. Irving the *great* preacher, or read *La Belle Assemblée*. She possessed such an elegant horror for any thing vulgar, that upon a hale bluff son of the plough giving her a kiss, it is a well authenticated fact,—she scented herself with rose-water, and kept a little camphor next her skin for upwards of a week afterwards.

It may be supposed that upon the pressing invitation of her friend, to spend a short time at her establishment in town, the opportunity was not missed, but most gladly seized, as Miss Jones knew well what a wonderful ascendancy she would acquire over her luckless rival, by a visit to London.

Miss Hodgson's papa's establishment was no better nor worse, than a respectable cheesemonger's shop in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, which, although it was nearer St. Giles's than St. James's, Miss Hodgson was continually assuring her young aspirant was the west end. It was here that the unsophisticated Miss Jones was to be initiated into all the mysteries of high life and genteel company.

Never did an event of so much importance occur in the village of S—— as that of the young lady's return. She was set down at her father's door from a cheese cart, which had been sent expressly for her accommodation to the place where the stage put her down, the high-road not running through the village.

Her drab beaver bonnet, with five or six feathers towering in the air, and every other part of her dress, afforded conversation for all the Jones's and Bakers' in the village. She was scarcely home, when Miss Jones determined to shew that, "she had not been to London for nothing," and accordingly, preparations immediately took place for a fierce campaign.

Miss Baker saw that she was daily losing her strength, and that unless she gathered up her forces and made a vigorous rally, she would be completely beaten off the field.

The first disposition towards hostility, was evinced by Miss Jones in the following acts. A very old acquaintance was cut for calling her christian name without the complimentary adjunct; a little boy was whipped by the schoolmaster (who it was reported was only the cat's-paw of Miss Jones,) for not bringing his handkerchief to church, or at least forgetting he had one; summary punishment was inflicted on her papa's head, by depriving him of his caxon, and substituting pomatum in its place.

The inhabitants of S——, who, from Miss Hodgson's description, had

before felt a strong inclination for visiting London, now saw no necessity, as London was evidently visiting them. The plan of amusements formerly in vogue was completely abolished: amongst other improvements, whist was substituted for Pópe Joan. The hour of meeting was changed from five to seven, and to complete all, a dancing master was actually invited from a neighbouring town, as master of the ceremonies for a subscription assembly, which Miss Jones had undertaken to patronise.

Miss Baker was determined not to give up the contest without a struggle; her plans were much assisted by her father's foreman, who had lived the best part of his life in London, and seen a great deal of genteel society.

As Miss Jones had constituted a dancing assembly, Miss Baker determined to set up a concert room.—She had latterly become very musical, in consequence of her father purchasing a spinett, as a great bargain. The parish clerk, who played on the organ, giving her lessons, not only on the instrument, but also in singing, in which accomplishment it was thought he came up to perfection itself.

The votaries of Thalia practised their orgies at a barn, decorated under Miss Jones's superintendence, while the music-meeting flourished in the large room of the village inn. The latter had already a very formidable band; for in addition to the spinnett, a clarionet, a bassoon, two pipes, and a pitch-pipe, were added to its number; not to say any thing of the bugle of the coachman, who occasionally indulged the Sons of Harmony, as the society was named, with a solo.

But the introduction of refinement unfortunately did not produce harmony; but ill-will and dissension abounded as much as ever. As the rivals increased in power, enmity grew stronger. Their follies, which had at first aroused, now disgusted me; I therefore was glad to bid adieu to S——, with all its beauties and all its improvements, in search of some other retired nook, where neither London nor fashion had ever been heard of, and where happiness and simplicity still remain undisturbed. But this I do not expect to discover, until I find that Utopia or Arcadia, is really a "local habitation, and *not* a name."

TO THE POET'S MISTRESS, WITH A NOSEGAY.

Go, happy flower, and touch the beauteous hand
Of her, whose smiles would cheer a drooping land;
Go, and approach her lips of roseate hue,—
Enchanting thought!—go taste the balmy dew;
From her sweet lips, where loves and graces play,
Imbibe the rapture which her words convey.
Mortals with envy shall behold thee rest,
Luxuriant seat! upon her swelling breast.
That throne of bliss, where Cupid lurking lies,
And steals unerring darts from Marg'ret's eyes.
Go,—but when every fibre she has fired,
And every leaf with rapture is inspired,—
For beauty, heavenly beauty, nerves the weak,
Gives eyes to blindness, makes the tongueless speak,—
Remember me; in terms resistless prove,
The fire of feeling, and the force of love.

EDGAR.

STANZAS ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF CHARLES GOUGH,

Who perished on the Mountain of Helvellyn in the Spring of 1805

THY fall on the rocks of Helvellyn, lost stranger,
 In elegy plaintive the minstrel has sung,
 But mute has the harp been for thee, mountain ranger,
 Since over thy sepulchre flowerets have sprung:
 For thee, who decay'd on the wilds of creation,
 From pity as far as from friend or relation,
 By mountains surrounded and wild rocks of station,
 For thee shall no harp of deep sorrow be strung?

Yes: song be my tribute, the shade of emotion!
 Not heroes, who die by the murderous blade,
 Not mortals, o'erwhelm'd by the waves of the ocean,
 Nor beauty, for ever in quietness laid,
 Excite such emotions:—for *they* are lamented,
 But thou, to whom numbers in love were cemented,
 Like the heath-flower, fell in a wild unfrequented,
 Far distant from men, and the blaze of parade.

Each day, as bright Phœbus roll'd over the mountain,
 Ah! did he not see thee slow wasting away?
 And Luna* beside thee, impress'd on the fountain,
 Did she not observe thee to night-birds a prey?
 Oh yes—till the shepherd-boy, silently straying,
 Nigh to the sad spot where thy ashes were laying,
 He saw thy dog, hunger'd and cold, by thee staying,
 A picture how sad of mortality's sway!

But now, midst solemnity, silence, and beauty,
 Thy ashes are mingled with those of the just,
 Where sages in grief, and where maidens in pity,
 Tread mournfully o'er thy unfortunate dust.
 No sepulchre nigh thee, nor emblem of splendour,
 But lofty trees towering in nature's wild grandeur,
 Make sombre the scene, while they make the heart tender,
 And elevate more than the life-breathing bust.

I wander'd alone midst these scenes—full of feeling—
 The birds o'er thy tomb sung their orisons wild,
 Where strawberries sweet thro' the verdure were stealing,
 And flow'rets wav'd over thee, ill-fated child!
 How lovely they bloom'd—whilst the winds bore their treasure,
 As spirits bore thee to those regions of pleasure,
 Where happiness, extacy, joy without measure,
 Hail mortals, whose robes were on earth undefil'd!

PHILETUS.

* A terrier bitch, his constant companion.

CUTTING IN GENERAL, AND THE CUT FUGACIOUS IN PARTICULAR.

"CUTTING!"—exclaims the fair country novice, in expecting accents, as she turns her expanding eye upon the ambiguous looking word,—"*Cutting!*" and flitting Fancy rapidly embodies, from her store of wondrous images, some vision of terrific import; stray heads, and gaping throats,—carved limbs, and dissevered bodies,—sabres, guillotines, and razors,—rise up in mangled and mangling array before the terror-brooding imagination! or if these are too sublimely horrid; if the unromantic ponderings of my fair readers summon not such grisly horrors to the view,—for them, perhaps, inventive fancy *scours* the *range* of grosser thought; goodly barons of beef, ready spitted ducklings, or pastry's tempting forms, mock the vainly kindling eye!—Alas! one "long, lingering look" upon the all-disclosing type, and the quaintly whistling spectres "melt in thin air away;"—for neither heads, nor throats, nor bodies, nor goodly beef, nor roasted ducks of fragrant smell,—no—not even pastry's fragile charms, are doomed to such unfeeling, Sheffield-ware martyrdom, as the phrase at first sight implies: no blood is to be spilt—no larder to be invaded:—for in fact, "*Cutting*" applies only, at present, to the art of decently avoiding, and here displays itself merely as the offspring of a conveniently forgetful memory.

For example—has a quondam friend become poor and needy—at least, outwardly so,—it is ten chances to one, but by half of those, who once professed a friendship towards him, he is immediately 'cut.' Does a fiftieth cousin, or an impoverished relation, appear unbidden to claim the friendship and assistance of their kindred blood; it is still more certain, that both will be immediately 'cut:—and in the same manner, gentle reader, should an acquaintance of yesterday thrust his unwelcome salutation upon your unwilling notice—should your tailor, your boot-maker, or any other of your well-known 'evil eyed' duns and bores, presume to shew any symptoms of recognition in the open street; it is a most expedient, necessary, and proper thing, that they should "each, all, and every of them" be 'cut,'—unseen,—avoided,—unremembered! There is no art, perhaps, in fashionable life, which comprehends more of the "*utile et dulce*" in its practice, than the present one. So necessary, so essential a part does it form in the polite education of the fashionable man, and so extremely gratifying does it prove to the feelings, when habit has rendered the slight exertion attendant upon its practice, perfectly easy and natural. To display a proficiency in the acquirement upon a few of the self-styled friends, one meets with almost every day, becomes a positive pleasure; and to be enabled to pass by "unknowing, as unknown," like oil over water, all such presumptuous claimants upon your friendly knowledge, as you may wish to keep at a most respectful distance, is really delightful! Unless, however, a perfectly *degagée* air, an easy, unconstrained step, and a look, *expressive* of the most vacant unknowingness, can be assumed at command,—free from the slightest appearance of embarrassment—it is both useless and impudent to attempt the thorough 'cut' upon any but very recent acquaintances. It is my unhappy lot, gentle reader, to be one of those unfortunate beings, upon whom nature has too kindly bestowed a more than ordinary share of sheepishness; and yet *I* have absolutely attempted to 'cut!'—*I*, who could as soon look at the sun at mid-day with unwatered eyes, as assume a pretended gaze of unknowingness upon the face of any friend *I* might meet,

without betraying some recognition of him!—And here let me warn all aspiring geniuses, never to begin their career in the art with the *cut fugacious*; it is the worst, the most slovenly, and the most ungentle—(though still the most certain in effect,) of any one of the varied methods in daily use: too well do I remember, when *I* first attempted to *avoid people unintentionally*, to what vast trouble and danger my legs and shins were constantly exposed; for in the innocence and maiden simplicity of my heart, whenever I perceived any one whom I chanced to thoroughly detest, at a distance, I invariably took to my heels; this was (as I before said), the most certain method, though a very inconvenient one, of escaping the approaching nuisance:—but then, my ardour to avoid, generally concentrated itself *so much* in my heels, that I was not unfrequently obliged to take desperate jumps over sundry apple stalls, and wondering little children, which would otherwise, in the hurry of my proceedings, certainly either have greatly impeded me, or have been utterly demolished. Once, for instance, I was walking down Holborn-hill, on a filthy wet day, literally treading upon that compounded *batter* for which London is so celebrated in the days of St. Swithin, when uplifting my hitherto downcast organs of vision, I “was aware” of a bag-wigged, antiquated acquaintance, advancing full swing down the opposite side of the street,—Cloxcina be praised!—too much occupied with picking his way, to think of picking up passing friends; and this man, patient reader, had an invariable trick of catching one by the button, and catechising for an hour; and as at one time, I was sure to meet him at least twice a day, by so often suffering from his constantly recurring habit, I at last entertained a thorough horror of the creature,—and, oh! far worse! my best blue coat fell a victim to his “*auri sacra fumes*,” for the poor buttons, thus unceasingly tormented, one after another gradually drooped before his cormorant gripe, till at length, all hung their heads in silent, unavailing melancholy!—the poor coat complained not, “but let concealment like a worm i’ the bud, feed on her *damaged* cheek,”—when, one fatal day, two of the best injured of her golden-haired children, fell from her distracted bosom, and were instantaneously crushed beneath a passing dray:—then,—then—alas! “great Cæsar fell!” the impoverished elbows, from such repeated shocks, quickly became *broken-hearted*; the forlorn button-holes broke from the no longer strict confinement of their silken bands; and the poor coat, thus deprived of all but a threadbare existence, slowly drooped,—languished,—looked to her long forgotten clothes-horse, and expired of a consumption! Had I not, then, ample cause for detesting this pitiless murderer of inoffending innocence, beside his being garrulous beyond measure?—I bolted—I ran—I fled, down Holborn’s slippery sides, regardless of all but being seized, and *buttoned* in the fangs of this atrocious monster!—In a luckless moment, impelled by “sovereign curiosity,” I turned my head;— . . . A whirl—a shoot—and houses, streets, Snow-hill, and Fleet-ditch, in blended confusion, danced before my bewildered senses, and the next instant, my caput, propelled with the velocity of a cannon ball, in its battering passage through the singing air, flew, like the Roman Aries, full upon the pillowing paunch of an interposing Alderman; and so soon as its wandering intellects resumed their partial sway, I found myself glowing with heat, with one leg and an arm reclining in contiguous oyster tubs, whilst the remainder of my half smoking body, lay stretched “in slow length along” a bed of empty shells!—There, then, was a climax with a vengeance! And lucky indeed was it for the poor woman who owned the

property I had so unceremoniously invaded, that only such inferior parts of my heated corporation had deposited amongst her living shell fish; had it been otherwise, the poor oysters would certainly have met with an untimely end—and the majority of the old lady's customers might not have preferred their fish *boiled*.

Thus ended my first essay in the sublime art of *Cutting*; would to "*Brummagem*" it had been my last, for I never can bring myself to face the foe in a proper manner; running is my only resource, and running generally brings me into more scrapes and troubles than I am flying to avoid. Oh! I could tell you, gentlest reader, of the many "*hair breadth 'scapes*" I have had, from ducking under *horses' heads*,—of "*antres vast*," in the shape of cellar entrances, that yawned to receive me, and of sundry other dismal checks upon my dismal plans. How I run one day from a pestiferous piece of would-be friendship, and fairly knocked as much good flour from the snowy vestments of a baker's boy, as might have been converted into a substantial penny roll—"for the good of the poor:"—and how, after that, resuming my fugitive course, I encountered, full—oh! horror of horrors!—a Newgate mutton-carrier, in a red cotton cap, and sheep's carcase to match; and how, on reaching home, I extracted from my vari-coloured coat, a sufficiency of *patent pomatum* to last me for the remainder of the week!—I could tell you, too, how in rainy weather I have fled some approaching nuisance,—ducked, dived, leaped,—and finally deposited myself safely and snugly in some sequestered alley, free from the bustling of carriages and the jostling of pedestrians, to take refuge from the rain, where no eye could detect me, and no descending shower invade me:—where, in short, pity me, ye gentle hearted! I have found the very man I had all along so assiduously avoided, already conveniently entrenched, and admirably disposed for a friendly *tete-a-tete*!—But I will spare you the description,—"*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*."—Take warning from this, ye who have hitherto so patiently sympathized in my distresses, and constantly remember to avoid the *cut fugacious*: and with respect to this same *art of cutting*, the use whereof is so beneficial and pleasing, you may safely continue in practice thereof until such time as the Government shall think fit to tax it as a luxury too great to be enjoyed without paying for, till the same all-directing body shall be pleased, in its refined feelings of justice, to annex it by a clause to Lord Ellenborough's act, as a new branch of "*wilful cutting*;"—then alas! must the act fall to the ground; and then also will be rendered utterly unavailing the friendly admonitions of

PHILO-TOMOS.

GENOA.

IN the arsenal of the palace at Genoa, are some light cuirasses, made purposely for some Genoese ladies, who intended to join a crusade against the infidels. These female warriors, were at length persuaded to give up their designs, by Pope Boniface the Eighth, who himself wrote a letter for that purpose.

GIACOMO.

AN ADVENTURE.

As a sort of proemium to the relation of the following Adventure, I must preadmonish my readers, that I have always entertained a monstrous aversion to being roused from a comfortable sleep, by the appalling cry of 'murder.' Heaven defend us! the very thought of such matters, even in broad day-light, causes a queer sensation about one's throat and fifth rib: but at the solemn hour of midnight,—'just as the clock strikes twelve,'—when the winds are howling, and casements creaking, with all the other paraphernalia of a portentous night, (vide *Mysteries of Udolpho*)—oh! it festers up the faculties, and acts as a scare-crow to the senses. Having premised thus much, and not in the least doubting that I have touched a sympathetic string in every bosom, I will forthwith proceed to relate my Adventure.

Those who have travelled in the north of Scotland, may perchance recollect the road between Kincardine and Dingwall. On the right stands a decently snug tenement, from which a swinging appendage announces to all peregrinators, that excellent entertainment is there provided for 'man and beast.' In those parts it was my fortune to be travelling, on a bleak November evening, with no remarkably near prospect of supper or bed, when my eyes were suddenly gladdened by the appearance of the afore-mentioned sign; and so, it appears, were those of my horse, for without receiving previous notice from me, he instinctively halted at the door. I alighted, and after a comfortable supper, found myself snugly deposited in bed, next floor but one to the sky, the other floors being pre-engaged. But scarcely had gentle sleep diffused its balm over my eye-lids, when I was aroused by a horrible confusion of noises in an adjoining apartment, from which I was separated only by a slight partition. First I heard sundry stampings, and divers violent exclamations; then I plainly distinguished half stifled cries of murder, and at last the groans of one, as it were, in his last agony. I was on my feet in the twinkling of an eye, and the reader may imagine that there was no occasion to make use of my hands in doffing my night-cap; the first sound of the word 'murder' caused that to deposit itself very quietly on my pillow. My first movement was towards the door, from which I as quickly retreated, on discovering a murderous looking person through the half-opened door of the next apartment; not however before I had uttered a yell loud enough to rouse all the inmates of the house. I next made towards the window, but there saw nothing, save a fearful profundity, which, I was well aware, was terminated by a yard, paved with rough stones. 'Twas agony. My last resource was the chimney, in which I forthwith proceeded to enshell myself, taking good care to leave the space of a yard or two between me and the floor. Scarcely had I thus disposed of myself, when the landlord entered my apartment, followed by his wife and domestics; whose voice I no sooner distinguished, than I began very *coolly* to descend: but unfortunately, this being my first attempt at chimney-sweeping, I made such an unsweeper-like descent, that the landlord and his train thinking Old Nick was at hand, scampered off, myself following with all imaginable speed. Helter-skelter we rushed down the first flight of stairs; at the bottom of which, finding a door half open, with a night-capped head protruding, in order, no doubt, to discover the cause of such a disturbance, we all burglariously

entered, knocking down, in our tumultuous incourse, the lawful possessor. There at length the foremost of our party wheeled to the right about, and the landlady, discovering me, hastily asked me what was the matter. I explained, as well as I could, the cause of my alarm; to which explanation, turning up the whites of her eyes, she replied, half testily, half laughing, "Quwhy, Gude safe us, Sir, 'twas nae mair than just Sanders Mac Grabbit, ane o' the play-folk, a skirlin the bit tregedy, as he's ganging to play in our barn, like."—"Um!" re-answered I; and in less than five minutes my nasal *organ* was playing bass to my next door neighbour's treble.

DEIDOPHONUS.

MUSCAT WINE.

THE Muscat Wine of Montefiascone is called *Est Est*, from the following circumstance. John Defoucris, a German, was so fond of good Wine, that when he travelled he always sent his Valet forward a post in advance, with these instructions:—That he should taste the Wine at every place where he stopped, and write under the bush the word "*Est*," if it was tolerable, and "*Est Est*" if it was very good; but where he found it indifferent, he should leave the bush in *statu quo*. The bush is a bunch of evergreens, which is hung up over the entrance to a vineyard, or a house, to show that Wine is there sold, and gave rise to the maxim, "good Wine needs no bush;" as it was supposed judges would soon find where it was to be had good after once tasting, without a bush to remind them. Defoucris's Valet arrived at Montefiascone, and approved so much of the Wine, that he wrote up as agreed, "*Est Est*." His master soon followed, and got dead drunk to his entire satisfaction, but repeating the experiment too often, he drunk himself dead; and his Valet, a bit of a wag, wrote for him the following epitaph.

Propter nimium "*Est Est*,"
Dominus meus mortuus est.

GIACOMO.

STANZAS.

WHEN youth's enchantments all shall fade,
And even friendship's flame grow dim,
Ah, may thy lover, gentle maid!
Believe that still thou thinks't of him!

Believe thou lingerest o'er his name,
When other friends have ceased to mourn,
Blessing, though colder bosoms blame,
The wanderer who shall ne'er return!

Yet, in whatever region far,
It is my destin'd lot to stray;
Thy love shall be a guiding star,
To light me on my dreary way!

No dearer pledge he asks of thee—
But dreads to think th' oblivious sway
Of time may sweep his memory
For ever from thy thoughts away!

FIONA.

Tirerton.

WOLSEY and his TIMES. By GEORGE HOWARD. 8vo. London. Sherwood and Co.

It fell to the lot of this statesman to administer the public affairs of the Kingdom of England under very peculiar circumstances. Born of poor, but honest parents, he had only the talents given him by nature, and improved by such education as they could afford to give him, and the benefit he might derive from their good example, to procure his advancement in life. The two last, in all ages, have done little, unless supported by the former; and at the period in which he lived, when the helps to learning were few, and difficult to be obtained, obstacles were placed in the way of a poor but clever lad, which can scarcely be conceived at the present day, when instruction of every kind is so easily to be obtained. Yet Wolsey triumphed over all these;—he found the means of studying at Oxford, and making friends there, who promoted his interests in that university. With no recommendation but his talents, he was entrusted with the expenditure of the college funds to erect a tower, which was to remain to future ages, a monument of the taste and splendour of that wealthy foundation. This he completed in a style of simple and elegant architecture, which has secured him the applause of competent judges, and continues to attract the notice and admiration of those who visit the university. Returning from thence into the country, he officiated as a priest and a tutor, and assiduously discharged the duties of both. In the latter character, he educated the sons of the Marquis of Dorset, and this proved the efficient means of his subsequent elevation; for the Marquis felt so much satisfaction at the care he had taken of, and the learning he had instilled into his sons, that he became his patron, and recommended him to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who received him into his household, as one of his domestic chaplains. In this situation he became known at court, and was employed by it, at least upon one occasion, and that of no trifling nature.

One of the most marked differences between men of great and moderate talents, is sure to be discovered in the use they make of the opportunities which are offered them. The former avail themselves of these opportunities with promptness and dexterity, while the latter overlook them, or hesitate and perplex both themselves and their friends, till the season has elapsed, and then wait for another, which probably never arrives. Wolsey evidently is to be numbered amongst the former, and the skill with which he improved every circumstance favourable to his good fortune is decisive, not only of his ability, but also of his diligent improvement of those great talents with which he was evidently gifted. He arrives at college a poor scholar, and leaves there, at the early age of twenty-seven years, a lasting monument of his architectural skill. He is called from the cares of a country parish, to the household of the primate of all England. Ordinary men, with no further training than had fallen to Wolsey's lot, would have been astounded at an invitation to undertake a solemn embassy, on important business, to the acknowledged highest temporal authority in Europe. They would have shrunk from the task, or have felt that distrust, dismay and perplexity, as would have prevented the success of their mission. He ventured upon it, and executed it, with the ease of a man accustomed to courts, and trained to negotiation: and, with a despatch that astonished his employer. Promoted by a young and ardent monarch, he is charged with the providing the military

stores, and hastening the preparation for a campaign; and this diligent priest and school-master, this successful diplomatist, exercises his talents in the military service of his country, with equal energy, and corresponding success.

He is required to administer the public affairs of the kingdom, and the highest law-offices, at the same time that the care of numerous dioceses and spiritual establishments devolve upon him: the former are conducted with so much firmness, decision, and judgment, that the realm had never had more quiet at home, or consideration abroad, than during this period; and his impartiality and discernment were so exercised in his legal functions, that the court in which he presided, attracted the causes from the other courts, till the delays necessarily arising from this accumulation of business, compelled the suitors reluctantly to apply elsewhere. The legantine authority, and consequent increase of engagements, might have been expected to have overwhelmed the faculties, and paralyzed the activity, of one whose avocations were so numerous, pressing, and diversified; but, as if he had found out a secret, more valuable than that of the Philosopher's stone, that of multiplying time, he attended to these, and conducted important reformatations in that church establishment, which was thus subjected to his authority; and which was so corrupted, that learned and able prelates openly expressed their despair of being able to effect any amendment of it. Nor did his labours cease here; amidst this succession of engagements, he found leisure to patronise learning, and correspond with learned men.

What was the character of the prince whom he served during this period? and the great men of the country who were his contemporaries? Was the former an able, wise, discreet, and consistent monarch, whose power was constantly exerted to sustain his minister in the due exercise of his authority, and the support of those measures, which, after mature deliberation, his wisdom had approved? Were the latter, the disinterested and orderly chiefs of a well-regulated kingdom, during a period of extraordinary civilization, where no public feeling was more prevalent than zeal for the public good, and the best interests of the state and nation? Every thing was the reverse of this. The king was perverse, impetuous, and obstinate; yielding to the impulse of his feelings, without consideration, and pursuing the accomplishment of his wishes, heedless of the consequences, either to himself or others. Capricious and inconstant, no minister could tell from the resolution of to-day, what would be his purpose to-morrow, farther than he could judge from considering the natural desires and propensities of a haughty and capricious monarch, possessing sufficient energy and activity to interrupt the wiser plans of his ministers, and perseverance sufficient to overcome all opposition; but who possessed not the least portion of moderation or patience:—who only enquired what he liked, and never cared whether it was for his private or for the public welfare. Yet, during twenty years Wolsey maintained himself in the confidence of this changeable and tyrannical master, and subdued and softened a character, which, after his removal, broke forth into extravagancies, which never appeared during the long period he exercised his influence to restrain them.

The nobles of the kingdom were the survivors of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, or their immediate descendants, men rude and ignorant; nursed in ages of turbulence and misrule; proud of

their lineage and feats of arms; often not the most honourable; and Wolsey, speaking of them and himself, might justly use the language of Marius under like circumstances, "they despise my mean birth, and I despise their mean character." These he reduced to such order, that private individuals were more secure, both in their persons and property, than at any former period. The public accounts were examined, and defaulters made to reimburse the deficiencies due to the crown, without any respect of persons, the king's own brother-in-law not being spared, though the difficulty under which he laboured to raise the necessary sums, obliged him to retire from court for a long time; and what perhaps deserves the greatest thanks of posterity, he adopted such severe measures against perjury, which had been most shamefully and openly practised in all the courts, that they were in a great measure purged of it; and he laid the foundation of that integrity which has long been, and continues to be, so pre-eminently the glory of British Justice.

Great talents, and especially when exercised with a fearless impartiality, usually excite envy and animosities, which effectually prevent justice being done to their possessor, until he has been so long removed from the scene of action, that not only fear and hope have ceased to operate, but those persons who have felt the effects of them, together with their immediate connexions, have ceased to live. Even integrity and trust-worthiness are often disputed or denied during life-time, to those most worthy of them; and when opposing claimants are not only willing, but desirous of submitting their conflicting demands to the decision of the same arbiter, we have the strongest evidence of his acknowledged uprightness.

Henry and Francis were princes of ability, though the former yielded himself the slave of his passions; and the latter courted the perseverance and independence of a first-rate character. These princes, who had the best means of knowing Wolsey's candour and honesty, voluntarily named him their commissioner, to arrange their opposing claims, and bring them to a general issue; and the case is the more remarkable, because Francis first communicated to him those powers, which Henry, when informed of, did not hesitate to confirm, and also gave him equally extensive ones, on his own account.

Much has been said of Wolsey's haughtiness and ambition: a very little consideration will shew the justice with which these charges are urged against him. We have before noticed the fierce and violent character of the higher ranks during this period. The lower ones were equally depressed, and there was no middle class, whose firmness and moderation might protect the one, whilst it checked the oppression of the other, and by lending a salutary power to the sovereign, might manifest its vital importance to every order of the state. It was Wolsey's business to give that protection to all, as might in the slow, but natural course of a well-regulated state of affairs, cause this middle class to rise into existence; but until that period arrived, the haughtiness of the nobles must be checked; and how could that be done, unless by strong measures, conceived and executed with a boldness that disconcerted, and a vigour that paralyzed, the plans and efforts of the opposing party. The church was equally hostile to reformation. Her members were interested in the existing abuses, and the dread inspired by the new doctrines, united his opponents in that quarter. The independence of his own spirit, the display of his resources, which evinced his resolution, neither to be thwarted, nor diverted from his

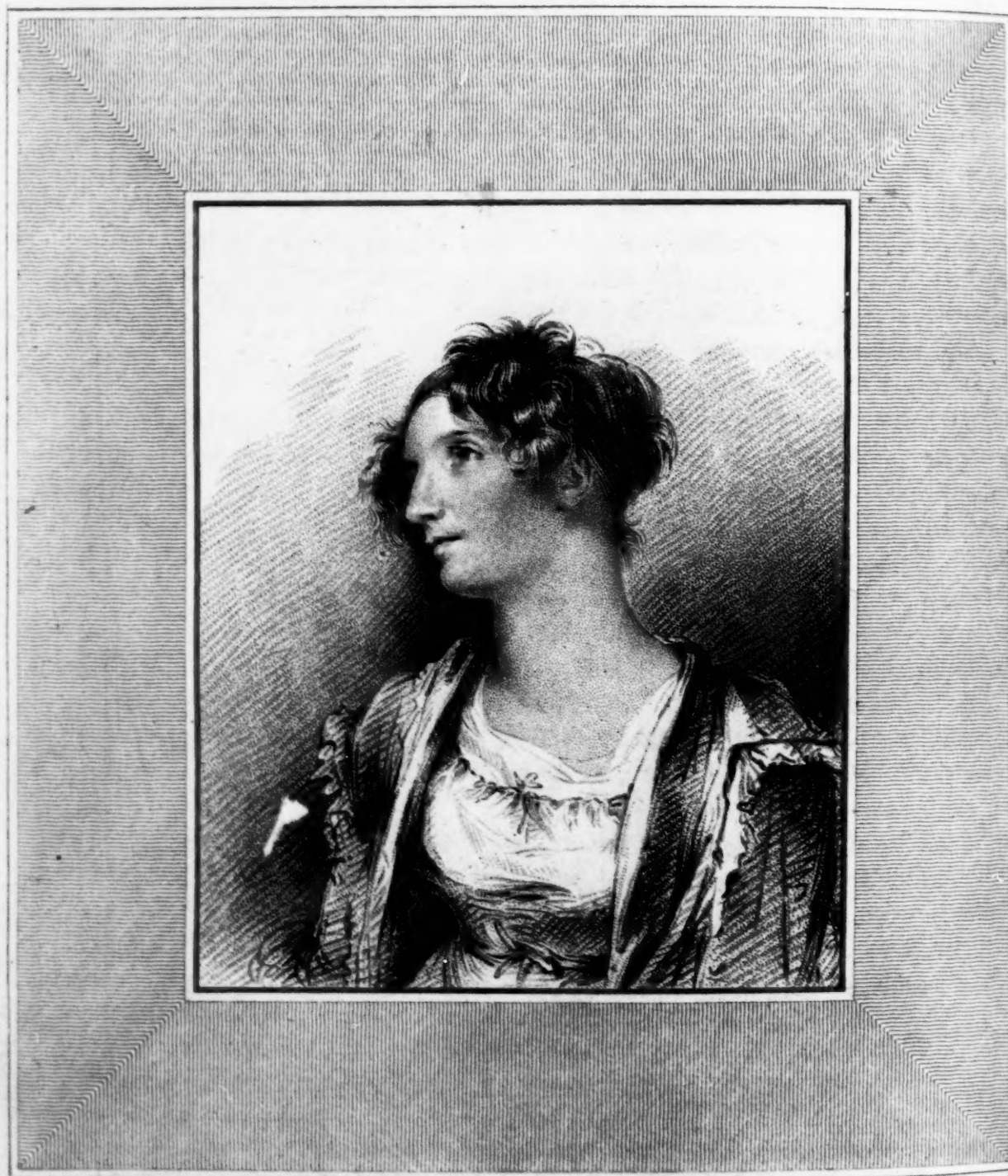
purposes, were necessary to carry them into effect. He was not insensible of the value of habitual courtesy and conciliating manners; and his gracious carriage on many occasions is especially recorded: but to expect that a minister, placed under such circumstances as were those of Wolsey, could conduct with success the affairs of a great kingdom, involves an entire ignorance of human nature, and the laws of human events. The Commons of that age regarded him as their benefactor; nor did his fall deprive him of their affectionate attachment. To the last stage of his temporal existence they testified their esteem, and supplicated the blessings of heaven upon him.

But he was ambitious. Unprincipled ambition, which desires to attain the highest preferment only for the reward attached to it, in whatever shape that reward is bestowed, and alike disregards the means by which the end is to be obtained, or the ability with which the duty is to be executed, is a vice most base and contemptible, and can only exist in a very sordid mind. Such was not Wolsey's. His public employments, and his sovereign's favour, conferred on him a revenue truly regal; and he spent it with a magnificence, splendour, and judgment, which merits praise. He had no paltry ambition of elevating his family by bestowing the rewards of his distinguished talents and services on nephews and cousins, who had no claims to honour and wealth, but what they derived from their kindred to him. His family is alike unknown, before and after him. His wealth came from the public. While he lived, he spent it in upholding the grandeur, or cherishing the interests, or providing for the instruction of that public. Had he been suffered to descend to the grave in peace, we can only suppose how many and glorious monuments he would have left of his love for learning, and of his liberality to those, who, void of patronage and wealth, seek the peaceful distinctions of literary excellence; or how many, like himself, might have been raised to eminence, upon funds provided by his munificence. We only know that such foundations would have been neither few nor poorly endowed. One remains, and, mutilated as it has been, is the noblest monument of departed worth existing in the three kingdoms. Would to heaven that such were the common effects of ambition!

SOCRATES' BODILY EXERCISES.

AMONGST the voluntary labours and exercises of the body, which are practised for the purposes of strength and fortitude, we learn that the following was the custom of Socrates. Of him it is said, that he would stand in a fixed attitude, night and day, from the rising of one sun to another, without winking, or any kind of motion. His foot never stirred from its place; and in deep meditation, his eyes and countenance were directed to one individual spot, as if his mind and soul had been totally abstracted from his body. Favorinus, speaking on this subject, with many remarks on this man's fortitude, says, "his abstemiousness also is said to have been so great, that he passed almost the whole of his life in uninterrupted health. Amidst the havoc of that pestilence, which at the commencement of the Peloponnetian war, depopulated Athens with a most destructive species of disease, by similar rules of forbearance and moderation he is said so to have abstained from all indulgences, and to have enjoyed his bodily vigour, as not at all to have been injured by the universal contagion."

AULUS GELLIUS.



G.H. Harlow, del.^s

E. Scriven, sculp.^t

MISS JANE PORTER.

(From the Original Drawing in her own Possession.)

London. Published by William Charlton Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

MEMOIR OF MISS JANE PORTER.

"Grave, historical, and chaste."

NOTHING is more just than the sentiment so well expressed by Lord Bacon, that mind is power. The intellectual superiority of this country forms, therefore, its highest praise; since, instead of being restricted to mankind, it here includes that sex in whose persons are united the attractions and endearments of civilized life. England may truly pride herself on possessing an order of females to be found in no other land, who at once adorn the virtues and extend the renown of that nation, to whose intelligence and felicity they so much contribute.

The family of the lady whose portrait now embellishes the present work, and who herself is acknowledged an author of rank, are already known for their literary taste. According to the statement first made public by the late Mrs. Robinson, they are "maternally descended from two ancient families in Northumberland;" but their father was a native of Ireland, and embraced the profession of a soldier. His daughters are represented as having received the elements of knowledge "north of Tweed," where the eldest of them, the subject of this passing sketch, is believed to have in reality perfected the formation of her mind.

Deprived of their father at an early stage of life, it devolved on their mother not only to watch the progress of their infant years, but to assist in urging them forward to that distinction at which her children have since arrived. She first encouraged that genius, and gloried in that spirit, to the display of which her family owe alike their respectability and fame. Maternal love has never been more energetically exerted than by this excellent mother; nor has any mother found greater cause to rejoice in the result of her cares, as exemplified in the affection and prosperity of her offspring.

Mrs. Porter came with her family to town, many years ago, with the design of introducing the present Sir Robert Ker Porter to the Royal Academy, which he attended for the purposes of improvement in that pictorial school. Attracted by the graces and talents of the subject of the present sketch, together with those of her sister, their residence soon became the favourite resort of persons of genius and literature. It is alluding to this fact, that one of the most accomplished poets of modern times, then continually in the habit of visiting them, thus describes the feelings which their society had imparted to him.

"Blest pair! how fast the rosy-pinion'd hours
Fled when wit, sense, and harmony, combining,
Beneath your friendly roof, their witching pow'rs,
A while my spirit charm'd from sad repining."

"Encompassed by ingenious friends," Miss Jane Porter soon began to try the strength of her talents, by contributing to one or two magazines no longer in existence. Her first great work, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," did not appear till after she had ascertained the reception which her writings were likely to experience in the world; and its success has proved that she

did not judge too partially of her literary skill. Every person who is endowed with intellectual sensibility will agree with the critic, that it "is a work of genius," which must "receive the precious meed of sympathy from every reader of unsophisticated sentiment and genuine feeling;" and also, that it "inculcates virtuous and magnanimous sentiments."

This work, exhibiting "a new species of composition," has reached to a sixth edition, in four volumes; and has been followed by the Romance of "The Scottish Chiefs," in five volumes, from the same pen.

Between the publication of these works, however, Miss Porter sent into the world two volumes of "Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney; with Remarks." Of all the authors whom Miss Porter has adverted to, it appears that Sir Philip Sidney, who, when living, was "the secret wish of many a female heart," is eminently her favourite one. Whether his fair commentator will ever add to literary biography her "projected life of Sir Philip Sidney," of which she here speaks, forms a question which she only can answer; but the present writer has reason to believe that such a performance must for several years have occupied her attention.

The age of chivalry is not past. Animated by the noble spirit of that age, "soaring upward," Miss Porter has caught much of the virtue of the hero, whose character she has contemplated with such admiration. Hence the high and magnanimous style of thinking and feeling which distinguish and dignify her works; hence, indeed, her writings at once soften and improve the heart, while they elevate and ennoble the mind.

Literature is indispensable to society. With this conviction as to the actual state of the public taste, and particularly as it applies to the female sex, it is gratifying to narrate the literary career of a lady, whose volumes bear the uniform stamp of pure morality, sound sense, and just taste. Persevering in her amiable course, Miss Porter will have the satisfaction of reflecting that she has not lived in vain; and, what must be still dearer to such a mind, that she has employed with honour those talents, for whose application she must hereafter be made accountable.

EVENING.

How swift the shades of Evening rise,
And intercept the wand'ring sight;
While still, with ardent gaze, my eyes
Pursue the last faint streaks of light.

Oh me! the still, the silent gloom,
Adds greater force to my despair;
With new disquiets fills my soul,
And wakens every terror there.

'Tis now deep Contemplation's hour,
The soul on Reason's wings may rise,
All nature's boundless scenes explore,
And, soaring, pierce beyond the skies.

Ah! by heavy clogs confin'd,
Thus sinks my grovelling thoughts to earth;
Why can't my free, capacious mind,
Trace the Great Source that gave it birth?

Alas! no ray of beaming light,
In my afflicted breast is found;
'Tis one continued, endless night,
Dark as the awful gloom around!

EDGAR.

POETIC SCENES.—NO. II.

*Street in Rome.**Enter TWO OFFICERS.*

1st. Officer.—Appius was bold.

2nd. Off.—It was a rough debate.

1. Off.—How he did shake the gouty decemvir,
And make their wayward tongues drop i' their mouths,
Like wither'd leaves from blighted forresters.2. Off.—Yet when he heard Dentatus named, he too
In turn, fell mute, as if some troubled ghost
Had risen in controversy.

1. Off.—Between ourselves, Appius likes him not.

2. Off.—And for no better cause than hath a maid
To hate a maid, whose rival charms annoy her.1. Off.—Talking of maids, this is a strange account,
Appius's rencontre with the young Virginia,
Who ever since hath haunted his poor brain
Like a foul fiend of conscience.

2. Off.—'Tis marvellous.

1. Off.—The wench hath made a Tempe of our shambles;
For there goes Appius, like another Arion,
Tuning his sighs to the sad sounding cleavers!
Great heads truly are in all things great.
Great statesmen in the senate, in the field
Great warriors, and in their folly,—great fools!*(Officers retire, as PUNCTILLIO, an old patrician, creature of APPIUS, enters, surrounded by a crowd of citizens, shouting all,—Huzza!)*

1. Citizen.—I say, Dentatus is the fittest man, altho' he be poor.

2. Cit.—I don't like a poor man myself.

1. Cit.—Then you are at odds with yourself, and no peaceable man
would seek a quarrel with himself.

2. Cit.—Therein you shew your lack of mother wit.

'Tis good account to reckon with yourself,

But sorry tale when neighbours tally not.

Punc.—Well, blown bellows-mender, give me your hand, my hero,
(puts money in it.) Your friend Appius will pass the course anon; go
quilt your bellows-boards, with good brown liquor, and blow his merits
with a borean blast.1. Cit.—I say, Dentatus is the man. He has a soldier's heart, and has
cut more wind-pipes for Rome, than you ever cobbled, Mr. Puff.

3. Cit.—That's all in favour of trade.

1. Cit.—Pray who may you be, Sir? *(to Punctillio.)*Punc.—And who are you, ye flecker'd Kestrel, that wouldst dare flout
a buzzard? What are your wants?

1. Cit.—Trade, sir. My father is a builder, sir.

Punc.—Send him to me; I will give him a contract.

1. Cit.—With decent expedition; where rests the defunct?

Punc.—Defunct! rot-a-bed; is your father a grave-digger?

1. *Cit.*—No, Sir, I trust he'll ne'er descend to such a business.

Punc.—Proud as he may be, he'll soon be at the bottom of it, were it as deep as a cuckold's shame.

1. *Cit.*—He's no cuckold, sir, but a coffin builder.

Punc.—Then his *case* is all the worse as being the last shift of many a cuckold. Here, (*gives him money,*) take thou son of my last necessity. Away,—huzza! Shout, you rascals, until your thrapples runch.

All.—Huzza!

(*Exeunt.*)

ADDRESS TO WATERLOO.

Oh, Waterloo! thou scene of blood,
Where Gallia's legions proudly stood,
To venture in the doubtful fight,
With English lord and Scottish knight.
Though after-times new themes may give,
Immortal shall thy glory live.

Oh, Waterloo! the battle's brunt
Thou witness'd, borne by Britons' front,
Then heav'd each heart the soldier's sigh,
For glorious death, or victory!
Though after-times new themes may give,
Immortal shall thy glory live.

Oh, Waterloo! thou saw'st the Gaul,
Though nobly led, retire and fall;
Whilst havoc, speeding on his fire,
His foe might fall, but not retire.
Though after-times new themes may give,
Immortal shall thy glory live.

Oh, Waterloo! the sire shall weep
(By drum and trumpet lull'd to sleep)
The son, who sunk with laurel'd head,
To rest upon thy gory bed.
Though after-times new themes may give,
Immortal shall thy glory live.

Oh, Waterloo! thy hallow'd breast,
Alike entomb'd the haughty crest,
That matron's wish, and maiden's prayer,
In secret would have shielded there.
Though after-times new themes may give,
Immortal shall thy glory live.

Oh, Waterloo! the mourner's tear
Still falls with each revolving year,
And warrior souls, the gem to share,
Would gladly lay their relics there.
Though after-times new themes may give,
Immortal shall thy glory live.

J. W.

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE.

(From REDGAUNTLET, a Novel, by the Author of *Waverly*.)

WE hasten to gratify our readers with a copious extract from the new novel of the "*Great Unknown*;"—the *plot* of the *tale*, and our critical opinion on it, will follow in the next sheet.

Ye maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that Ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi' Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favour as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lonon court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampaung like a lion with commissions of lieutenantancy, and of lunacy for what I ken, to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should tire the other. Redgauntlet was a' for the strong hand; and his name is kenn'd as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave, could hide the puir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and blood-hound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roe-buck—It was just, "Will ye tak the test?"—if not, "Make ready—present—fire!"—and there lay the recusant.

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had direct compact with Satan—that he was proof against steel—and that bullets happed off his buff-coat like ail-staines from a hearth—that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra-gawns—and muckle to the same purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, "De'il scowp wi' Redgauntlet!" He wasna a bad master to his ain folk though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs ca'd these killing times, they wad hae drunken themselves blind to his ealth at ony time.

Now ye are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund—they ca' the place Primrose-Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than ony where else in the country. Its a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-check three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in; but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel' he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous at "Hoopers and Girders"—a' Cumberland couldna touch him at "Jockie Lattin"—and he had the finest finger for the back-lill between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort they make Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of needcessity, that he might belang to some side or other. He had nae ill-will to the Whig bodies, and likedna to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir

Robert in hunting and hosting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some, that he couldna avoid.

Now Steenie was a kind of favourite with his master, and kenn'd a' the folks [about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were in their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCallum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the Laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegether sae great as they feared, and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unca crawling what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower mony great folks dipped in the same doings, to make a spick and span new world. So Parliament passed it a' ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the non-conformists, that used to come to stock larder and cellar; for it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they behoved to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the Laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome body, that naebody cared to anger him; for the oaths he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.

Weel, my gudesire was nae manager—no that he was a very great misguider—but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair words and piping; but when Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grand-officer to come with the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behoved to flit. Sair wark he had to get the siller; but he was weel-freended, and at last he got the haill scraped thegither—a thousand merks—the maist of it was from they ca'd Laurie Lapraik—a sly tod. Laurie had wealth o' gear—could hunt wi' the hound and rin wi' the hare—and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor in the Revolution warld, but he liked an orra sound, and a tune on the pipes weel aneugh at a bye-time; and abune a' he thought he had gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire over the stocking at Primrose-Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle, wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the Castle was, that Sir Robert had fretted himself into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegether for the sake of the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the Laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jack-an-ape, that was a special pet of his; a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the haill castle, chattering and youling, and pinching, and biting folk, specially before ill-weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burned; and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in mind when

the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the Laird, Dougal MacAllum, and the Major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red-laced coat, and the Laird's whig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert girmed wi' pain, the jack-an-ape girmed too, like a sheep's head between a pair of tangs—an ill-faur'd, fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and pistols within reach; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horseback, and away after ony of the hill-folk he could get speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was just his auld custom—he wasna gien to fear onything. The rental-book, wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of sculdudry sangs was put between the leaves, to keep it open at the place it bore evidence against the Goodman of Primrose-Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look, as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows, that men saw the visible mark of a horse shoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there.

"Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?" said Sir Robert. "Zounds! if you are ———"

My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—"Is it all here, Steenie, man?"

"Your honour will find it right," said my gudesire.

"Here, Dougal," said the Laird, "gie Steenie a tass of brandy down stairs, till I count the siller, and write the receipt."

But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garr'd the castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on yell gied the Laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hirdy-girdy—naebody to say 'come in' or 'gae out.' Terribly the Laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and Hell, hell, hell, and its flames, was a' the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and, sure eneugh, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jack-an-ape they ca'd Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master; my gudesire's head was like to turn—he forgot baith siller and receipt, and down stairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the Castle, that the Laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was, that Dougal had seen the money-bag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt. The young Laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh,

see things put to rights. Sir John and his son never gree'd weel—he had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations—if his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on his awn hearth-stane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough knight, than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon.

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in state, as they ca'd it, well-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his own counsel nae langer; he came down with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to himsel, and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsel, he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state-chamber, just as it used to do at night in his life-time, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said, that being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower, (for naeboddy cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse,) he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; "for, though death breaks service," said MacCallum, "it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon."

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles sat over a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up got the twa auld serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance; for there were torches in the room, which shewed him the foul fiend, in his ain shape, sitting on the Laird's coffin! Over he cowped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting no answer, raised the house, when Dougal was lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye; but mony a time was it heard on the top of the house in the bartizan, and among the auld chimnies and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair bogle-work.

But when a' was over, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the Castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broad-sword that had

a hundred-weight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of humour, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the Laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.)

"I wuss ye joy, sir, of the head-seat, and the white-loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the Laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time to set his house in order—weel prepared God-ward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind tangled hesp to wind, Steenie.—Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in."

Here he opened the fatal volume; I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stephenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

Stephen. "Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father."

Sir John. "Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?"

Stephen. "Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honour; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honour, Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him."

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. "But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man."

Stephen. "Troth, Sir John, there was nae body in the room but Dongal MacCullum the butler. But, as your honour kens, he has e'en followed his auld master."

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead—and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?"

Stephen. "I dinna ken, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that ilk man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money."

Sir John. "I have little doubt ye borrowed the money, Steenie. It is the payment that I want to have some proof of."

Stephen. "The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was canna have taen it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it."

Sir John. "We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable."

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, "Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play; and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flitt."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wits' end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honour: "and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, mair sternly, "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding.—Where do you suppose this money to be?—I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw every thing look so muckle against him, that he grew nearly desperate—however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the Laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular ane, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that self-same fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow;—"Speak out, sir! I *will* know your thoughts;—do you suppose that I have this money?"

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen.

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof."

"Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story," said Sir John; "I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer?"

"In hell, if you will have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity,—*"in hell! with your father and his silver whistle."*

Down stairs he ran, (for the parlour was nae place for him, after such a word,) and he heard the Laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the baillie and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor, (him they ca'd Laurie Lapraik,) to try if he could make onything out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the warst word in his wame—thief, beggar, and dyvour, were the safest terms; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saints, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the Laird, and that a Laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and, while he and Laurie were at de'il speed the liars, he was wanchancie aneugh to abuse his doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that gar'd folks flesh grow that heard them;—he wasna just himsell, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmarkie, that is a' foo of black firs, as they say.—I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood, there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common, a little lonely change-house that was keepit then by an ostler-wife, they suld hae ca'd her Tabbie Faw, and there puire Steenie cried for a muchkin of brandy, for he had no refreshment the hail day. Tabbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa draughts, and named a toast at each:—the first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the pock of siller, or tell him what came o't, for he saw the hail world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and stend, that my gudesire could hardly keep the saddle—Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said, "That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?"—So saying, he touched the horse's neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot; "But his spunk's soon out of him, I think," continued the stranger, "and that's like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof."

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with "Gude e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was ane that doesna lightly yield his point; for ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the self-same pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry; and to say truth, half feared.

"What is it that ye want with me, freend;" he said, "if ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leel man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger, "I am one that, though I have been sair misca'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my friends."

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger; "but I think I can help you."

"If you could lend the money, sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth," said my gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you, that your auld Laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and—if you daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humoursome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress; and he said, he had courage to go

to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.—The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer court-yard, through the muckle faulding yetts, and aneath the auld portcullis; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and deray within as used to be in Sir Robert's house in Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on young Sir John.

"God!" said my father, "if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!"

He knocked at ha' door, just as he wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCullum, just after his wont, too,—came to open the door, and said, "Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you."

My gudesire was like a man in a dream—he looked for the stranger, but he was gaen for the time. At last, he just tried to say, "Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead."

"Never fash yoursell wi' me," said Dougal, "but look to yoursell; and see ye tak naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt, just the receipt that is your ain."

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kenn'd to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduddry, as ever had been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blythest.

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that set round that table!—My gudesire kenn'd mony that had long before gane to their place. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalyell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron's blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung; and Dumbarton Douglass, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark curled locks, streaming down to his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked upon them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiels were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds, as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving men and troopers, that had done their work and wicked bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the Bishop's summoner, that they called the De'il's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and many a proud serving-man, haughty of heart, and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickedder than

than they would be; grinding the poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and gang-ing, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper, to come to the board-head where he was sitting; his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols beside him, and the great broad-sword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth—the very cushion for the jack-an-ape was close to him, but the creature itself was not there—it wasna its hour it's likely: for he heard them say as he came forward, "Is not the major come yet?" And another answered, "The jack-an-ape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said, "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?"

With much ado, my father gat breath to say, that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie," said the appearance of Sir Robert,— "Play us up 'Weel hoddled, Luckie.'"

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers at Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him!

"MacCullum, ye limb of Beelzebub," said the fearfu' Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!"

MacCullum brought a pair of pipes might have served the piper Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them: and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said, he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.

"Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," said the figure; "for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking betwixt a fou man and fasting."

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the King's messenger in hand, while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle; and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy; but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it: and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience-sake—(he had no power to say the holy name)—and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt, and handed to Steenie. "Here is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go and look for it in the Cat's Cradle."

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud, "Stop though, thou sackdoudlin son of a whore! I am not done with thee. HERE we do nothing for nothing; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection."

My father's tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, "I refer myself to God's pleasure and not to yours."

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him; and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there, he could not tell; but when he came to himsell, he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parishine, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestone around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld Laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the Laird. "Well, you dyvour bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me my rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it."

"How, sirrah?—Sir Robert's receipt!—You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honour please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter with much attention: and at last, at the date, which my gudesire had not observed,—"*From my appointed place,*" he read, "*this twenty-fifth of November.*"—"What! That is yesterday!—Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!"

"I got it from your honour's father—whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not," said Steenie.

"I will delate you for a warlock to the Privy Council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!"

"I intend to delate mysell to the Presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me."

Sir John paused, composed himsell, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less.

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honour of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scauding your fingers wi' a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I will not know what to think of it.—But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle."

"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire; "he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wadna like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them, that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the

opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John; and he took (with what purpose, Heaven kens,) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret-door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance maist dang him back ower—bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jack-an-ape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra things besides, that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had ripped the turret wheel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlour, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends.

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men, might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So I think we had better lay the hail dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower mickle brandy to be very certain about onything; and, Steenie, this receipt, (his hand shook while he held it out)—it's but a queer kind of document, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent."

"Mony thanks to your honour," said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind sat; "doubtless I will be conformable to all your honour's commands; only I would willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of summons of appointment whilk your honour's father——"

"Do not call the phantom my father!" said Sir John, interrupting him.

"Weel, then, the thing that was so like him,"—said my gudesire! "he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience."

"Aweel, then," said Sir John, "if you be so much distressed in your mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish; he is a douce man, regards the honour of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me."

Wi' that, my father readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the Laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not

for them, though ; but away it flew up the lumm, wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the Manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said, it was his real opinion, that though my gudesire had gane very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil's arles, (for such was the offer of meat and drink,) and had refused to do homage, by piping at his bidding, he hoped, that if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage of what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or tippenny.

Sir John made up his story about the jack-an-ape as he liked himself; and some believe till this day that there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to threap, that it was nane o' the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire saw in the Laird's room, but the wanchancy creature, only that Major, capering on the coffin; and, as to the blawing on the Laird's whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the Laird himsell, if not better. But heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then my gudesire, wha was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his friends, for the credit of his gude name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.

The Plot of Redgauntlet, and our opinion, will be found at p. 436.

STANZAS.

LOVELY spirit, hast thou fled?
Art thou number'd with the dead,
And laid upon thy lowly bed,
Of eternal rest!

Oh! thou wert so fair and bright,
A meteor of unearthly light,
That burst upon the wondering sight—
A vision of the blest!

But now thy beauties faded lie,
That lovely face, that sparkling eye,
To gaze on which was extacy,
Far too great to last!

And that sweet and silver voice,
Which did every heart rejoice,
And left us but one only choice—
To listen and to love!

Yes, it did a thrill impart,
A thrill that reach'd the inmost heart,
And made th' entranced list'ner start
In rapturous surprise:

But that spirit now is flown,
To those blissful realms unknown,
Where all who see thee, can but own,
Thou wert too pure for earth!

FIONA.

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG GREEK FEMALE.

By Madame Adelaide Alexandre Panam. Paris. Published by the Author, and by Brissot—Thivars. 1823.

We do not give this ironical critique as the announcement of a new work, but as a literary anecdote. Although written in French, and sent to us in that language, it is the production of a German, M. Mullner, the author of the tragedy, entitled "Crime," &c. We are assured it could not be published in Germany, because the hero of the romance is a petty Prince of that country. However, M. Mullner has neither named nor designated him any way; and he has besides endeavoured, in some degree, to defend the Prince of the romance against the attacks of the heroine.

A young Frenchwoman, the daughter of Greek parents, fourteen years of age, made at Paris the conquest of a foreign sovereign. After having granted to him the last favours, she followed him to his own territory to make her fortune at court, that is to say, to be enrolled, according to his promise, amongst the number of his sister's ladies of honour. Unfortunately, she was not so placed; the prince, instead of making her fortune, *lui fait un' un enfant*, as they say, and refused to furnish her with the means of living, or of maintaining and educating this little scion of an august stock. A marriage, such as his rank exacted, determined him to send away the young mother from his capital, and when afterwards she was induced to return, to endeavour to urge a decision, she was considered importunate, insulted in different ways, and at length persecuted to such an extent, that she entertained apprehensions for her life, and for that of her child.

Such is nearly the substance of this well-written romance, which would be good, but for the catastrophe. The situation of the heroine having changed from good to bad, the reader has a right to expect either a change from bad to good, or a tragical conclusion. But what does the young Greek do? what becomes of her? Does she conceal her shame and her misfortunes in a distant country, in order to devote the rest of her life to the education of her orphan son? Does she render him a man truly worthy of the throne of his father? Is she finally recompensed for her labours and cares, by the poetic justice of heaven? Does the prince, on the death of his august spouse, who had given him no heirs, recognise the avenging hand of the Deity? Does he repent within himself? Does he regret his young Greek, and his natural son? Does he endeavour to seek them in all corners of the universe, to repair their wrongs by elevating the mother to the throne, and securing to the son the rights which a barbarous prejudice would refuse to him? Or is the heroine enraged at the infidelity of her illustrious lover? Does she revenge his cruelty, either upon him, or upon herself, or upon both? Has she, for instance, the courage to play the part of Medea, to plunge the poignard into the bosom of her child, to poison her august rival, and to wrap the palace in flames?

Nothing of all this. Finding it impossible to obtain from the Prince the money which she desired, and which he had promised to pay her quarterly, she returns to France, and, either to repair her broken fortunes, or to revenge herself upon her unfaithful lover, or to attain both objects at once, she does nothing better than—publish her memoirs, which are thus before us.

The catastrophe is undoubtedly beneath poetry; it is merely *typogra-*

phical, a totally new species of catastrophe, and one of which it would have been impossible for the ancients to conceive the idea, even if typography had been known to them. It was not, indeed, for want of printers and booksellers that they were ignorant of this avenging publicity, which, by persecuting either vice or folly, may do so much good to society. It appears, on the contrary, that they liked it, for the Roman legislation favoured it so far as to sanction the rule, *Peccata nocentium nota esse oportet et expedit*; and that amongst the Greeks, Aristophanes employed it with the greatest success. Thus we know from Plin. Hist. Nat. 36, 5, that this intellectual and most mysterious force was then capable of being employed to produce tragical catastrophes: the poet Hipponax killed two artists who had given him offence at a spectacle, simply by means of his satirical verses, the caustic point of which induced them to resort to the suicidal cord. But the ancients knew very well that, in public opinion, they could not obtain a complete victory over their adversaries, except by having the laughers on their side: and in fact, if ever the literary publication of a reproachable action can answer the purpose of the tragic poignard, it is only by means of ridicule. It is thus that the catastrophe of this romance appears to us ill conceived. The Greek lady, in limiting her vengeance to the publication of her memoirs, has the air of wishing to persuade us that her unfaithful and parsimonious lover is dying of shame and chagrin; but she will not be believed, because she does nothing but blacken the character of the Prince in *dry* colours, the dust of which will not fail to spoil the completion of the amiable painter.

Madame P. however, may urge against us one very specious objection. She may say, perhaps, 'You have passed judgment upon a romance: but it is a *biography* which I have published:' and in truth, it assumes that appearance; she has employed all the resources of the poetic art, to persuade us that the author is ingeniously relating the history of her own life. Be it so—that would induce us to change our sentence, but not our sentiment.—Is it then a romance that Madame P. publishes? she should have *invented* better.—Is it the history of her life? she should have *lived* better.

A MIRACLE.

THE city of St. Angelo, in Lombardy, has been the theatre of an event, which ought in reality to be regarded as miraculous. On the 7th of April died Don Vincenzo Bonea, notary, aged 84, whose life was a constant exemplification of all the virtues. When it became necessary to place the body in the coffin, it was remarked with surprise that the face of the defunct, as well as his hands, were covered with a profuse perspiration, and that his eyes were open. The curate thought proper in consequence to suspend the burial, and caused the body to be meantime placed in a chapel. On the following day, some scientific men examined the body: they found all the limbs in a state of the greatest flexibility, which created fresh surprise. But, what is still more astonishing, a young man of the same city, who had for many years suffered under the affliction of a malady considered incurable, on being brought into the chapel where the corpse was, had scarcely entered the place, when he was cured. The body was subsequently suffered to be exposed during several days, and during all this time exhaled no disagreeable smell. We are not aware if any other cures as astonishing as those which we have just cited were effected during the exposure of the body.—*Gazetta di Napoli, May 8th.*

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE present is the fifty-sixth Exhibition of native talent under the auspices of this Royal establishment, and if we were to judge of the state of the fine arts in this country, by the specimens here produced, we should feel disposed to acknowledge that the British school had passed its meridian, and was rapidly verging towards its declination; but the project of another institution in the metropolis, for the encouragement and display of the fine arts, which was so imperatively called for by the abuses or mismanagement at the Royal Academy, has been received with such prompt support, that we believe the parent foundation has found it rather difficult, in the present instance, to collect sufficient materials to form what they might consider a tolerably respectable exhibition. We cannot however help thinking that a very large portion of the specimens, which at present decorate the walls of the Academy, reflect but little credit upon the judgment of the *hanging committee*, and, indeed, to speak plainly, are a perfect disgrace to the institution.

Besides the general paucity of talent, out of one thousand and thirty-seven subjects, nearly *six-hundred* are portraits, mostly of persons unknown to the world; and among the productions of fancy, there are but few gems, certainly no brilliants; we will mention the most striking.

No. 20, "The Cherry-seller, a scene at Turvey, Bedfordshire, by W. Collins, R. A." is a pretty picture, and displays talent. No. 34, "Abbeville—a Juggler exhibiting his trick, by G. Jones, R. A. elect," is clever, but not equal to the preceding. No. 55, "Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, by W. Daniel, R. A." is a very good picture, both in colouring and effect. No. 72, "View from the Park at Arundel," by the same, is by no means so well coloured. No. 95, "Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess, by C. R. Leslie," is in many parts extremely clever. No. 110, "Smugglers offering run Goods for sale or concealment," and No. 115, "Cottage Toilette, from Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, by D. Wilkie, R. A." are by no means equal to his former productions; and No. 113, "The Widow, by W. Mulready, R. A." is far from being a good picture, either in design or execution. No. 139, "Distant View of the Marhatta Country, from the Boa Ghaut between Bombay and Poonah, with military figures, by W. Westall, A." exhibits very extraordinary scenery, and is very prettily painted. No. 160, "Rochester from the River below the Bridge, by A. W. Callcott, R. A." is tolerably good upon the whole, but the middle ground of the picture is too misty for its distance. No. 161, "Amorett delivered by Britomart from the spell of Busyrane (Spenser's Fairy Queen), by H. Fuseli, R. A." is the same sort of dirty smear that we have been used to see from this artist. No. 185, "English Travellers attacked by Banditti, on the road to Rome between Gaeta and Terracina, by D. Dighton," is a bold, well-conceived subject, but the characters are rather coarsely drawn. No. 251, "Stage Coach Travellers, by Ripplingille," as far as design goes, is extremely good, but certainly is very indifferently painted. No. 263, "A Highland Clan escorting the Regalia of Scotland, by D. Dighton," is very flat and dingy. No. 285, "Lord Patrick Lindesay of the Byres, and Lord William Ruthven, compelling Mary, Queen of Scots, to sign her Abdication, by W. Allan," has some

tolerable parts, but upon the whole, is tame. No. 350, "Sunset after a Storm, by F. Danby," is the most extraordinary picture in the collection; such a peculiar distribution of black, blue, red, and yellow in streaks, certainly never was placed upon canvas before.

No. 361, "The Barrier and Village of Passey, near Paris, by the Rev. R. H. Lancaster," would have done great credit to a professional artist; as the production of an amateur, it is admirable. No. 375, "View of the High Street, and Lawn Market, Edinburgh, by A. Naysmith," is, perhaps, one of the best pictures in the Exhibition; had the fore-ground been something brighter, the effect would have been greatly improved.

There are few other subjects, in the painting department, worthy of notice; we, therefore, proceed to the Architectural:—No. 844, "A Geometrical Elevation of Part of one of the fronts of an Idea (an idea we hope it will always remain) for an Imperial Palace to be built in ten years at £300,000 per annum, by J. Gandy, A." This is one of the strangest compositions ever put together. No. 970, "Is a rough Cork Model of a Design for a Church, by the same gentleman," in which there is certainly some novelty and good effect; we object to Greek churches, but if they are to be built, there are points about this design that may be desirably appropriated; we do not, however, mean to approve the detached steeple. No. 976, "A Monumental Device, by J. Bacon," is certainly not above mediocrity. No. 983, "A Bacchante asleep, in marble, by R. W. Sievier:" this is nearly as large as life, and is extremely beautiful; we are really astonished at this young artist; scarcely has three years elapsed since he first took the chisel in hand, and we find him in very respectable competition with Chantrey. No. 1006, "Statue of the late Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ-Church:" No. 1008, "Statue of the late Countess of Liverpool:" No. 1010, "Statue of the late James Watt, by F. Chantrey," we need only say are executed in his usual style of excellence. No. 1007, "Statue of the infant Son of J. Hope, Esq. by W. Behnes," is extremely pretty: and 1019, "The bust of Fuseli, in marble, by E. H. Baily, R. A." does much credit to the artist.

MR. PERKINS'S STEAM GUN.

The following short account of what led to the invention of the Steam Gun, which is quite in its infancy, may not be uninteresting.

"OBSERVING, while experimenting with the generator, that substances, whether metallic or otherwise, when they rose from the bottom of the generator through the tube of the stop-cock, were projected with great velocity; the thought naturally struck me, that with a properly constructed gun, projectiles might be thrown with great power and economy. It also appeared to me, that it would at once settle the important question respecting velocity, as well as power, of high elastic steam. No time was therefore lost in constructing a gun, and on the first experiment my most sanguine hopes were realized, as musket-balls, at the rate of 240 per minute, were projected with a velocity equal to gunpowder. I dare not speculate on the consequences of this discovery, as I feel satisfied, that the power, economy, and simplicity of this agent is such, that one projectile may be found sufficient to force any breach, or sink the largest ship, though it gives me great pleasure to hear the opinion so often repeated, that this power will be to gunpowder, what that has been to the arrow.

"I have found that forty atmospheres' pressure is equal to gunpowder : viz. an ounce ball discharged against an iron target from a six-foot barrel about one-thirty-second part smaller than the ball, was flattened to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter ; and at 45 atmospheres, its blow against the target liquified the lead. An ounce ball discharged from a musket with powder, with the common field charge, at the same distance, did not shew more effect. It is said, with great plausibility, that there must be some fallacy in this experiment, for as it takes from 500 to 1000 atmospheres' pressure to propel a ball with proper effect with powder, it is asked how can it take but 40 or 50 atmospheres of steam to do the same? Having the fact before me, I think I can find the reason, which I have no doubt is the same as that, why fulminating powder, although infinitely stronger than gunpowder, will not (though it bursts the gun), throw the ball one-twentieth part so far, the power being too instantaneous for projectiles ; gunpowder being less so, gives greater effect, although the mechanical pressure is much less. *Steam power acting with constant pressure on the ball until it leaves the gun, in consequence of the non-diminishing generation of it, is, I believe the cause of the increased effect.*"

THE HISTORY OF THE DEAD.

THESE are the generations of the dead,
 A long, dark, drear, and melancholy race,
 Who with past times and ages long have fled,
 Nor left on earth one solitary trace !
 Hark ! thro' the peopled realms a voice proclaims,
 And to the living shall the sound be heard :—
 Behold, he comes ! in pestilence, in flames,
 In war, in ruin, and in deeds abhorr'd.
 He comes ! the world is quiv'ring at his name,
 He comes, with millions prostrate at his feet,
 All yield to him : the mighty sons of Fame,
 With unknown myriads, in his presence meet.
 Lo ! where the pomp of man is rushing by,
 Fleet as the winds that rock the billowy surge,
 This is the History of the Dead, that fly
 Where Death's imperious mandates onward urge.
 Talk not of pomp, ye heritors of earth,
 Ye gaudy mimics, fluttering for a day,
 To swell his grandeur ages had their birth,
 And unborn millions shall attest his sway.
 Where are the mighty warriors of yore,
 Where the bright spirits that have struck the lyre ?
 Where the adventurous legions, that once bore
 The Roman eagle, with a conqueror's fire ?
 Where are the myriads that have seen the sun,
 Since first Death came, with all his train of woe ?
 Since Desolation's work was first begun,
 And mad Ambition roll'd in blood below ?
 All now lie mingled with their native dust,
 Of strength and beauty here no wrecks remain ;
 Thou, too, if deem'd unfaithful to thy trust,
 Shalt dwell for aye in bitter, nameless pain.

HAROLD.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

DURING the past month our attention has been repeatedly drawn to the interesting and valuable collection of paintings, recently purchased by the nation from the executors of the late Mr. Angerstein, and now laid open to public inspection in Pall Mall. The well-known purity of Mr. Angerstein's taste, and his good fortune in having redeemed from the obscurity of a foreign country some of the most precious treasures of genius, had long established the celebrity of his Picture Gallery among the lovers of the arts; but notwithstanding the liberality of that gentleman's mind allowed the readiest access to his collection, we ourselves had never taken an opportunity of visiting it: it did not come under the public view in any shape—it formed one only of the numerous rich private collections which the taste and individual spirit of some of our distinguished countrymen have brought together in England, and we forbore to notice it, and many others under similar circumstances, from a feeling of vain regret that this country, vast as is its wealth and unbounded its public spirit, should possess no one public establishment connected with the arts and sciences, at all worthy of the genius and character of its inhabitants: and from this sweeping, but not indiscriminate censure, we do not except even the British Museum; for the lustre shed on that collection by the Elgin Marbles, and its Library, we think insufficient to redeem it from the character of a mere “jumbling heap of auld nick-nackets.” We repeat that we felt deep regret on this subject. The paintings of what are called the old masters are among the noblest monuments of human art; and we have always thought it above all things desirable that the opportunity of seeing them should be universally extended; for by showing what *has been* done by patient and humble genius, they point out what *may be* done again, and are thus at once the incentives and the guides to future excellence.

Until lately, however, they have in too many instances been guarded from view, with the most jealous rigidity; and the circle of the mighty magicians has been contracted, and their influence lessened by this monopoly, though England is perhaps richer in genuine original paintings, than any other country in Europe. The first step, however, (for we would fain consider it merely a *first* step) is now taken to remedy this evil: we were surprised that our government allowed the magnificent Houghton Collection to be purchased by the Emperor of Russia, and it was with no ordinary interest, therefore, that we received the gratifying information that the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's small, but select gallery, had been made, and at the comparatively low price of fifty thousand pounds. We congratulate the nation on this measure, as an auspicious proof of the growing discernment and good taste of those who are charged with the administration of public affairs; we believe that we are indebted for it more immediately to the express wish of his Majesty, and that the suggestion originated with that munificent patron of the arts, Sir Charles Long; and we do think that in future ages, when this institution shall be as distinguished for the *number* as for the *quality* of the paintings it contains, and when our own artists shall produce pictures worthy of being ranked with those of the elder schools;—we do think, we say, that the establishment of the *National Gallery* will then reflect more honour on the reign of George the Fourth, and the nineteenth

century, than even the long and splendid train of triumphs terminated by the crowning glory of Waterloo.

We hope that there are those among our nobility and gentry who will be disposed to mingle their names in the immortality of this measure, and by contributing to the treasures of the National Gallery, establish for themselves claims to the eternal gratitude of the country. The valuable collections of the Duchess of Dorset, the Marquess of Stafford, Earl Grosvenor, Mr. Miles, M. P., Mr. Lambton, M. P., &c. &c. even if added to the National Gallery, would still be as much the property of these distinguished individuals as at present; whilst the advantages resulting to the arts, and the enhancement of the honor and character of the nation would, be incalculable. The effect of such numerous and varied perfections collected in one focus, and their diligent study, with the facilities which we are certain the liberality of the trustees would afford, we flatter ourselves would in a few years enable us to visit the annual exhibitions of our Academy without feeling the blush of shame on our cheeks, that we should be Englishmen, or that such should be the productions of the collective talent of English artists. We must say that (with occasionally an exception) these are the only feelings excited in our bosom; and if we do continue to visit Somerset House, it is more from an habitual compliance with the fashion of the day, than from any lingering hope of having the pleasure to observe the indication of dawning genius, or to record any striking or essential advancement of the arts.

But we are wandering from our path, and in fact have been led into so many reflections on this to us most interesting subject, that we find with regret that we have not left ourselves space for a detailed notice of the eight-and-thirty paintings which grace the National Gallery.

MR. OWEN, OF LANARK.

Mr. OWEN's objections to Christianity, and New View of Society and Education, refuted by a plain statement of facts, with a hint to Mr. Hamilton, of Dalziel, by the Rev. John Aiton. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London; James Robertson and Co. Edinburgh.

Our attention has been directed by the Scottish Newspapers, to a curious Work on Mr. Owen's objections to Christianity and New Views of Society and Education, by the Rev. John Aiton. Much as had formerly been written on this subject, the author has struck out quite a new course, and in doing so he has certainly produced the most able refutation of OWENISM which has yet appeared. While Mr. Owen's former antagonists have confined themselves to *abstract reasoning*, Mr. Aiton has taken him up upon *matters of fact*. He has shewn, that Mr. Owen's Works at New Lanark, were better conducted by his predecessor, Mr. Dale, and that other cotton factories in Scotland, are at this hour better managed than that of Mr. Owen. He has also answered Mr. Owen's objections in an able and most triumphant manner. The whole work is written with candour and moderation, and displays talents and attainments of no ordinary kind. The work is dedicated to Mr. Justice Park, Mr. Justice Bailey, and Mr. Wilberforce, M. P.

THE ANTIDOTE FOR SORROW.

To _____.

COME, tell me thy sorrow, young stranger,
 Why springs the sad tear to thine eye?
 Why from thy companions a ranger,
 Dost thou steal forth unnotic'd to sigh?
 Why, flying from pleasure and gladness,
 Dost thou wander thus lonely to mourn?
 Come, tell me, Oh! stranger, the sadness
 With which thy young bosom is torn.

Have the clouds of misfortune o'ershaded,
 Thus early, thy life's rising day?
 Have the sun-beams of pleasure all faded,
 That promis'd to brighten thy way?
 Has the friend of thy bosom betray'd thee,
 And does thy proud heart overflow?
 Come, tell me what sorrow hath made thee
 Thus early acquainted with woe.

Does some long-cherish'd maiden deceive thee?
 Are love's fairy visions o'erthrown?
 Does she smile on another, and leave thee,
 To mourn o'er her falsehood alone?
 Ah! stranger, such sorrows are common,
 They're the theme of the minstrel's sad song;
 He has wept o'er the falsehood of woman,
 Whose spells have beguil'd him too long.

And friendship's a soft budding flow'ret,
 That blows in the sun's gleaming ray;
 While the bright smiles of *Fortune* embow'r it,
 Its blossoms spring thick in our way.
 'Tis a lovely exotic, just filling
 The vase of the heart for a time,
 Life's storms for the buds are too chilling,
 And it pines for a tenderer clime.

Ah! think not, young stranger, that sorrow
 Has only been plac'd to *thy* share:
 Look forth in the world, and there borrow
 A solace to soften thy care.
 There is some share of anguish oppressing
 The happiest mortal thou'lt see:
 Then with gratitude number each blessing,
 That Nature has shed upon *thee*!

* * * * *



FREDERICK AND MARIA.

A Fiction.

In the delightful village of — resided Mr. and Mrs. B—. They had early united their earthly and secular destinies, and had long enjoyed the happiness of conjugal love, attended by that heart-felt felicity which can only be realized and experienced by ‘two hearts in union.’ Each shared the other’s cares and anxieties, and endeavoured to extract a gem from every thorn with which their path had been surrounded; and they unitedly culled all the sweets of life that are to be gathered, while we pass through the present state of existence. And what is comparable to this reciprocal happiness—what can compensate the want of this union? There exists such a mutual dependence between the sexes, so much in the one to balance the deficiencies of the other; so much in the female of love, of softness, and all indescribable susceptibilities, to soften, to melt, and to moderate the austerity and moroseness of the man. It is to be regretted that this obvious fact should be doubted by too many of the ‘lords of the creation:’ they certainly do not recollect the original design of the Creator, that there should ever exist a close union and a marked dependence upon each other. Beautifully and justly has a living poet said—

“The world was sad, the garden was a wild;
And man the hermit sigh’d till woman smil’d.”

Maria, an only daughter, was the fruit of the union of Mr. and Mrs. B. In this young lady were centered their highest hopes and their future felicity. Fostered and educated under their guardianship—caressed and beloved, as some precious boon of Providence,—they viewed her as a source

of perpetual pleasure, moderated (as indeed it was) by the most tender care, and by continued anxieties. She had attained her nineteenth year; and her parents seemed to recognise in her character, a concentration of loveliness, of amiability, adorned by great mental acquirements. Her personal attractions were not less interesting. Her form was peculiarly captivating; rather higher than the middle stature, possessing all the symmetry of her sex. Her eye beamed with animation and beauty; her features were at once enthusiastic and impressive; in whatever sphere she moved, in whatever company she appeared, her influence and example were felt and acknowledged. What eye could be insensible to such charms? What feelings could withstand the captivations of such a lovely form? What heart, what sensibility, could resist such winning sweetness, such innocent loveliness?

Maria accompanied her mother to a social fete; and here she first beheld the youth who was to create for her an ideal world of bliss. On this visit, she felt herself awakened to a disposition of sensibility, which she had *thought* of before, but had never *felt*. Here, adorned by all the native grace of early manhood, was Frederick H—; he sparkled at the dance—he cheered by his eloquence the moments of pleasure—his eye caught that of Maria, and each felt the force of personal attractions. They spoke not now of love; but the fiery glances of their eyes, the mutual expression of delight, the emanations of tenderness that cannot be described, all united simultaneously to inflame their affections, which obviously received vigour from the cordiality of the recipients. Love by degrees seized their tender hearts, and held both in delightful captivity.

As Maria was the idol of the neighbourhood, the beauty and ornament of her species, Frederick also was the respectable representative of the pristine excellence of his progenitors; as her mind embodied the brilliant, the contemplative, and the interesting—so the mental faculties of Frederick were fully matured and intelligent. If her disposition was calm and gentle, he also possessed the dignity and mildness of one, who had brought all the unhallowed, unruly passions of his bosom under the control of reason and principle.

With these similarities and views, they became more and more devotedly attached to each other. They frequently traversed the adjacent fields in delightful communion and intercourse. In Frederick's company, and when hanging upon his arm, Maria beheld (more attentively than ever) the rich beauty of nature; she perceived a charm in every breeze, a richness in every flower, a pleasure unutterable in every description that her Frederick gave. An ancient oak now bears the characters "MARIA," graven there by a hand dearly associated with her. Every sentiment of delight and love was awakened when she involuntarily glanced at his countenance, and a similar sentiment and feeling arose in the mind of Frederick.

Frederick's father was a merchant—shrewd, speculative, and active. Gold was his idol; and to that shrine he fervently bowed. He had considerable property in Holland; and it was with the greatest difficulty, that about six months after the commencement of Frederick's attachment to Maria, Mr. H. prevailed on him to leave his native country, and to pass over to the continent, to form arrangements, and superintend his foreign connections.

On the 6th of July, Frederick was to leave England; it had been arranged that the day before his departure should be spent with Maria. It

was his earnest wish to offer his hand, his heart, his all for her acceptance, and to gain a confirmation of his wishes ; for like all lovers, he was suspicious and jealous. A rival he thought might appear ; an antagonist might influence—it was necessary, he thought, permanently to secure, by some true, although nominal signature, the object of his affections.

————— Yes, although
 The noble mind is ever prone to trust,
 Yet love with fond anxiety is join'd,
 And timid tenderness is oft unjust ;
 The coldness which it dreads too prompt to find,
 And torture the too susceptible mind.
 Hence rose a gloom which oft o'er Frederick stole,
 Lest she he loved, unmindful or unkind,
 Should careless slight affection's soft control,
 Or he, long absent, lose his influence o'er her soul.

The 5th of July was a memorable day. The sun diffused its radiance all around ; the sky was serene, the atmosphere pure and exhilarating ; the beauties of nature seemed to have attained their climax ; and every thing was lovely and delightful. Frederick, revolving in his mind anticipated pleasure, had reached the village of — on his horse, before he imagined he had proceeded half-way. He soon recognised the smiles of his Maria, who was at the window, expecting his arrival ; when the greeting kiss from her and her mother cordially welcomed him into the house.

Both Frederick and Maria had anticipated this day with the most pleasing associations, with feelings of delight, as well as tremulous anxiety ; the former sensation arising from the felicity of mutual endearments, and the latter from the idea of an approaching separation. Their walks through the woods and the parks were therefore attended at the same time with an appearance of happy realization, and with a sensitive feeling towards the future. They wisely, however, allowed the present enjoyment to preponderate, and, as far as possible, let the future be disregarded. The season, too, the scene, and the air, were all favourable to tenderness and sentiment. Never had Frederick seen Maria so lovely, so attractive. Love appeared the very essence and soul of her beauty ; a genuine emotion emanating from every look, from every smile, and diffusing a sort of spiritual loveliness around her form.

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
 And the gay hours on downy wings advance ;
 Oh ! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
 Breathe the soft vows of love ; sweet to entrance
 The raptur'd soul by intermingled glance
 Of mutual bliss ; sweet amid roseate bowers,
 Led by the hand of love, to weave the dance,
 Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,
 Or bask in joy's bright sun, thro' calm unclouded hours.

" Ah, my love !" (uttered Frederick, perceiving a sigh heave from her bosom,) " do not doubt my return to complete our happiness, by an indissoluble union at the altar ! He who has the winds and the waves under his control, will surely vouchsafe my speedy retrogression. Doubt not, my dear : allow me again to avow that nothing but the entire acknowledgment of your affections as my own, will comfort, will sustain me in my absence, and nothing but the assurance that I am the lord of your heart will

support me under the varied conflicts of this life." To this sincere avowal of his feelings Maria yielded her entire acquiescence. In the smile which mingled with her confession—the faint resistance with which she suffered him to clasp her to his bosom, in a lover's innocent, though ardent embrace—in the expressive charms of her lovely countenance,—in all these pleasing intimations, Frederick easily read her gratified acceptance of his vows.

Oh, who the exquisite delight can tell,
The joy such mutual confidence imparts;
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable,
Which links in tender bonds two faithful hearts?

The remaining part of the day was spent in a re-iteration of their attachment; and every adventitious circumstance conspired to aid the fascination on both sides. At the dance, by the harp, in company, and in hilarity, their delight was most exquisite, and seemed by its force and attraction severely to embitter the hour of parting, and to cement them more closely to each other.

Time passes swiftly with the happy—the clouds seemed to break for day, when at length they were separated. Frederick repaired to his home; Maria to her chamber; but both sought repose in vain. Maria, quite happy in the idea of her present engagement, sat very like a miser, to count, to ruminate over her store of happiness, and to luxuriate in her wealth of bliss.

Enough has heaven ordain'd of good below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has heaven design'd of ill below,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

Maria, whilst she was thus happy, could not help picturing to her agitated imagination the mighty ocean, its dangers and its terrors. She thought he was struggling with contending elements, and fancied that he might never return. She became discomposed and restless; but resolved to raise up her mind with the hope of frequently hearing from her lover, and to reflect upon the proceedings of this evening as one most dear in tender associations.—Frederick, although he had secured (as he thought) the fair object of his love, was far from being tranquil. The extent of his commission, the uncertain duration of his absence, and the fatigues to which he might be exposed, precluded the refreshment of sleep, which the activities of the day, and the exhaustion of nature, demanded.

The day appeared, and found him unrefreshed. There was no alternative. This was the morning of his departure. The boat on the beach was waiting his arrival; the sails were ready to be unfurled, and every preparation was finished. The kiss from his mother seemed to linger on his lips; he sighed, and thought of his Maria, and very reluctantly obeyed the wish of the captain, that no time might be lost. The boat moved off, and with it the tears and sighs of Frederick.

There's something awful in the word adieu,
When breath'd to those we love so true.

Frederick, in the vessel, found himself dull and lonely. He felt himself among strangers; and he dissipated the monotonous insipidity and gloom

of the voyage, by writing letters and poetical essays, dedicated to his dear Maria.

When distant far from those we love,
Is there a charm the heart can fether?
When months roll on, and still we rove,
Is there a cure? O yes—a Letter.

At the expiration of three months, two packets were received, one addressed to Maria, and the other to his father. The former contained his mental exercises, and spoke of unalienated affection, unmoved fidelity, and the intensity of his love. 'Yes, my dear, (said he, in one of his letters), the vivid pleasure that I often realize on reviewing the pleasing scenes and interviews we had together, whilst in my native country—when

I did look
Into thine eyes and on thy cheek, and took
A draught of love; for the thought did ever cull
Some fancied charm, thou wast so beautiful—

is more sweetly felt than described; and should we never see each other on this side of the undrawn veil of eternity, may it be our happiness ultimately to experience the full fruition of eternal joy in heaven!

'Adieu, adieu!

'FREDERICK.'

The communications to his father were limited chiefly to business and purchases.

Most of what Frederick had written accorded exactly with the wishes of the old gentleman; but, contrary to his son's wishes, he replied by giving renewed directions, and requested that he would prolong his stay for a considerable time, in order to carry more effectually his schemes into execution, and more particularly to consolidate his foreign property. Maria inclosed her answer, and some presents to her lover, in the same packet.

Frederick had waited, in anxious expectation, the arrival of a parcel from England; and, as he was sitting solitary at breakfast one morning, the above packet was presented. It seemed to infuse new life into his veins. He impatiently tore open the seal, and was glad to hear that Maria was well, quite well. She also sent him several little articles, which she wished him to view as pledges of her supreme regard: they consisted chiefly of a box, beautifully painted and decorated on the exterior, and a portrait of herself, taken since his departure, and inclosed in a silver case, the production of her own ingenuity, and made by her own fair hands. These proofs of love for a time made him happy. But when he read his father's letter, he was mortified to find him unyielding to the idea of his return. He loved his native country, and still more the dear object that inhabited it. Maria was indeed the illumined polar star, to which all his thoughts, all his wishes pointed; and to continue in exile for six years without seeing her, which his father seemed to require, was more than he could bear.

Months rolled on in this manner; and Frederick attended to business with reluctance—with less diligence. Intense thought preyed upon his spirits: it paralysed his exertions; and, together with the inclemency of the climate, and the influence of separation from friends, he gradually declined into a consumption. The complaint baffled the aid of medicine; and he at

length fell a victim to disease, when he had scarcely completed his twenty-third year.

Not long before his demise, he addressed a laconic letter to Maria; it was as follows:—

‘ MY DEAR MARIA,

‘ You will be surprised and grieved when you read the contents of this. It is written with a hand trembling in death; its writer may, before it reaches you, be an inhabitant of the grave. My affliction and disorder have entirely frustrated the efforts of the faculty: my person is quite reduced, exhausted, and emaciated: I feel one regret—that my pillow has not been soothed, my mind comforted, by having you daily at my bed-side. I think I should have died more serenely, when perceiving your smiles still attending me. I wish I could write more—I am worn out by this exertion—my love only moves the pen. When you are able to sustain the trial, communicate the particulars of this to my parents; and believe me, I am your’s, and your’s alone, even in the ‘ ranks of death.’

‘ FREDERICK.’

The intelligence of his melancholy fate excited the keenest regret. His mother felt the loss severely and tenderly; his father regretted the inflexibility of his own mind. But Maria was most acutely pained; nothing was comparable to her distress. She had centred all ideas of happiness on Frederick—in him she seemed ‘ to live, and move, and have her being.’ It is no wonder, that she suffered so much—nothing in fact, after this doleful letter reached her, could alleviate her sufferings. She fell into a kind of mental despair, and sometimes into a paroxysm of anguish. For months, she was delirious. At the returns of her lucid moments, when she partially recovered her physical animation, she would walk over the frequented paths that she had previously trodden with her Frederick, and she would recall to her memory his manly, yet affectionate image, and trace, in her agitated imagination, the lineaments of his countenance, his smile, his pleasing accents, and his tenderness.

We cannot boast the descriptive talents of some of our contemporaries, or we might here enter into all the feelings, sensibilities, and changes, that Maria endured, while she passed through the varied gradations of a decline; but, as this might not be sufficiently interesting to our readers, we must close this sketch by adding, that the thought that Frederick had remained faithful to his vows brought to her mind habitual consolation. Society afforded her no solace; it conveyed to her none of the delightful associations that are more sweetly felt, more tenderly realized, in other cases than description can pourtray. A continued and insuperable langour preyed upon her spirits. Subsequently, however, amidst the darkness and dreariness of a sick chamber, she learned to derive her only comfort from the river that maketh glad the city of God.—*Here* she was encouraged by hope—*here* she was supremely blessed—and after experiencing the sufficiency of this blessedness, she passed the vale of death, cheered amidst it gloom with the consolations which are afforded by vital christianity to its faithful professors.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal’d, and went to heaven.

Numbers followed her remains to the grave. They regretted they could not restore life to a creature so lovely. Her monument has frequently witnessed a silent meditation similar to the following: Ah, she is gone! She who was like the stately cedar—tall and majestic; putting forth her tender branches, and blooming divinely fair, the most fragrant flower of intellectual excellence. But the rough and pruning hand of death nipped the early bloom, blighted the tender shoot, and hurled the lovely plant from its proud pre-eminence; or (should it not rather be said?) transplanted it from the ungenial clime of the present world to the garden of God, to bloom with unfading beauty, and, under the more genial influence of eternal sun, mature the golden tree.

W. C. W.

ADDRESS TO A SNOW-DROP.

No sorrow sore can touch thy heart,
O'er forms like thine no woes prevail;
Why then reclines thy beauteous head,
And why art thou so pale?

Alas! I err, and thou may'st feel
The griefs, which human bosoms know:
To fancy's eye indeed thou seem'st
To sip the dew of woe.

I fondly thought (who did not think?)
That sorrow was unknown to thee.
Yet why? who knows not that this world
Is full of misery?

Fain would I know thy cause of grief;
Fain would I hear thy heavy tale:
No common anguish wrings thy soul,
Thou art so wondrous pale!

Perhaps thou hadst some fav'rite flow'r,
That grew enamoured at thy side,—
Swept by the chilling winds, it drooped,
It withered, and it died.

Attracted by some gaudier flower,
Perhaps it scorned thy modest state,
Flew to some blossoms of high birth,
And left thee desolate.

If it be thus, thou well mayst mourn:
I know what pangs thy heart assail;
Severer woe thou need'st not fear,
I wonder not thou'rt pale.

Long have I steeped my couch in tears,
And still I find no end of grief;
Poor flow'r, deserted as we are,
'Tis death must bring relief.

And there I envy thee; for thou
Wilt finish soon thy sad career,
While I, perhaps, may linger on,
Through many a tedious year.

Oh! Mary, if these hapless lines
Should catch by chance thy careless eye,
Thou'lt learn I cannot cease to love,
Though, Mary, I can die!

REDGAUNTLET,

By the Author of "Waverley." Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.
Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

By the extract we have given from the above work, page 409, our readers will be qualified to form a true estimate of the "Great Unknown." The following is a hasty sketch of the plot, which is not without considerable intricacy, and is chiefly told through the medium of an epistolary correspondence.

The first volume consists entirely of a correspondence between the two younger heroes of the tale—Darsie Latimer, and Alan Fairford. The latter is the son of Sanders Fairford, a Scotch lawyer, the guardian of Darsie.

The two youths had been brought up together at school and college, and were connected by a friendship of a more than ordinary warmth. Alan, however, is a severe student, and Darsie a wild and extravagant, but warm-hearted, honest youth. He is ignorant of his parents, and the thought of his loneliness in the world flings, at times, a shade of melancholy over his character, which constitutes his principal claim to the sympathy of the reader.

On the shores of the Solway, he passes by the title of the Laird of the Lochs, and is supposed by the neighbours to be the leader of a powerful gang of smuggling fishermen; but a dim cloud of mystery hangs over him and his pursuits.

Every thing, however, is mystery that relates to Darsie. A young, fair, elegant lady, calling herself "Green Mantle," visits Fairford, to interest him in behalf of his friend Darsie, who is in some peril, from his proximity to England, (at Solway) he having been cautioned not to trust himself in that country. We cannot spare time to note any of the little adventures of Darsie, in Dumfriesshire, which after all are very uninteresting and protracted. A blind fiddler tells him a story which turns upon the fortunes of the Redgauntlets, who were leading Jacobites during the wars of the Pretender.—Notwithstanding the connection between the story and the Redgauntlet family, they are but slightly and uninterestingly introduced. At Brockenburn—the residence of the stranger—Darsie sees the Green-mantled lady, and is taken with her beauty and youth. In the meantime old Sanders Fairford is desirous that his son Alan should become a great lawyer. In this all his hopes are centred. Alan makes his maiden speech, displays very considerable talents, and excites a strong interest in his favour. In the midst of his reply, he reads, by mistake—a letter which contains the news of Darsie's captivity, and possible murder, by the Solway fishermen. Alan rushes suddenly out of court, and leaves Edinburgh in search of his missing friend. We are now furnished with the journal of Darsie, containing the details of an encounter with the fishermen, and his imprisonment. The leader of this band of smugglers was the same mysterious stranger. In his house, he is confined under the pretext of insanity, and during that period he writes his journal. From an examination before a silly magistrate, it appears that the stranger is the Herries of Birvenswork, mentioned in Young Fairford's letter, and from subsequent conversations, it is made equally clear that he is one of the lairds of Redgauntlet, and a relative of Darsie. Fairford's researches after his friend approximate to something like success, and he catches some oc-

casual gleams of information respecting Redgauntlet. He is introduced to smugglers, and Jacobites, and visits Cumberland in search of Darsie, who is mixed up in the schemes of Redgauntlet. He finds that the Greenmantled Lady is his only sister Lillas, and that he himself is the heir to the title and estates of the family. We must not interrupt our analysis, or we would give a passage from the narrative of Lillas, respecting her conduct at the coronation of George II.

Redgauntlet endeavours to mix up Darsie (now Sir Arthur) in his projects of rebellion, though in vain. He is presented to Charles Edward, who had arrived in England on the invitation of some of his old partisans; but the attempt to excite a new insurrection is abortive. The Pretender quits England, and Redgauntlet goes with him. Sir Arthur attaches himself to the house of Hanover; his sister marries Alan Fairford, and with this the story ends.

Our opinion of Redgauntlet, is not one that the author need be proud of; we need not look at the title page to be informed it is by the author of Waverley, for it bears within sufficient testimony; but those brilliant and glowing descriptions—energetic sentiments—graphic delineations of character—and dramatic effect, that generally distinguish the Scotch Novels, do not characterize the last. Redgauntlet treads on the heels of St. Ronan's Well, not only in regard to the space of time that has elapsed between the two, but also in regard to *merit*. Need we express any further opinion? if we must, it is, that we hold it no higher regard than Peter Pindar's razors, which were "made to sell." The work is evidently intended more for the Booksellers, than the public: but however, from the small interest it has excited, we believe all parties concerned in its publication will find, that it is even in the power of him who possesses the highest share of reputation to lose it, and that however great a favourite author may be with the world, his mistress will be found too capricious for him to relax his endeavours, to secure her permanent regard.

DEAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT being once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant immediately took them to him: when the Dean saw them—"How is this, Tom," says he, "my boots are not cleaned?" "No, sir," replied Tom—"as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again."—"Very well; go and get the horses ready." The servant obeyed his orders, and in the mean time the Dean desired the landlord to let him have no breakfast. When Tom returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready?—"Yes, sir." "Go and bring them out then."—"I have not had my breakfast yet, sir."—"Oh! no matter for that; if you had it, you soon would be hungry again."—They then mounted and rode off: as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman?" said he.—"Tis my master, sir."—"I know that, you blockhead—but where are you going?" "To heaven, sir."—"How do you know that?" "Because I am fasting, and my master is praying; so I think we are in the right road to that place."

SOME ACCOUNT of the LIFE of the late GILBERT EARLE, Esq. Written by himself. London, 1824. C. Knight, 8vo.

THIS fictitious story may be told in a few words. Gilbert Earle falls in love with a beautiful and accomplished lady: that lady is the wife of another: her husband is ignorant and brutal: she hates him, and loves the hero of the tale: their love is first platonic, and then practical; a month afterwards the husband dies, and marriage legitimates their passion; their anticipation of the legal period, however, and the memory of their month of sinning, renders them wretched: she dies of a decline, and he lives the victim of remorse.—Over the whole tale are spread a morbid sensibility, with which we cannot sympathize, and a miserable gloom, which renders the perusal of the work painful to the reader. There is something even whimsical and absurd in the distress of the lovers being caused only by their mistake as to time, and in their sin or their sanctity depending so much on a mere difference of date. As the work is nevertheless pretty well written, bating the affectation of French phrases, we extract its more interesting passages.

“The room was very crowded; it was a musical party, but I chanced to arrive just at the termination of a song, so that some short time passed in that general hum of conversation which commonly intervenes between the pieces of music at a concert. But of a sudden, there was an endeavour to obtain silence—some one was going to sing. I was engaged in conversation, and did not pay much attention to the prelude, which was played on a harp. It was a simple air, just played over, as it seemed, to give the key to the singer, and to accord the instrument to the voice; but, as I have said, I continued my conversation, heeding it but little. I happened to be speaking on some subject that interested me; and I continued talking earnestly, but *par bienséance*, in a low tone of voice, when the singer began. I stopped instantly; the most perfect silence by this time reigned in the room, and gave full effect to the notes of a voice, clearer, fuller, and far, far more sweet, than any I had ever heard. The song was of that style which may be termed pensive gaiety; which may be supposed to speak the feelings of one naturally joyous and buoyant, but saddened by the visitation of early sorrow. The singer gave—what is so rare—the words of the song with the utmost distinctness; and they were uttered with a truth of feeling and expression which, added to the wild, simple, and beautiful air to which they were breathed, sank to my very soul. There was, however, no *parade* of feeling—none of that displayed and spurious sensibility which so often reigns in the atmosphere of piano-fortes. The song was of a tender and regretful cast, and it was given as if the singer understood and felt it—no more. I stood motionless; my ears were drinking in the sweetest and most touching sounds I had ever heard, and I scarcely allowed myself to breathe, lest I might impede the slightest note reaching me. My delight in music had always been something passionate—not scientific, elaborate, complex music, which means nothing, and feels nothing, and makes nothing understood and felt—but music such as this, where poetry and sound join their sweetest and strongest powers, to enchant the senses, and enthrall the soul.

“I was so engrossed while the song lasted, that I never thought of the singer. I was standing in a corner of the room, where I had been talking to my friend, shut in, as it were, by a pillar; so that, from the crowd of

persons collected before me, I could see no more than the top of the harp. But of this I was scarcely aware, until the music had ceased, and a long deep-drawn respiration had relieved me from pleasure which had almost become oppressive. Then, I began to desire to see her from whose lips such sounds could flow, and I strove to extricate myself from the crowd. I was some little time accomplishing this—but when I did, I came at once in full sight of a creature, of a beauty, such as my eyes had never rested upon before. She was seated by the side of the harp, receiving the praises which were naturally being dealt forth most lavishly. Her cheek was a little flushed, and her eye glistened in a manner which shewed that she was touched by the intoxication of success, and of the consciousness of the keen admiration which she excited. But the expression of a glance which she now and then cast on those around her, and a sort of shade which, at intervals, passed over the brightness of her countenance, sufficed to shew, that though she could not but enjoy the homage paid her, yet she fully knew how hollow and worthless it was. This was plain to me, as I gazed upon her face of heavenly beauty; and I was just then, as may be supposed, in no mood to judge severely. No—I thought—I still think—those emotions of young and womanly vanity, far more than outweighed by the countervailing feelings I have described. *Succès de société* are, beyond all things, likely and able to make giddy a youthful brain. I believe there are few who would not have enjoyed the incense as she did—I am sure there are few who at such a moment would have felt its light value, and have sighed for something far higher and better than this.

“How beautiful I thought Eleanor then—how beautiful she really was!—and that, too, of a beauty exclusively, even strangely individual. I have, during the course of my life, seen some women who were her equals—one or two who, strictly, perhaps, were her superiors, in beauty. But I never, either before or since, knew any one, in the least degree, *like* her. Her eye, especially, was such as I never saw in any other person. It was a full, beautiful blue eye, but with all—with more than all—the fire and power of a dark one. I can see it at this moment, beaming on me with the softness of tender affection—with the flashing of passionate love. I can see it bright with the fearful brightness of agony—subdued in the melancholy mildness of sorrow. I can see it as if curdled and frozen in the coldness and dimness of death! Oh, it is the human eye which bestows creating expression upon the human countenance!—it is that which gives the immaterial spirit to actual vision—which enables us to see the soul. Hence, in all our recollections of one we have loved, it is *the look* which is ever the most present—for that places her before us, body and mind at once. Yes, I can see her now—her tall and rounded form, possessed beyond all others of that grace of motion which adds such charm to accuracy of shape, where it exists—and almost supplies its place to us, where it does not; her face, of more than earthly loveliness, with its bright clustering hair, and its clear, pale, pearl-like complexion—varied on occasions with a flush of rich blood, of a tint like that presented by the interstices of the fingers when held against the sun; and, above all, the deep and magical effect of her general image; all, all are now before me in that full, lavish, luxuriance of beauty, which was her’s when my eyes rested upon her for the first time.

“She was sitting, as I have said, by the side of the harp; which gave, as it were, token and remembrance of the exquisite sounds she had drawn

from it, and of those she had superadded. She had all the advantages of dress: the perfect and exquisite whiteness of her skin was given to view—her full and rounded arm was uncovered—and her bright beautiful hair was fastened with a knot of diamonds. I thought then she never could be so lovely, as when full dressed; I afterwards thought that in simple unadornment she was more lovely still. But I found the reality to be—(and in a truly beautiful woman it always is so)—that the dress in which she is before our eyes, is that in which we think she looks the best. At night the brilliancy of dress appears to us most suited to her beauty; in the morning, we become converts to the plain white gown, and that indescribable loveliness of complexion, which a perfect, but still a healthy, paleness, possesses by day-light; and, when night returns again, she again seems to eclipse her simple self, and we revert to our former creed.

* * * * *

“The spot where we were seated is as present to me at this moment, as if it were before my actual vision. It was by the side of a steep rocky path, which wound, in zigzag lines, up the face of the mountain. Before us, was a deep and narrow valley—so narrow, indeed, that it might almost be called a ravine—which separated the fellow-mountain from that which we were on. In front of this valley, a little to the right, was the sea—the magnificent eternal sea; now spreading its boundless expanse of deep inky blue into the horizon, with an unruffled surface, but a heavy, bulky, swell of the body of its waters. I do not know that there is any state in which the ocean is so solemn and imposing as in this. In a perfect calm, it is dreary and monotonous; in a light breeze, it is dressed in smiles and brightness; in a storm, it is awful, fearful, terrible. But in the state I have described, we gaze on it with a deep and oppressive sense of its majesty and vastness, which it inspires at no other time. In calm it loses the one, in tempest the other—for the rage of the elements always narrows the circle of our view.

“The sun, too, was setting on it now. It was one of those evenings in which the sun goes down almost to the horizon, shrouded and hidden by dense clouds; and then shines forth for a few moments with that deep and lurid brightness, which it sheds at such times. The wide sea was tinged with a dark shadowy tint of red, like that which is produced by looking through obscured glass at an eclipse. Its full heaving acquired a sullen threatening aspect from this blood-coloured hue, and looked, if I may so say, like the face of a guilty man, brooding over fierce and revengeful thoughts. The valley was in perfect gloom, as well as the hill behind us, and three-fourths of that opposite—but the summit of this last caught the only ray of gold which the clouds permitted the sun to shed, and shone in feeble and melancholy lustre, as contrasted with the darkness, or the gloomy light, which spread over all else.

“We had walked slowly up the difficult path, and sat down here upon a fragment of a rock to gaze on this beautiful and impressive scene. The seat placed us close to each other; our limbs touched, and I was forced to pass my arm round Eleanor, to support her on the rock. Is there any one who was ever thus placed, in such a scene, at such a season, and does not treasure in his heart's memory the sensations of that hour? Even when alone, mountains—the vast sea—a frowning sun-set—occasion a full deep awfulness which weighs on the heart, and even on the physical breath. There is a tightening of the breast, and a leaden oppression of the nerves,

which, nevertheless, cause a deep moral sensation rather than bodily pain. The most thoughtless pause in their thoughtlessness—the most wicked are softened to repentance—the most callous, for that moment, feel. Upon a heart warm and ardent—untouched, at least untainted, by crime—it is needless to say what the effect must be and is. But when we are with one we love—whom we doat on with all the softness of the tenderest feeling—whom we adore with all the fervour of burning passion;—when we feel the vital warmth of her frame thrill through us;—when her breath is mingled with ours—and we gaze into her very soul, which beams in her eyes with inexpressible affection and abandonment—then, indeed, does the heart swell with sensations which have no words to paint them—but which need them the less—as those who have once felt them require no description, and to none but those who *have* felt them, could any description convey the feeblest shadow of what they are.

“We were thus placed:—my arm supported Eleanor on the narrow seat—her eyes mingled with mine. We did not speak. There are some moments, and this was one of them, when speech is wholly powerless. Nay, more—when to speak would break, as it were, the enthralling spell which is over us—would destroy at once those air-built visions, which, as in the Eastern story, lap our silent spirits in Elysium. Yes! thus we felt—as if the earth, and sky, and sea, had vanished from our eyes, and there were only ourselves in the world; as if we were but one being—as if we had but one soul!

“But, alas! there is no scene, however sublime—there is no hour, however solemn—which can long suspend the head-strong wilfulness of passion. I took advantage of the softening and swelling of the heart, which we then both felt, to return to my ceaseless topic—to urge my usual suit. But the heart of Eleanor was not like mine: that which passed away lightly in me was by her far more strongly felt. The holy sensations of that hour outweighed its dangers, and spiritualized and made pure even unlawful affections.

“As I proceeded, though she continued to listen attentively, she seemed to cease to hear; her eye became fixed and unmeaning, and her whole form grew motionless and stiffened. A sort of waking stupor appeared to come over her; I strove to rouse her, but in vain. ‘I shall be better presently,’ was her only answer, and she repeated it to all I said. The continued, unvaried, and mechanical manner in which she repeated this sentence, was more fearful than if she had been wholly speechless. I became alarmed to a maddening degree. There she sat like a stone; her eyes fixed—her colour gone—her frame rigid. ‘I shall be better presently,’ she repeated to every thing I said to her, and even when I did not speak. I was utterly, helplessly, at a loss. A fit, a swoon, hysterics, I should have known how to succour and relieve; but this unearthly statue-like suspension of animation, with the single exception of that one-echoing phrase, made me nerveless and helpless as a child. There was no water on this rocky mountain, and I feared to leave her to fetch it. She remained motionless.

“At this moment there came singing down the path a little boy of, it might be, ten years old, in ragged clothes, and with bare feet, but skipping along at a merry pace, and carolling forth his ditty, with the gaiety and lightness of an innocent and happy heart. The path brought him close to

us; but, after looking at us for a moment with some surprise, he proceeded on his way. As he passed, I saw, to my infinite relief and joy, expression again begin to spread over Eleanor's face. The tears rose in her eyes, and at last begun to flow freely. 'I don't know why it is,' said she, 'I was not thinking of that child—and yet the sight of his poor naked little feet, tripping over the hard sharp stones, brought tears to my eyes, as it were by instinct.' And she wept on, and I rejoiced, for the tears relieved her.

"I have often wondered at this since. I have thought it strange that this merely physical sight should produce tears in one who was in such a death-like state, and who had so much cause and will to weep, but could not. Neither could she ever account for it, more than in the few words which she had employed when it happened—'I saw his bare feet on the rough path, and I cried.'

"Eleanor continued to weep, and I did not endeavour to check her tears. I feared to renew the unnatural and appalling state from which they had relieved her: and I determined to say no more on the subject which had caused it. To my surprise, however, she begun it herself. After the silence had lasted some time, she strove to dry up her tears, and, turning to me, said, in a voice, firm indeed, but of a low, distinct, sustained intonation, which carried with it something unearthly—'If it will give you happiness, it—it—it shall be as you wish—but—I could not live after it; and so saying, she sank upon my bosom, and began to weep unrestrainedly.

"Oh, God! what at that moment were to me all the gratifications of passion! How weak, how pitiful seemed to me then, the motive which had actuated me all along!—how cruel and remorseless did it appear, to desire to sacrifice her happiness to my own—no, not even that—for *happiness* I knew it could not cause, even to myself. Here was this lovely and gifted creature—whom I loved with a love passing all human affection—throwing herself upon my feelings of mercy—yielding, but entreating to be spared. I do repeat, that at that moment all evil passion died within me. 'No,' I said in my heart, 'I will not sacrifice this dear one at the shrine of selfish and impure indulgence. I will cherish her in my inmost heart, but it shall be with the purity of a brother's love—though still with all the deep and overflowing tenderness of my own. I *will* spare her—and, oh how blessed will the feeling be hereafter, that I have done this good deed, when the temptation to a bad one was so fearfully strong—that I have preferred her happiness to my own enjoyment—her innocence to my triumph!'

"I paused some moments while these thoughts were passing through my mind, and then said to Eleanor, 'No, it shall *not* be, I never will urge it again; and, as I spoke, I stooped my face to her's, and our lips met for the first time. They then met in guiltlessness and purity—yes, *purity*; for the kiss which a mother imprints upon her new-born infant's brow, is not more free from unholy passion, than was that in which my lips were pressed to Eleanor's then.

* * * * *

"We were now married. My heart's wildest wish—my imagination's most extravagant hope—were now realized. Our communion was now constant and permitted; our love was unreprieved by man, and sanctioned by heaven. She was mine—mine before the face of the world, as well as on the altar of our own hearts—mine by the ties of lawful observance, as well as by those of irrepressible affection. And were we happy?—Alas! none who have been thus wedded will ask a question, the answer to which

is so sadly certain. Happiness can *never* be reached through guilt. What *would be* happiness under other circumstances, ceases to be so in these. The means have destroyed the end. If, six months before, I had been asked what would make me perfectly and transcendantly happy, I should have said without a pause—to be married to Eleanor. And now we were married—now she was my wife—and happiness was farther from me than ever. It was then before me—though beyond my reach; I was now past it, and it was irrecoverable.

* * * * *

“The last time we were ever out together, was on an occasion of this kind;—when the sky and the earth seemed alike lighted up by the glories of the setting sun. We paused opposite to it at that time when its radiance sheds a brightness and lively aspect over all within the horizon’s compass. As the sun declines lower, there is an air allied to sadness thrown over the landscape; but it was before this that we stopped to gaze upon its beauties and its splendour. It was a very little way from the house—for she was too feeble to walk far. Alas! what a contrast she now was, to the radiant being I have described. Her form was wasted to a fearful thinness—to a degree of attenuation, indeed, almost unnatural—yet it retained that gracefulness of outline and of movement for which it had been so remarkable. But it was now the grace of languor, not of elasticity and buoyant youth. The deep red spot burned in the centre of her cheek—the rest of which, as well as her brow, was of that clear, transparent whiteness, common to her disease. Her eye—that eye, whose expression I have never seen equalled, and which remains so intensely in my memory—her eye alone appeared unchanged. Yet even this *was* changed. Its brightness still remained, but it had an unhealthy glassiness superadded; and it was sunken within its hollow, which took from the power of its glance, and gave to it a more saddened expression. She leaned heavily on my arm, but before we had got far she complained of fatigue, and I supported her to a seat. We watched together the sun decline, and finally sink below the line of the horizon: we saw the glowing and brilliant colours, which he left in his descent, gradually deepen in the sky, till all became shadow; while, on the other side, the beauties which the heavens wear by night, grew, first vaguely, and then by degrees, more strongly visible. The stars began to glitter one by one, and the firmament became more distinctly and brightly blue. As the chill of the night came on, I pressed Eleanor to go in, but she begged to stay to gaze, for the last time, on the loveliness of night. “I know,” said she, “I never shall come out again—I am so feeble, I scarcely could get these few steps—I must cease to attempt it altogether. Let me, then, stay, that I may gaze on all that Nature has of soft, and solemn, and enchanting—that the last time my eyes rest on it may be with *you*. The evening of my life has come, the night is fast approaching—let me look on this emblem of the fate which is so near me; and, Oh! let me hope, that after the agitations of the day, and the shadows of the night-fall, I may wake to the pure, solemn, beautiful serenity of a state like this!”—She bent her head upon my shoulder, and laid her cheek upon mine—it was hot even unto burning; and the wasted and fleshless fingers, which I held within my own, were dry and parched. But her spirit was unfevered by the body’s illness, and she prayed to heaven with me that night—for the last time in that most glorious and holiest temple, Nature—with that calm resignation, that solemn and subdued, but yet

assured hope, which are the best passports to the blessed immortality for which they implore.

"Why do I dwell on these scenes? Is it that I dread approaching that of death itself? On that, indeed, I *cannot* dwell.—Life ebbed away in gentle, imperceptible, but sure gradations. Her mind had ceased to suffer sometime before her death, on all points but one—*her child*. She had no cause for anxiety concerning it, as regarded itself—but yet in the last days of her existence she longed to have with her that being to whom she had given birth—whom she had loved more tenderly, perhaps, if not so fervently—if not so passionately, more purely, than any other upon earth. She would speak of her child more and more often as her death drew near—the last word, indeed, which she distinctly pronounced, was her child's name; but after articulation had ceased, her last *look* was given to me—her last sigh was breathed upon my lips."

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The model of this tale, without its absurdity, is to be found in the *Adolphe* of Benjamin Constant.

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.

THE education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery, and the sports of the field. Sent to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenean mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was clothed like other children of the country, in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks, often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition, which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Being on a hunting party one day in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after, observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree:—"What are you about, there?" said Henry. "I am sitting here, sir, to see the king go by." "If you have a mind," answered the Monarch, "to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him." The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman, how he should know the king. "You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered." The king joins his company, and all the Lords salute him: "Well," said he to the peasant, "which is the king?" "Faikes," answered the clown, "it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on."

RELICS for the CURIOUS, 2 vols. 12mo. Samuel Burton, Leadenhall-street.

THESE interesting volumes embody a valuable, and most interesting collection of most curious Clerical, Professional, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes. As they are not professed to be original—the best test of our approbation of them is to make copious extracts from them.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, happening, at a public review, to have some dispute with Colonel Seaton, an officer in his service, gave him a blow; which the latter resented so highly, that when the field business was over, he repaired to the King's apartment, and demanded his dismissal; which his Majesty signed, and the Colonel withdrew, not a word being said on the subject by either party. Gustavus, however, having coolly considered the matter, and being informed that Seaton intended to set out the next morning for Denmark, he followed him, attended only by an officer, and two or three grooms. When his Majesty came to the Danish frontiers, he left all his attendants, except one groom; and overtaking Seaton on a large plain, he rode up to him, saying, "Dismount, sir! That you have been injured, I acknowledge: I am now come to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman,—I am now out of my dominions,—Gustavus and you are equals. We have both, I see, pistols and swords; alight immediately, and the affair shall be decided." Seaton, recovering from his surprise, dismounted as the King had already done; and falling on his knees, said, "Sire, you have more than given me satisfaction, in condescending to make me your equal. God forbid that my sword should do any mischief to so brave, so great, so generous a prince. Permit me to return to Stockholm, and allow me the honour to live and die in your service." The King raised him from the ground, embraced him, and they returned in the most amicable manner to Stockholm, to the astonishment of the whole court.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

IN the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Dering, in the county of Kent, pulled down some years since and rebuilt, a Latin manuscript was found, written by a natural son of Richard the Third, not mentioned by any of our historians. The occasion of its lodgment was as follows: This youth was privately educated in the country, at a great expence, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the King sent for him, and he was privately conducted to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret; that he was his father, and presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds, (a large sum in those days,) said, "Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow: if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee Prince of Wales; if the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired; there is that (giving him the money) which will procure you a maintenance." The son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came—the battle ensued—

Richard fell. His son immediately set off for the capital, and placed himself with a mason of great eminence, being about sixteen years of age. The gracefulness of his person and behaviour bespoke that parentage, which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard's son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, to build on his estate a little mansion for his residence. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety, and modesty; and during that period, he wrote his life. At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died; and the aforesaid manuscript (inclosed as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall) was not known or discovered, till so late as 1768. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings, to whom the lovers of history, and the public in general, would be greatly obliged for the publication.

PHILIP THE THIRD, KING OF SPAIN.

WHEN Philip the Third, King of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the States of Holland, about their independency, he was shown into an anti-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the States pass by. He stood for some time, and seeing none but plain-dressed men with bundles in their hands, (which, as many of them came from distant provinces, contained their linen and provisions) he turned to his intrepeter, and asked him when the States would come. The man replied, "that those were the members whom he saw go by." Upon which, he wrote to the commander-in-chief of the Spanish army, to advise the King his master to make peace as soon as possible. In his letter was this remarkable passage:—"I expected to have seen in the States a splendid appearance: but instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain-dressed men with sensible faces, who came into council with provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the King my master, in the course of the war, if it is continued: for there is no contending with people whose nobles can live upon a shilling a day, and will do every thing for the service of their country." The King, struck with the account, agreed to treat with them as an independent state, and put an end to the war.

LORD THURLOW.

ONE day, when Lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Great Ormond Street, a poor Curate applied to him for a living then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the Chancellor, turning from him with a frowning brow; "Don't you see I am busy, and can't listen to you? what Duke or Lord recommended you?—The poor curate lifted up his eyes, and with dejection said, "he had no Lord to recommend him but the Lord of Hosts!"—"The Lord of Hosts," replied the Chancellor, "the Lord of Hosts! I believe I have had recommendations from most Lords, but do not recollect one from him before; and so, do you hear, young man, you shall have the living;" and accordingly presented him with the same.

IRELAND.

"It was strange to observe, as it were in a bird's-eye view, the varied population which deformed that surface—there was every form and grade of human wretchedness, from the slave, who shivered in the breeze without a rag to cover him, up to the petty despot, who heartlessly despoiled him of all he had left to give—the pittance of his labour. Each were pitiable, and it was hard to say which was most so, the plunderer or the plundered—the one suffering from the penalty inflicted, the other from the anticipated reprisal. Though this outcast people are among the most patient that crawl under the canopy of Heaven, still that reprisal, at times, has taken place—terrible to both, and difficult of election—the one swinging in chains upon his gibbet, the other lying murdered in his shroud of silk. The fault of this is laid, and most unjustly, upon the savage disposition of the lower orders of the people. The Irish peasant is a maligned and misrepresented character. Described to strangers as naturally vicious, he is, in fact, only the victim of a system which is so. By nature, he is a generous, and even a noble creature—his errors are conventional, forced on him by a policy as unwise as it is unfeeling—and then by an argument as untrue as it is illogical—he is arraigned as the cause of evils, of which, in reality, he is but the effect. Driven by despair to deeds of horror, he is accused of cruelty—disheartened from industry by the denial of its rewards, he is accused of indolence—living in a country which he hears is free, he finds himself the bondsman of some hereditary absentee—belonging to a community which boasts itself Christian, he knows there is a penalty attached to his creed—he is condemned to hopeless misery in this world, and then impeded in securing a reversionary reparation in the next. Heaven is secured to him, and earth is made a purgatory. If the Irish peasant ventures upon a little farm, it is instantly visited by worse than the plagues of Egypt—the non-resident landlord overloads it with rent—his petti-fogging agent requires a perquisite for forbearance—the Protestant parson takes its heterodox tithe—the Catholic priest gleans next in the name of God—and, last of all, comes some locust of taxation to lay it bare of every living thing except the litter of children who howl the mountain echoes into hoarseness. What can be expected from such extremity of suffering? Nothing, except what actually does take place—periodical visitations of rape, massacre, and famine, succeeded by the stillness, not of peace, but of desolation!

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"A population, uneducated, impoverished, and oppressed—a government vacillating and divided—an establishment gorgeously provided for the few, by the reluctant privations of the many—a system of rackrent, tithing, and taxation almost without equivalent, and apparently without end—a clergy preaching lowliness and professing poverty, yet wallowing in wealth and shouting ascendancy—an absentee aristocracy, without either sympathy or pity, through the veins of whose tenantry the blood of the land is sucked—power struggling for the retention of its monopoly—superstition burning for its aggrandisement—a selfish spirit of dissension in all, with scarce a redeeming quality of patriotism in any."

MINES IN MEXICO.

THE Mines of Mexico, equally productive as those of Peru, are not situated in a region so elevated as to injure the health of the workmen. Towns and villages have sprung up rapidly, in numerous instances, wherever mines have been opened in any district. The enormous masses of property acquired by mining, have, like the larger prizes in a lottery, been confined to a few individuals. M. Obregon, created Count Valenciana, with his partner, Otero, received, for many years, from the mine of that name, an annual income of £250,000 sterling. Don Pedro Terreros, Count Regla, one of the richest men in Mexico, drew from the mines of Biscaina, between the years 1762 and 1774, a net profit of more than a million sterling. Besides the two ships of war, one of one hundred and twenty guns, which he presented to the king of Spain, he lent to the government of Madrid five millions of francs, which he has never been repaid. The works erected on his mine, cost him more than four hundred thousand pounds sterling, and he purchased estates of vast extent besides, and left money to his family, in amount only equalled by the bequests of Count Valenciana. The Marquis del Assartado, at one period, within six months, extracted from his mine of Sombrerete, the enormous sum of £800,000 sterling; and though nothing approaching to that amount was afterwards drawn from it, it held its rank as a mine of the first class, till the troubles commenced. In these mining operations the greatest vicissitudes of fortune have been experienced. One of these is remarkable. A Frenchman, Joseph Laborde, came to Mexico very poor in 1743, and acquired a large fortune in a short time, by the mine of La Canada. After building a church at Tesco, which cost him £84,000, he was reduced to the lowest poverty, by the rapid decline of those very mines, from which he had annually drawn from £130 to 190,000 weight of silver. With a sum of £20,000, raised by selling a sun of solid gold, which, in his prosperity, he had presented to the church, and which he was allowed by the Archbishop to withdraw, he undertook to clear out an old mine, in which he lost the greater part of the produce of his golden sun, and abandoned the work with the small sum remaining: he once more ventured on another undertaking, which was for a short time highly productive, and he left behind him at his death, a fortune of more than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

BRESCIA.

BRESCIA is famous for the manufacture of Fire-arms, thence the Italian Proverb, "Tutta Brescia non armerebbe un Coglione;" all Brescia cannot give courage to a coward.

FEMALE WARRIORS.

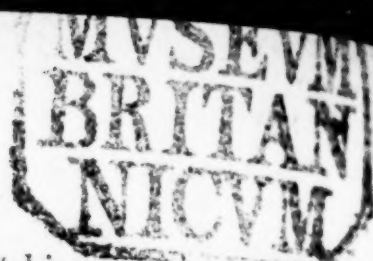
IN the arsenal of the palace at Genoa, are some light cuirasses, made purposely for some Genoese ladies, who intended to join a crusade against the infidels. These Female Warriors were at length persuaded to give up their design, by Pope Boniface the Eighth, who himself wrote a letter for that purpose.

THE MISANTHROPE.—A TALE.

DURING the autumn of 1817, being on a visit with a friend on the coast of Hampshire, I enjoyed the advantage of viewing the greater part of that truly picturesque county. There is, I think, scarcely another division of the kingdom where so many beautiful objects attract the attention, or where the scenery is so charmingly diversified. The mansion of my friend was situated a short distance from the sea, and a footpath led from his garden to the beach. It was to this spot I usually repaired when the evenings would permit, and delighted to roam free and unobserved along the trackless sands. On one occasion, I had reached my chosen spot; the day had been unusually fine, and the sun was just descending beneath the horizon, leaving the blue expanse over which he had journeyed unspotted with a cloud. I was tempted to extend my ramble; the almost horizontal sun-beams quivered upon the rippling waters, and seemed to scatter brilliants at my feet. I gazed for awhile on the vast domain; the eye searched in vain for an object on which to rest, and fell back, baffled and powerless, to find relief in the surrounding scenery. I felt a soothing melancholy whilst surveying the "billowy boundlessness" before me, and experienced that humiliating sensation which all must feel, who take a solitary evening walk by the seashore. I was startled from my reverie by an agitation of the water, which appeared suddenly to heave and swell, as if convulsed by some secret and powerful energy. The wind, which had hitherto scarcely dimpled the surface of the ocean, now stiffened to a breeze, and, ere I had retraced many steps, the sky was veiled in dark clouds, and the low muttering of distant thunder portended a violent storm. I was compelled to deviate from the beach to avoid the fury of the waves, and soon found myself in an extensive coppice, consisting principally of low trees and brushwood, which almost impeded me at every step. I despaired of discovering any path which might conduct me to an outlet of the wood, and had resolved to await the morning beneath a thickly-foliaged tree. Here I had not, however, rested many minutes ere I was startled by a sudden and loud crash; and I perceived at a short distance that the lightning, which now streamed with fitful motion around me, had struck a tall fir, and rent it to fragments, scattering some of the scorched pieces even to the spot where I stood.—Warned by this occurrence, I sought the more open ground, and wandered for some time completely saturated with rain, uncertain where each step might conduct me, or in what direction to find my friend's house. At length I accidentally reached the boundary of the wood, and instantly scrambled over the enclosure. I now found myself in a narrow pathway, which appeared considerably trodden; and, judging it might lead to some habitation, I pursued the track, and soon perceived through the gloom a slight glimmering; and hastening my steps, I discovered it to proceed from the casement of a cottage. I knocked at the door, and listened for a moment with anxiety, but no sound of friendly footsteps reached my ear. I repeated the summons, yet all was silent within. Surely there must be an inhabitant, I said, or this building would not have displayed a light to invite me here. It was not an hour for delay: I placed my foot to the door, whose feeble fastenings yielded to a slight force, and left me at liberty to enter. The apartment in which I found myself was obscurely lighted by a small lamp, placed upon the hearth, and near which a few expiring embers were still perceptible; my eyes eagerly glanced round the room, in expectation of seeing some living creature; but I could only discover a few decayed articles of furniture, which, with the tattered and weather-worn casement, indicated the poverty of my shelter. The more distant corners

of the room, however, being thrown into deep shade, I lifted the lamp, in order to explore them, when I perceived a human figure stretched upon a pallet; his face appeared haggard, and preyed upon by sickness, and I thought he was at the moment eyeing me with close attention. I drew back, a little startled at first sight of this wan and spectre-like object; but, remembering I was now a trespasser in the house of a stranger, I thought it would be indecorous to remain silent. "The elements, sir," I said, "must plead my pardon for intruding on you. I have unfortunately missed my way, and this is a night when any ceremony used in gaining a refuge would be worse than weakness." "This is a night," he replied, raising his head, and his features, at the same time, assuming a scowl, "when God pours out his vengeance on the black vices of the world; and shall I, poor solitary wretch! presume to intercept His wrath, or avert its proper destiny?" This was uttered with an emphasis that led me to think I was now in the house of an unhappy maniac; yet I could perceive the expression of fixed contempt in his countenance, which bespoke him some unfortunate individual, who had become disgusted with this world, and sought to hide himself in seclusion. "I presume, sir," I said, "you are not here alone; you appear unwell, and must need the attention and support of friends." "Friends!" he exclaimed, fixing his moistureless eyes upon me; "mention not the word—it is mockery to my ears. I once listened to the flatterings of pretended friendship, but I have ever found it the mask of villainy!" He then fell back, apparently exhausted from the exertion of speaking. I stood with my eyes involuntarily fixed upon him, and thought I could discover in his countenance the traces of intelligence, such as education and refinement always impart. I was awhile wrapped in conjecture, when a door at the extremity of the apartment, which I had not observed, opened, and a female form walked slowly to the bedside; her countenance was fixed on the ground, and expressed a settled gloom: as if unconscious of my presence, she did not once uplift her eyes. "Father," was all she said, and this was uttered in a plaintive and enquiring tone, whilst she gently composed his pillow, and then, kissing his wrinkled forehead, she retired. I was now more at a loss to account for the scene before me, and waited some time, anxiously hoping the sick man would again address me. "You are happy, sir," I at length observed, "in preserving a daughter, whose assiduities will repay all the vexations this world may have occasioned you." "A daughter!" he said, raising himself on his shrivelled arms, and gazing at me: "I *once*, indeed, possessed a daughter, but"—Here his voice faltered, and he added in a stifled tone, "Alas! I shall never possess her again!" I ventured to enquire if it was not his daughter who had just left the room. "She was once," he replied, "the pride of my soul and the joy of my heart; but such a blessing was not long mine: the world, which had stripped me of all but this, envied my happiness, and snatched that sole remaining comfort from me." I could not help feeling pity for the man who had been thus a sport to the caprices of life, and felt a strong anxiety to know more of his history.—He appeared to anticipate my wishes, and added, "You have shown some sympathy, young man, for the fate of one who has long ceased to value it; but as you would be further acquainted with my misfortunes, the narrative shall be brief. At an early age I became entitled to a considerable fortune by the death of a father; and being an only child, and left to the care of an over-indulgent mother, I very soon overleaped all controul, and put myself solely under the direction of my own judgment. Being of a free and vivacious disposition, I formed numerous acquaintances, and very soon was proud of a large connection. In early life I married an attached and lovely female, and

there I might have paused, with an ample competency; but no, I was young and ambitious; I sought to augment my portion, and became the dupe of a wretch, who deluded me by a specious eloquence, which some men possess to prey upon the unwary. I still retained sufficient to have lived in affluence but I could not endure a defeat, and was tempted to hazard my whole in an enterprise which proved unsuccessful, and I found myself reduced to indigence. Still, however, my wife retained a small annuity, secured to herself, and upon this we determined to subsist contentedly, and immediately retired to a secluded part of a neighbouring county. We had not long resided there before we were overwhelmed with the news, that the trustees of our little wealth had left the country, and had appropriated our only support to their own use. This blow was too great for my lamented partner; she sunk under our accumulated misfortunes, and I was left destitute in the world, with an only child to share my woe. We were now invited to dwell on the estate of one of my earliest acquaintances, and I had no alternative but to accept his bounty: it is now three years since I visited this county; my daughter was just then approaching to lovely womanhood, her whole study was directed to cheer my drooping spirits, and to compensate as much as possible for the loss of her amiable mother. My pretended friend was assiduous in his attentions towards her, but never did she conceive the idea of separating her fortune from mine. But lust has other wiles than those of tenderness, by which to secure its victims: he made her the medium of his affected kindnesses to me, and having by that means gained her gratitude and confidence, little remained to be accomplished. Alas! unconscious of evil, and pure as she then was, she fell an easy prey to his insidious arts, and quitted my side with the happy enjoyment of innocence, to participate his guilty passion. But, oh! the pangs, the worse than earthly torments, I suffered when I found myself reft of this last and dearest comfort. Cursing, in the bitterness of my sorrow, the author of my misery, and renouncing her for ever from my heart, who had inflicted such a dishonour on my name, I retired to this hovel, the last resource of utter wretchedness, and here, with bitter enmity to all the world, I brooded over my desperate lot." But, your daughter!" I inquired, anxious to be further informed of her fate. "She who was once my daughter," he replied,—then, after an inward struggle, he added, "and, yes, still is my child, oh! it was for love of me alone, unworthy as I am, she sacrificed her virtue and her peace: my daughter was not long doomed to her degraded station; lust seeks but a transitory triumph, and soon loathes the object it has sought to debase. In a short period the ruler of her honour rejected her to the world, an helpless and destitute being, and bearing in her arms the early tribute of degraded love. She appeared at my feet with downcast eyes, and feelings of conscious degradation, yet uttered not a word to supplicate my forgiveness. I strove to be stern, and endeavoured to chide, but Nature triumphed over all my vows; I clasped her again in my arms, but oh! the change since I had last pressed that form to my bosom: she left me in all the charms of youthful loveliness, a blooming flower! and returned, alas! a blighted and a blossomless stem! From that time no other sound has passed her lips, but "Father," and this she utters with an accent that pierces to my heart." And where is now her treacherous seducer? I inquired. "He is gone," he replied, to appear where the curses of an injured father, and the prayers of a ruined maid, will appeal against him." "Is he then dead?" I exclaimed. "He perished but a short time ago, beneath a high rock that projects to the sea, a mile from this, whilst daring the wrathful elements in a small boat." He now fell back again on his couch, quite



exhausted. I watched him as he lay, and I thought his eyes became more dim, and his cheek grew more pallid; and a feverish tremor played about his lips, betraying the powerful agitation of his mind. I was about to propose something for their relief, as well as to procure a medical attendant, of whom they appeared in such need, when the door again opened, the same form appeared, and slowly approached the bedside. I gazed on her with intense interest: her figure was tall and slight, but elegantly proportioned, and her black hair shaded a countenance which, though tinged with melancholy, appeared more interesting than any I had ever seen: her eyes were dark, and amidst the decay of her other features, they seemed to retain their wonted lustre, yet they appeared to possess no collected expression, or rest on any object with the least degree of attention. I beheld with silence the affecting spectacle before me: the daughter hung over the couch of the sick man, as if watching with reverence each change that suffused his cheek: it was a moment that appealed forcibly to my heart, and I sought to hide the excess of my feelings by turning from the scene. I perceived through the window that the storm had now nearly subsided, and that the moon had displayed her pale lamp, to reanimate Nature. I now determined to hasten to the neighbouring village for assistance, but ere I quitted the spot my hand instinctively drew forth my purse, and deposited it by the bedside. "Stay," he said, grasping my arm, and restoring to me the purse, "on whom would you bestow this? alas! for me, I shall never again need what wealth can purchase: ere the morning sun arise, I shall mingle in another world; but," he added, drawing me closer towards him, "as you value the prayers and blessings of a dying man, oh! be kind, be faithful to my child." My feelings overcame me, and totally choked my speech; I tore from his hold, and rushed out of the room, and, as I strode with unconscious speed towards the nearest hamlet, my throbbing pulse and beating heart told violently the effects of the past scene. Having procured the aid of a physician, I returned without delay to the spot of my former painful adventure. The earliest beams of the rising sun had just tinged with a crimson hue the eastern mountains, as we entered the ruined cot; not a sound or a breath was heard as I approached the couch, where lay its lonely occupant; his face was shrouded in the coverlet, which I gently drew back. "God!" I exclaimed, he is awake, and yet he moves not." I pressed my hand to his cheek, and its chilly dampness struck to my very heart: I stood for an instant almost paralyzed by the awful fulfilment of his prediction. His daughter, I thought, why is she not here? she shall never want a friend whilst I live. The door by which she had entered was open; I passed into the other apartment; it was still more desolate than the one I had left, but the object of my anxiety was not there. I searched around the place, and in every likely spot in the neighbourhood, but could discover no traces or intelligence of her. I performed my last sad office to the deceased man; but weeks and months passed on, but still I could gain no tidings of the daughter.—Some mariners, who were on the coast that gloomy night, have since asserted, that they saw a female standing on a lofty rock, which jets to the sea; and after embracing in a frantic manner something which she bore at her breast, plunged with her burden into the surge below! Such is the tale universally credited; and many are the sailors who have since heard, when the weather is stormy, at midnight, shrieks and voices come from that spot, the waters of which, they say, are in continual agitation. The lonely boatman takes heed, when benighted on that coast, to keep far away from the circle of the dreaded precipice, which has ever since been named the Spectre-Scar.

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